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CHOICE LITERATURE

OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL TIME.

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OF

CHOICE LITERATURE

AND

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SELECTED FROM THE STANDARD AUTHORS OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL TIME

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES, BY

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress, and

CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," etc.

SECOND EDITION ILLUSTRATED, REVISED AND AUGMENTED

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. IX

PHILADELPHIA

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OF

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

[**Sir John Lubbock,** born in England, 1834; son of John William, who took him into partnership in his bank in London in 1856, and upon whose death, in 1865, Sir John succeeded to the baronetcy. He was a member of the International Coinage Commission, the Public School Commission and the Advancement of Science Commission. In 1870 he was returned to Parliament, and re-elected in 1874 and again in 1880. In Parliament he carried through a number of important measures, such as the Falsification of Accounts Bill, the Bank Holidays Act, and the Absconding Debtors Act. But he has most distinguished himself by his inquiries into the condition of ancient man, and his writings on zoölogical subjects. Sir John has published *Prehistoric Times; Origin of Civilization; British Wild Flowers; Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects; Scientific Lectures; Monograph of the Thysanura and Collembola; The Pleasures of Life;* and a volume of political and educational addresses. He is a Fellow of the Royal, Linnæan, and many other learned societies. From his book of Essays, *The Pleasures of Life*, we quote the following chapter: The Choice of Books.]

"All round the room my silent servants wait—
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and Seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and Late."

PROCTOR.

AND yet too often they wait in vain. One reason for this is, I think, that people are overwhelmed by the crowd of books offered to them. There are books and books, and there are books which, as Lamb said, are not books at all.

In old days books were rare and dear. Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark said to have been made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

It is wonderful, indeed, how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but, as Hobbes said, there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This, indeed, applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their worktime taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have

not done so as yet, it is true; but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and in the second have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own ignorance.

It is one thing to own a library; it is, however, another to use it wisely. "If," says Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books."

I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books, we know, are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway-stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects their choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy. I have often wished some one would recommend a list of a hundred good books. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides they would be most useful. I have indeed sometimes heard it said that in reading every one must choose for himself, but this reminds me of the recommendation not to go into the water till you can swim.

In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. Every one who looks at the list will wish to suggest other books, as indeed I should myself, but in that case the number would soon run up.[1]

I have abstained, for obvious reasons, from mentioning works by living authors, though from many of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, and others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and I have omitted works on science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive.

I feel that the attempt is over bold, and I must beg for indulgence while hoping for criticism; indeed one object which I have had in view is to stimulate others more competent far than I am to give us the advantage of their opinions.

Moreover, I must repeat that I suggest these works rather as those which, as far as I have seen, have been most frequently recommended, than as suggestions of my own, though I have slipped in a few of my own special favorites.

In any such selection much weight should, I think, be attached to the general verdict of mankind. There is a "struggle for existence" and a "survival of the fittest" among books, as well as among animals and plants. As Alonzo of Aragon said, "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read." Still, this cannot be accepted without important qualifications. The most recent books of history and science contain, or ought to contain, the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. Moreover, while the books of other races and times have an interest from their very distance, it must be admitted that many will still more enjoy, and feel more at home with, those of our own century and people.

Yet the oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age; and the works which have influenced the opinions, or charmed the leisure hours, of millions of men in distant times and far-away regions are

[1] Several longer lists have been given; for instance, by Comte, *Catechism of Positive Philosophy*; Pycroft, *Course of English Reading*; Baldwin, *The Book Lover*; and Perkins, *The Best Reading*; and by Mr. Ireland, *Books for General Readers*.

well worth reading on that very account, even if to us they seem scarcely to deserve their reputation. It is true that too many such works are accessible only in translations; but translations, though they can never perhaps do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand first in the list, is a conclusive case.

At the head of all non-Christian moralists I must place the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, certainly one of the noblest books in the whole of literature; so short, moreover, so accessible, and so well translated that it is always a source of wonder to me that it is so little read. With Epictetus I think must come *Marcus Aurelius*. The *Analects* of Confucius will, I believe, prove disappointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The *Ethics* of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality. The *Koran*, like the *Analects* of Confucius, will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow-men. I doubt whether in any other respect it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by *Wake*. It is but a small one, and though I must humbly confess that I was disappointed, they are perhaps all the more curious from the contrast they afford to those of the Apostles themselves. Of the later Fathers I have included only the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the *Library of the Fathers*, and which, as he observes, has "been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved;" though Luther was of opinion that St. Augustine "wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith;" but then Luther was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, "writes, alas! very coldly;" Chrysostom "digresses from the chief points;" St. Jerome is "very poor;" and in fact, he says, "the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended;" while Renan, in his interesting autobiography, compared theology to a Gothic Cathedral, "elle a la grandeur, les vides immenses, et le peu de solidité."

Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*. Pascal's *Pensées*, Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, Butler's *Analogy of Religion*, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, Keble's beautiful *Christian Year*, and last, not least, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The *Politics* of Aristotle, and Plato's *Dialogues*, if not the whole, at any rate the *Phædo*, the *Apology*, and the *Republic*, will be of course read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether the latter repays the minute and laborious study often devoted to it.

Aristotle being the father, if not the creator, of modern scientific method, it has followed naturally—indeed, almost inevitably—that his principles have become part of our very intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident, while his actual observations, though very remarkable—as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower—still have been in many cases superseded by others, carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master, because his own lessons have taught us how to advance.

Plato, on the other hand, I say so with all respect, seems to me in some cases to play on words: his arguments are very able, very philosophical, often very noble; but not always conclusive; in a language differently constructed they might sometimes tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the *Dialogues* of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration.

I would also mention Demosthenes' *De Coronâ*, which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's Lives,

Horace, and at least the *De Officiis*, *De Amicitiâ*, and *De Senectute* of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, Hesiod or Virgil, after leaving school.

The *Nibelungenlied*, our great Anglo-Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with few such "live" women in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's *Morte d' Arthur*, though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others.

Among the Greek tragedians, Æschylus, if not all his works, at any rate *Prometheus*, perhaps the sublimest poem in Greek literature, and the *Trilogy* (Mr. Symonds in his *Greek Poets* speaks of the "unrivalled majesty" of the *Agamemnon*, and Mark Pattison considered it "the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature"); or, as Mr. Grant Duff recommends, the *Persæ;* Sophocles (*Œdipus Tyrannus*), Euripides (*Medea*), and Aristophanes (*The Knights and Clouds*); unfortunately, as Schlegel says, probably even the greatest scholar does not understand half his jokes; though I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the *Maha Bharata* and *Ramayana* (too long probably to be read through, but of which *Talboys Wheeler* has given a most interesting epitome in the first two volumes of his *History of India*); the *Shahnameh*, the work of the great Persian poet *Firdusi;* and the Sheking, the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Many, I know, will think I ought to have included Omar Khayyam.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law, and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than a historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the *Anabasis*), *Thucydides*, and Tacitus (*Germania*); and of modern historians, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Hume's *History of England*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Grote's *History of Greece*, and Green's *Short History of the English People.*

Science is so rapidly progressive that, though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will therefore only mention Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Mill's *Logic*, and Darwin's *Origin of Species;* in Political Economy, which some of our rulers now scarcely seem sufficiently to value, Mill, and parts of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's *Voyages*, Humboldt's *Travels*, and Darwin's *Naturalist's Journal;* though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton (*Paradise Lost*, *Lycidas*, and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Southey, Byron, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Bacon, Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson; the plays of Molière and Sheridan; Carlyle's *Past and Present*, Smiles' *Self-Help*, and Goethe's *Faust* and *Autobiography.*

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's *Human Knowledge*, Descartes' *Discours sur la Méthode*, Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, Lewes' *History of Philosophy;* while, in order to keep within the number one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's *La Vie de Marianne* the best novel in any language, but my number is so nearly

complete that I must content myself with English; and will suggest Miss Austen (either *Emma* or *Pride and Prejudice*), Thackeray (*Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*), Dickens (*Pickwick* and *David Copperfield*), G. Eliot (*Adam Bede* or *The Mill on the Floss*), Kingsley (*Westward Ho!*), Lytton (*Last Days of Pompeii*), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to be allowed, as a special favor, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home hours, after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends, who never weary, betray, or forsake us!

LIST OF 100 BOOKS.

The Works by Living Authors are omitted.

The Bible.
The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.
Epictetus.
Aristotle's Ethics.
Analects of Confucius.
St. Hilaire's "Le Bouddha et sa religion."
Wake's Apostolic Fathers.
Thos. à Kempis' Imitation of Christ.
Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey).
The Koran (portions of).
Spinoza's Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.
Comte's Catechism of Positive Philosophy.
Pascal's Pensées.
Butler's Analogy of Religion.
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Keble's Christian Year.

Plato's Dialogues; at any rate, the Apology, Phædo, and Republic.
Xenophon's Memorabilia.
Aristotle's Politics.
Demosthenes' De Coronâ.
Cicero's De Officiis, De Amicitiâ, and De Senectute.
Plutarch's Lives.
Berkeley's Human Knowledge.
Descartes' Discours sur la Méthode.
Locke On the Conduct of the Understanding.

Homer.
Hesiod.
Virgil.
Maha Bharata } Epitomized in Talboys Wheeler's History of India, Vols. i. and ii.
Ramayana }
The Shahnameh.
The Nibelungenlied.
Malory's Morte d'Arthur.
The Sheking.
Æschylus' Prometheus.
Trilogy of Orestes.
Sophocles' Œdipus.
Euripides' Medea.
Aristophanes' The Knights and Clouds.
Horace.
Lucretius.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (perhaps in Morris's edition; or, if expurgated, in C. Clarke's, or Mrs. Haweis's).
Shakespeare.
Milton's Paradise Lost, Lycidas, and the shorter poems.
Dante's Divina Commedia.
Spenser's Fairie Queen.
Dryden's Poems.
Scott's Poems.
Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection).
Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer.
The Curse of Kehama.
Pope's Essay on Criticism.
Essay on Man.
Rape of the Lock.
Burns.
Byron's Childe Harold.
Gray.

Herodotus.
Xenophon's Anabasis.
Thucydides.
Tacitus' Germania.
Livy.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall.
Hume's History of England.
Grote's History of Greece.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Green's Short History of England.
Lewes' History of Philosophy.

Arabian Nights.

Swift's Gulliver's Travels.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Cervantes' Don Quixote.
Boswell's Life of Johnson.
Molière.
Sheridan's The Critic, School for Scandal, and The Rivals.
Carlyle's Past and Present.

Smiles' Self-Help.
Bacon's Novum Organum.
Smith's Wealth of Nations (part of).
Mill's Political Economy.
Cook's Voyages.
Humboldt's Travels.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Naturalist's Voyage.
Mill's Logic.

Bacon's Essays.
Montaigne's Essays.
Hume's Essays.
Macaulay's Essays.
Addison's Essays.
Emerson's Essays.
Burke's Select Works.

Voltaire's Zadig.
Goethe's Faust, and Autobiography.
Miss Austen's Emma, or Persuasion.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
Pendennis.
Dickens' Pickwick.
David Copperfield.
Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii.
George Eliot's Adam Bede.
Kingsley's Westward Ho!
Scott's Novels.

LET US REJOICE THAT WE ARE POOR.

[**Robert Leighton** was born at Paisley in 1830. After receiving a common school education he adopted literature as a profession and has won a high place in the regard of British and American readers by his humorous poems in the Scottish dialect. These include "Scotch Words," "Our Ain Auld Toon," "John and Tibbie's Dispute," and chief of all, "The Bapteesement o' the Bairn." Of the latter, one admirer has justly said that nothing in the form of Scottish satirical humor more genuinely graphic and characteristic has appeared since the days of Burns. We give two minor pieces as samples of his kindly, forcible style.]

Let us rejoice that we are poor,
And have no gold to keep:
We do not need to bar the door
Ere we can go to sleep:
Who bars his door doth bar his mind,
And shuts it against human-kind;
Even the turning of a key
Contracts the mind's humanity.

We have no way of getting wealth,
And therefore should be glad;
For Mammon-worship might by stealth
Creep o'er us if we had:
And then our hearts could love no more
The beauteous things we love, and o'er
Our eyes would grow a golden rust,
Till we could nothing see but dust.

Gold wonderfully warps the mind;
It strangely shifts the light
That things hang in, turns almost blind
The pure and natural sight;
But naked truth and beauty lie
Unfolded to the poor man's eye.
Poverty keeps the vision pure:
Let us rejoice that we are poor.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S DIAMONDS.

The famous Duke of Brunswick, he surely must be blest
With the richest hoard of diamonds that ever man possest:
So rich and rare, so bright and fair were never known before—
I almost feel it wealth enough to tell of such a store.

There's one of curious history, traced back to a Turkish sabre;
Another, supposed invaluable, belong'd to the Emperor Baber;
And a *solitaire* and twelve rich gems, whose chronicles reveal
That they buttoned the vest of Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil.

There's one of surpassing lustre, but of a blackish dye,
That served for many centuries as an Indian idol's eye.
There's one that blazed on a German throne, and one of the purest sheen
That upon the lily finger shone of Mary, the Scottish queen;
Diamonds bright as the starry spheres, and diamonds dark as the jet,
And two that have dangled at the ears of Marie Antoinette.
In short, the rarest collection of ancient or modern time;
But to give the merest catalogue is beyond the province of rhyme.
You must see the Duke's own volume for their histories, lustre and rate,
Which he gives in quarto-pages, two hundred and sixty-eight.

Now surely the Duke is the happiest man that lives this side o' the grave!
Alas! he is chained by his diamonds; he is, body and soul, their slave.
In a Bastile house at Paris he lives, shut up from the sun and the breeze,
By a great dead wall surrounded, and a warlike *chevaux de frise:*
So that when a scaler touches a prong he touches a secret spring,
And raises the larum loud and long as the bells of the Bastile ring;
Deep sunk in these dark defences lies the bedroom of the Duke,
Into which the honest light of heaven is scarcely permitted to look;
A room with one chink for a window, and a door with wonderful guards,
Which opens to one alone who knows the secret of the wards;
And into the strong, thick wall of this room, in a double-ribb'd iron chest,
Like cats' eyes gleaming in the gloom, the precious diamonds rest:
Before them lies the happy Duke, with a dozen loaded pistols,
That he, without leaving his bed, may enjoy and defend his beloved crystals.
But grant that a burglar scales the wall, vaults over the *chevaux de frise,*
Breaks open the door and slays the Duke—What then? Is the treasure his?
Not yet; for the Duke had closed the safe ere the thief to his chamber got;
If he force the lock, four guns go off and batter him from the spot.

Now *is* not the Duke the happiest man that lives this side o' the grave?
Alas! he is chain'd by his diamonds; he is, body and soul, their slave.
He dares not leave his diamonds, he dares not go from home;
O'er the cloud-capt heights, through the lowly vales, he has no heart to roam.
Beside the diamond's costly light all other light is dim;
Winter and summer, day and night, can take no hold on him.
Methinks he would be a richer man were he as poor as I,
Who have no gems but yon twinkling stars, the diamonds of the sky.
Could he the dewy daisies love, those diamonds of the sod,
Methinks he were a happier man, and a little nearer God:
I also think, could he sell all and give it to the poor,
The famous Duke of Brunswick's name would famously endure.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE MOGHUL EMPIRE.

[**J. Talboys Wheeler** was born at Witham, near London, 1820. He was educated at Westminster School and Cambridge University. After leaving the university he went into the service of the East India Company, and when the British Government undertook to control India he was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Imperial Government under various administrations, and subsequently became secretary to the government of British Burma (1875).

His opportunities for inspecting the records of the libraries of India were made use of in compiling the best history of India that has been published, which appeared in three volumes, 1869. Since then he has

written *A Short History of India and Afghanistan*, bringing the history down to the present time. His style is easy and correct, and bears evidence of the most careful research.

From the latter work we quote an important chapter: the "Decline and Fall of the Moghul Empire."]

From the death of Aurangzeb in 1707, to the year 1756, Calcutta was occasionally threatened by the Mahrattas or mulcted by the Nawab; but otherwise it enjoyed a profound peace, and was, to all appearance, as secure against foreign aggression as any seaport town in the United Kingdom. The English settlement was like an oasis of European civilization in a desert of Hinduism and Islam. The English factory, with its depots, workshops, offices, and out-lying "garden-houses," covered about a hundred acres on the bank of the Hughli. The outward life of the English at Calcutta was altogether of a business type. They bought, sold, kept accounts, wrote letters, and regulated establishments and expenditure. Large ships from Europe brought woollen goods, cutlery, iron, copper, and quicksilver. The same ships carried away cotton piece-goods, fine muslins, silks, indigo, saltpetre, spices, and Indian rarities. A rise or fall in the price of saltpetre in Europe was of more interest to the English merchants at Calcutta than the war between the Moghul and the Mahrattas; and a failure of the silk crop in the up-country stations in Bengal and Behar was of more moment to the Court of Directors in London than the death of a Padishah, or the bloody struggles between his sons for the succession to the Moghul throne.

The death of Aurangzeb awakened the Moghul empire from its torpor; it sent a thrill through the provinces which might be likened to galvanic life. For years all hopes and aspirations of princes and grandees had been in abeyance under the declining but monotonous rule of the aged Padishah. His sons were waiting for his last breath to begin that fratricidal struggle for the throne which had broken out at the death, or before the death, of every Moghul sovereign of Hindustan from Akbar downwards. The Moghul generals were apparently eager to throw off the religious strictness and bigotry, which had so long oppressed the empire; and were looking forward to the death of the old Padishah as a necessary preliminary to the beginning of a new *régime*.

The last years of Aurangzeb were saddened by fears of the catastrophe which would accompany or follow his death. Indeed throughout the latter half of his reign he had been subject to constant alarms lest he should share the fate of his father, Shah Jehan; lest his sons should consign him to hopeless captivity, and begin to fight for the throne before death had carried him from the scene. He is said to have formed a plan for averting a fratricidal war by dismembering the empire and dividing it amongst his three sons. But if so the attempt at pacification must have proved a failure. Scarcely was it known that the old sovereign had expired, than all the armies of the empire were on the move, and his three sons were each, in turn, prepared to seize the throne by force of arms, or perish upon the fatal field.

A war between brethren may excite the passions of contemporaries, but cannot enlist the sympathies of posterity. The struggle between the sons of Shah Jehan had been more or less associated with religion, but the struggle between the sons of Aurangzeb was only a quarrel for an inheritance. The main struggle was between Shah Alam, the eldest son of Aurangzeb, and Azam Shah, the second son; and the war itself is said to have turned on the ill-timed insolence of Azam Shah, and the consequent disaffection or treachery of his affronted generals. A desperate battle was fought near the river Chambal. It closed in a horrible carnage, in which Azam and his two sons were slain. Shah Alam ascended the throne under the title of Bahadur Shah. There was a third son, the rebel Akbar, who had fled to Persia; but he was dead, or at any rate out of the fray. There was a fourth son named Kam Bakhsh, whose fortunes demand separate consideration.

Kam Bakhsh, whom the Greeks would have called Cambyses, had been nominated by Aurangzeb to rule as an independent Sultan over the newly-conquered kingdoms of Bijápur and Golkonda. Bahadur Shah was an old man, and would probably have consented to the arrangement; but his sons were ambitious to preserve the integrity of the empire. The mother of Kam Bakhsh was a Christian; her son was supposed to be a Christian likewise. The Mullahs were stirred up to protest against the rule of a Chris-

tian Sultan; and Bahadur Shah was driven to work the destruction of his youngest brother.

The course of events had a remote bearing upon the fortunes of the English at Madras. Bahadur Shah ordered letters to be written to Mr. Thomas Pitt, the Governor of Madras, to prevent the young prince from escaping by sea into Persia. At the same time Bahadur Shah confirmed all the rights and privileges which had been granted to the English by his father Aurangzeb. But these precautions proved unnecessary, for Kam Bakhsh was defeated and slain on the field of battle by Nawab Zulfikar Khan.

Bahadur Shah reigned from 1707 to 1712, but has left no mark in history. He had, in the first instance, to face a rebellion of the Rajpúts in Jaipur and Marwar. The persecuted Hindus had taken advantage of the death of Aurangzeb to drive out all the Muhammadan officers who had been appointed to collect Jezya, and convert the people to the religion of the Koran. The movement was a revolt of Hinduism against the proselytizing policy of Aurangzeb, and Bahadur Shah was anxious to suppress it; but at this moment alarming news arrived from the northwest. The Sikhs had broken out in revolt in the Punjab, and committed a series of murderous excesses; and Bahadur Shah was compelled to "forgive" the Rajpúts, and march with all haste to Lahore.

The Sikhs originally were not a nationality. They were a mixed community of Rajpúts, Játs, and other races, who had been formed into a religious brotherhood about the end of the fifteenth century by a famous prophet named Nanuk Guru. Their religious faith was a combination of the tenets of advanced Shíahs with those of advanced Hindus: it turned upon the worship of the Supreme Spirit, as the deity alike of Muhammadans and Hindus. At the same time the Sikhs reverenced Krishna and Ráma as incarnations of Vishnu; they recognized the sacred character of Brahmans; and they strictly prohibited the slaughter of cows. Above all, they implicitly obeyed their Guru and his successors, as the representatives of God upon earth; and they regarded the teachings of each in turn as the inspirations of the Supreme Being.

Such a religion was naturally regarded as a detestable heresy by a strict Sunní like Aurangzeb. The Sikhs were persecuted until they betook themselves to the northern mountains, and formed military clans distinguished by a blue dress and peculiar manners. The fires of persecution raged more fiercely than ever. Guru Govind, the tenth in descent from Nanuk,[1] saw his strongholds taken, his mother and children massacred, and his followers slain, mutilated, or driven into painful exile. At last Guru Govind was taken prisoner by the Moghuls, and executed at Gwalior by the command of Aurangzeb.[2]

Such severities exalted the fanaticism of the Sikhs to the highest pitch of desperation. A new spiritual leader, known as Bandu Guru, inspired them with a spirit of vengeance against their persecutors. They broke out in revolt, destroyed mosques, butchered Mullahs, and massacred the population of whole towns without regard to sex or age. In a word, they fought to the death for God and their Guru; but they also made their religion a cloak for plunder and outrage of every kind.

Bahadur Shah found it necessary to make Lahore his capital, and to carry on a series of desultory wars against the Sikhs. The details are of no moment; it was impossible to dragoon the Sikhs into submission, and they continued to give trouble down to the death of Bahadur Shah in 1712, and indeed for many years afterwards.

Meanwhile the greater part of the Moghul empire had been left in the hands of the Viceroys of provinces. Little or nothing is known of the history, beyond the fact that some kind of understanding seems to have been concluded by the Viceroys of Guzerat and the Dekhan with the Mahrattas of the Konkan. When Sambhaji, son and successor of Sivaji, was arrested and put to death by Aurangzeb, his little son Sahu, or Shao, was carried away prisoner by the conqueror, and brought up in the zenana of the Moghul. After the death of Aurangzeb, this boy was placed on the throne

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[1] The secular name of this Guru Govind was Tugh Bahadur. Further particulars of the Sikhs will be furnished hereafter in dealing with the turbulent events which we will describe.

[2] Another story says that Guru Govind was assassinated by an Afghan.

of the Konkan, in the city of Satara, and was supposed to reign over the Mahratta kingdom as a vassal of the Great Moghul.

But this arrangement could not possibly satisfy the Mahratta claims to chout or black mail, which extended indefinitely over a great part of the Dekhan, as well as over a large extent of Guzerat and Malwa to the northward. These claims were of a most vexatious character, and were pressed with a pertinacity which was deaf to all arguments. To admit them involved the loss of one-fourth of the land revenue, whilst it abandoned large cultivated tracts to the rude collections of Mahratta soldiery. To resist them was as hopeless as an attempt to resist the depredations of locusts. The loose bands of Mahratta horse were here, there, and everywhere. If driven off by the advance of regular troops, they might disappear like a flock of crows; but they soon reappeared elsewhere, ravaging the country with fire and sword to enforce the Mahratta claims to chout over the whole extent of territory.

The constitution of the Mahratta government was such that Maharaja Sahu had little or no voice in the matter. It had been the policy of Sivaji to keep all offices of state, and all collections of revenue, exclusively in the hands of Brahmans; and as all these posts became hereditary according to Hindu custom, Maharaja Sahu found himself surrounded by a Brahmanical hierarchy, ostentatious in its professions of submission and obedience to the grandson of the great Sivaji, whilst practically retaining all the power of the state in its own hands.

Moreover, the personal character of Maharaja Sahu was favorable to the Brahman ascendancy. He had neither capacity nor energy for breaking through so powerful an aristocracy. His grandfather Sivaji was bred like a mountain eagle amidst the rude independence of hills and jungles. But Maharaja Sahu was a tame bird, brought up in the gilded cage of the imperial zenana. He was given to pleasure, with some taste for field sports; somewhat touchy as regards his personal dignity; proud of his vassalage to the Great Moghul, although occasionally indulging his fancy with schemes of conquest and empire. The Brahman ministers and officials well knew how to deal with these weaknesses. They invariably treated him with every possible respect, and took care that every measure of state should appear to emanate from himself, and be carried out solely in his name as the supreme sovereign of the Mahrattas: but at the same time they moulded him to suit their own purposes, and thus prepared the way for that revolution at his death which transferred the Mahratta sovereignty from the grandson of Sivaji to the family of the Brahman minister.

The chief Brahman minister was known as the Peishwa; and during the reign of Maharaja Sahu, the Peishwa for the time being was to all intents and purposes the ruling power. It was the Peishwa who issued commissions to the different Mahratta leaders to collect chout in Guzerat, Malwa, and the Dekhan, in the name of Maharaja Sahu. It was the Peishwa who concluded secret arrangements with the Moghul Viceroys, under which certain yearly payments were made to the Mahrattas on the condition that they made no attempt to collect chout for themselves, and duly kept within a certain line of frontier. The precise terms of this agreement were necessarily kept in the dark; for at this period the Moghul court would have refused to sanction any arrangement which implied the payment of tribute to the Mahrattas.

The death of Bahadur Shah in 1712 was followed by another fratricidal war; but the Moghul princes were men without force of character, and indeed were little better than puppets in the hands of ambitious generals. After the usual round of treachery and carnage, a debauched young prince, named Jehandar Shah, was placed upon the throne at Delhi; but all real power was exercised by Zulfikar Khan, the Moghul general, who had been Viceroy of the Dekhan in the reign of Aurangzeb, and who had defeated and slain the youngest son of Aurangzeb at the accession of Bahadur Shah.

Jehandar Shah was a drunkard, who chose his favorites from the dregs of society. Zulfikar Khan was a respectable grandee, who sought to wield the destinies of the empire under the name of prime minister. There naturally followed a struggle for power between the besotted Padishah and the ambitious minister. But the reign was too scandalous to last. The vices of Jehandar Shah were not confined to the recesses of the zenana, but

were paraded before the lower orders, and became the common talk of the bazars. Suddenly his headlong career was arrested by the news of a dangerous rebellion in Bengal.

A young prince, named Farrukh Siyar, a grandson of Bahadur Shah, had been left in Bengal during the fratricidal war which followed the death of Aurangzeb. By strange good fortune Farrukh Siyar had escaped the massacre of princes which accompanied the rise of Jehandar Shah; but still he was in constant peril of his life, and was thus prepared for any desperate measure. When the reign of Jehandar Shah became a scandal to the empire, the minds of men began to turn towards Farrukh Siyar. Two Moghul brothers, known as the two Saiyids, or descendants of the prophet, resolved to head a righteous rebellion in the name of Farrukh Siyar; to depose the debauched sovereign who disgraced the empire, and to place Farrukh Siyar on the throne of Delhi, and govern the empire in his name.

The two Saiyids were men of some standing. One was the governor of Patna, and the other was governor of Allahabad. By their help a force was collected, and the two Saiyids began to march to Delhi accompanied by Farrukh Siyar. Numbers joined them on the way. Zulfikar Khan took the field and advanced towards Agra, accompanied by Jehandar Shah; but the young Padishah was an arrant coward, and fled back to Delhi, leaving the imperial forces to be defeated in the neighborhood of Agra. The cause of Farrukh Siyar triumphed; and the two Saiyids conducted him to Delhi amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

Zulfikar Khan tendered his submission to the two Saiyids, and was received with every mark of favor, but was treacherously assassinated on leaving the tent. Jehandar Shah was put to death, as well as many others who were likely to interfere with the accession of Farrukh Siyar. The new Padishah then ascended the throne of Delhi amidst the firing of cannon and thunder of kettledrums, and was at once accepted by all the parties as sovereign of the Moghul empire.

Farrukh Siyar reigned from 1713 to 1719. From the first he engaged in a series of intrigues for throwing off the yoke of the two Saiyids, and ruling the empire as irresponsible sovereign without check or hindrance. The elder Saiyid, Abdulla Khan, filled the post of minister at Delhi. The younger Saiyid, Husain Ali Khan, was sent to restore the Moghul supremacy in Rajpútana, which had been in a disaffected state ever since the death of Aurangzeb. At the same time it was hoped that by separating the two brothers, by keeping the one at Delhi and sending the other to Rajpútana, it might be possible to effect their destruction.

The Moghul court had always been pre-eminent for craft and treachery; but during the struggles between Farrukh Siyar and the two Saiyids, there was an utter absence of scruple or shame. Rajpútana had been virtually independent ever since the death of Aurangzeb. Even the border territory of Jaipur, which intervened between the Moghul's territories and the more remote kingdoms of Udaipur and Marwar, had thrown of the Muhammadan yoke, and repudiated all connection with the Moghul court at Delhi. A Rajpút prince, a kinsman of the old royal house, ascended the throne as Raja of Jaipur, and was prepared to set the Moghul suzerainty at defiance so long as the Moghul armies refrained from invading his territories.

In the first instance Husain Ali Khan was sent to reduce the Raja of Jaipur to obedience. Meanwhile secret letters were sent by the Padishah to the Raja, encouraging him to hold out against the Moghul troops, and instigating him to do his utmost to effect the destruction of Husain Ali Khan. The Jaipur Raja was bewildered by these contradictory proceedings, but was at last reduced to submission, and induced to give his daughter in marriage to Farrukh Siyar.

Husain Ali Khan discovered the treachery which had been practised upon him as regards the Jaipur Raja, but deemed it expedient to become reconciled to Farrukh Siyar. It is said that this reconciliation was brought about by the mother of Farrukh Siyar; but it would be sheer waste of time to inquire too closely into the intrigues which were at work in the Moghul court. Soon afterwards Husain Ali Khan encountered still more flagrant treachery. In order to keep him at a distance from his elder brother, he was appointed Viceroy of the Dekhan, and ordered to proceed to his new government. At this time

Dáúd Khan, the same man who besieged Governor Pitt at Madras, was Viceroy of Guzerat. Dáúd Khan was openly instructed, by letters from the minister Abdulla Khan, to meet Husain Ali Khan on his way to the Dekhan, and pay implicit obedience to his orders. At the same time Dáúd Khan was secretly told, by private letters from Farrukh Siyar, that if he could effect the destruction of Husain Ali Khan, he would receive the viceroyalty of the Dekhan as his reward. The result was that Dáúd Khan strengthened his army by enlisting a force of Mahrattas. When Husain Ali Khan came up, instead of a friendly greeting there was an obstinate battle. The Mahrattas did nothing, but scoured about the plain on horseback, and kept aloof from the fighting until the action was over. Meanwhile Dáúd Khan would have gained the victory, but in the moment of triumph he was shot dead by a musket-ball. His Mahrattas at once went over to the army of Husain Ali Khan, tendered their submission, and then began to plunder the camp of Dáúd Khan.

A few glimpses of Delhi at this period are to be derived from the correspondence of an English mission which was sent from Calcutta to Delhi in 1715, and remained more than two years at the Moghul capital. The mission was undertaken to secure certain trading privileges from the Great Moghul, and is chiefly remarkable for the delays and evasions of ministers and courtiers. The presents sent by the English merchants at Calcutta were received with great favor by the Padishah and the leading grandees; and the English ambassadors received so many promises of goodwill and patronage, that they wrote cheerful letters to Calcutta, saying that they were sanguine of obtaining all they wanted. When, however, they began to ask for firmáns setting forth the privileges to be granted, so many difficulties were raised on all sides that they began to despair of obtaining any firmáns at all.

Meanwhile, an English surgeon named Hamilton, who accompanied the mission to Delhi, had been fortunate enough to heal Farrukh Siyar of a troublesome disease; and the Padishah was willing to show his gratitude by granting a firmán of privileges. But Farrukh Siyar refused to part with the doctor; and the doctor was thrown into a painful fright; for he had a wife and family in England, and was horrified at the idea of spending the rest of his days in gilded exile at Delhi.

Suddenly, after a delay of two years, all difficulties were removed. The English had found it convenient to remove their old factory at Surat to their more important settlement at Bombay. This trifling event spread a terror through the Moghul court. The older grandees remembered that the factory at Surat had been removed to Bombay just before the disastrous war of 1686; and they were in mortal fear lest the repetition of the measure should be followed by the reappearance of English men-of-war in the eastern seas. The requests of the English ambassadors were granted with surprising promptitude; even the English doctor was permitted to depart after pledging himself to return with a supply of medicines at an early date;[1] and the mission returned to Calcutta with firmáns of new rights and privileges duly signed and sealed.

The English mission were impressed with the pomp and power of the Great Moghul, but they saw many signs of disturbance at Delhi. The marriage of Farrukh Siyar with the Jaipur princess was celebrated with illuminations and fireworks: but the plots for securing the destruction of Husain Ali Khan were widely known. About the same time a Tartar army broke out in mutiny, and the troops were clamoring for their arrears of pay in the streets of Delhi.

Meanwhile the Sikhs were signally defeated in the Punjab, and Bandu Guru was taken prisoner and conducted to Delhi amidst a horrible procession of eight hundred Sikh prisoners doomed to death, and two thousand bleeding heads borne on poles. The executions that followed were ghastly and sickening. The Sikh prisoners were beheaded at the rate of a hundred a day. The captive Guru was clothed in mock robes of state, and exhibited with an infant son in an iron cage. The child was butchered before his eyes, and he himself was tortured to death with hot pincers. But Bandu Guru perished in the glory of martyrdom, exulting in the dream that he had been raised up by God to scourge the sins and oppressions of the age.

In 1719, about a year after the English

[1] Dr. Hamilton died shortly after his return to Calcutta. His tombstone is still to be seen inscribed with a record of his services.

mission left Delhi, the reign of Farrukh Siyar was brought to a tragical close. Abdulla Khan, the minister, found that his life was in danger, and summoned his brother from the Dekhan. Husain Ali Khan marched to Delhi with an army of Mahrattas, and excited a universal terror. Then followed a night of horror. The army of Abdulla Khan surrounded the palace, whilst the Mahrattas were supposed to keep order in the city. The most alarming reports spread through Delhi. It was said that Abdulla Khan had been murdered in the palace by the Raja of Jaipur. Next it was rumored that the Mahrattas were plundering the city; and the mob of Delhi rose against the Mahrattas, and slaughtered large numbers, and found so much gold in their saddle-bags as to increase the general alarm.

Next morning the uproar was over. The trembling Padishah had been dragged from the zenana amidst the screams of women, and thrown into a dungeon and deprived of eyesight; and it was soon known that he had been strangled to death by the bowstring. Meanwhile, an infant prince was taken out of the state prison of Selimghur, which adjoined the palace, and placed upon the throne of the Moghuls. The firing of cannon, and thundering of the imperial kettle-drums at the gate of the palace, announced that Farrukh Siyar had ceased to reign, and that another Padishah was sovereign of the Moghul empire.

It soon transpired that the two Saiyids had assumed the supreme direction of affairs in the name of an infant sovereign. Three months afterwards the infant died, and another young boy was taken out of the state prison and set upon the throne. But the reign of the new puppet was shorter than that of his ill-starred predecessor. In a few weeks he too was hurried to the grave by some insidious disease.

A healthier youth was now taken out of the prison, and enthroned under the name of Muhammad Shah. He was destined to reign for a period of nearly thirty years; to witness the mortal blow from Persia which shook the Moghul empire to its foundations; and to leave his successors to be the alternate prey of Afghans and Mahrattas.

Muhammad Shah ascended the throne as the puppet of the two Saiyids; but by this time a strong party had been formed against the brothers. The succession of three pageant Padishahs within a few brief months had opened the eyes of the leading grandees to the dangerous ambition of the Saiyids, and raised up a host of enemies who were resolved on their downfall.

The two brothers were aware of the secret combinations formed against them, and labored hard to defeat their designs. Abdulla Khan remained at Delhi to carry on the duties of prime minister. Husain Ali Khan returned to his viceroyalty in the Dekhan, and carried the young Padishah with him as a precautionary measure. But there was treachery in the camp, and a savage Kalmuk agreed to strike the fatal blow. He presented a petition to Husain Ali Khan, and whilst the latter was reading it, the Kalmuk stabbed the Viceroy to the heart. The dead body rolled out of the opposite side of the palanquin. The Kalmuk was cut to pieces by the Viceroy's guards. But Muhammad Shah placed himself at the head of his friends, and his appearance put an end to the confusion and restored order. The army returned to Agra, and thence began the march to Delhi. Abdulla Khan marched out an army to revenge the death of his brother, but found it useless to contend against the revolution. His forces were utterly defeated; his life was spared; but the power of the Saiyids was gone forever.

Muhammad Shah entered Delhi with all the triumph of a conqueror. He was received by his mother and ladies of the zenana with all the pomp and ceremonial that accompanied the installation of Moghul sovereigns. He took his seat upon the great throne; the imperial insignia were displayed on either side; basins of gold coins and jewels were waved around him; and to all outward appearance he began to reign with all the magnificence of a Jehangír or Shah Jehan. But the energies of the imperial rule were already in rapid decay; the life-blood of the empire was ebbing away; and the blaze of splendor which heralded the elevation of Muhammad Shah to the sovereignty was but an empty show to veil the decline of the empire.

The signs of dissolution must have been already evident to those who could see beneath the surface of things. The Moghul court was torn by factions which could no longer be suppressed by the frown of the Padishah, and which not unfrequently

broke out in open broils. The removal of Viceroys from one province to another, which had been so frequent under the despotic rule of Jehangír, Shah Jehan, and Aurangzeb, had become of rare occurrence; for an order for removal, under a weak sovereign like Farrukh Siyar, or Muhammad Shah, might have been met by a formidable rebellion, which would have engulfed the empire.

One sign of weakness was more significant than all the others. The imperial camp was no longer to be seen moving from Hindustan to the Punjab, or from Hindustan to the Dekhan, keeping Sikhs and Rajpúts in awe, and carrying the prestige of the Great Moghul to every part of his dominions. During the reigns of Farrukh Siyar and Muhammad Shah, the Padishah was little better than a pageant confined to the palace; and his progresses in camp were little more than hunting expeditions in the immediate neighborhood of Delhi.

Yet still the administration moved on in the well-worn grooves of long-established routine, although much of the vitality of power had passed away. No Viceroy or Subahdar of a province was legally in possession of his post until he had received letters and insignia of investiture from the Moghul court at Delhi; and this simple procedure preserved the prestige of Moghul suzerainty for generations after the authority of the Padishah had dwindled into an empty name.

During the reign of Muhammad Shah a Subahdar might die, and his son might succeed to the post by an assumption of hereditary right which would have been ruthlessly denied by Aurangzeb or his predecessors; but even during the last years of the empire the succession had no validity or weight in the eyes of the masses until the letters and insignia had been received from Delhi. The same might be said of the subordinate Nawabs of outlying territories. A Nawab might be appointed by a Subahdar, and be succeeded on death by his eldest son; and it will be seen hereafter that this was the case with the Nawab of the Carnatic under the Nizam or Subahdar of the Dekhan; but neither the original appointment nor the succession of the son could be considered legal and secure until letters and insignia had arrived from Delhi with the seals of the empire. The consequence was that a Viceroy never failed to send presents and promises to the Padishah and grandees to secure the recognized succession of a son or near kinsman, and whenever a Viceroy died every candidate for the government was equally profuse in presents and promises in the hope of securing his own recognition to the exclusion of all others.

All this while the Padishah was still the sole fountain of all honor, rank, and titles throughout the empire. These rewards were so largely coveted that grandees were often ready to sacrifice the greater part of their wealth in order to obtain them. They were never hereditary, but they elevated the grandee for the time being above his fellows in the eyes of the whole court, and were thus always received with the utmost pride and gladness of heart. Many a Subahdar or Nawab, driven to the verge of rebellion by insult or neglect, has been brought once again within the pale of loyalty and devotion by the receipt of an empty title and a dress of honor from the Great Moghul.

A curious anomaly of the Moghul constitution was the appointment of a Dewan, or financial accountant-general, to every province of the empire. It was the duty of this officer to receive all collections of revenue, to pay all salaries, including that of the Subahdar or Nawab, and to devote his whole attention to the remission of the largest possible yearly balance to the imperial treasury at Delhi. In the reign of Aurangzeb the Dewan had been regarded as the most important officer in the province. The duties of the Subahdar or Nawab had been confined to the maintenance of the public peace and the administration of justice, and all revenue questions had been left to the Dewan. At the same time the Dewan received his appointment direct from the Padishah, and was altogether independent of the Subahdar or Nawab, and by his zeal in the collection of revenue, and remission of the largest possible amount as the Padishah's share, he might hope for promotion or reward.

During the decline of the Moghul empire the greediness for rank and titles led to a general corruption in the court and provinces. The grandees grew rich whilst the imperial revenues dwindled year by year. Presents to the ministers, courtiers, and chief ladies of the zenana became of more importance than the remittance of

the yearly revenue to the imperial treasury. There were collusions between the Subahdar and the Dewan, and by dint of bribes and presents the two appointments were sometimes given to two different members of the same family, and sometimes were doubled up in the same officer. The result was a growing independence amongst the Subahdars and Nawabs of provinces; a growing tendency on the part of those officers to retain their several governments as the hereditary right of their respective families; a growing disregard to the orders received from the court at Delhi, and a determination to govern their respective provinces according to their own irresponsible will.

Strange to say, whilst there was a general loosening of the tie which bound the Viceroys of provinces to the Moghul court, the tie itself was on all occasions ostentatiously displayed before the multitude. Every Viceroy of a province acted as though he believed that his authority derived its sole lustre and security from its subordination to that of the Great Moghul. Whenever the imperial firmáns, orders, or letters of any description arrived from Delhi, the Subahdar or Nawab went out with all his officers in grand array to receive the documents with every demonstration of respect and honor; to place the imperial commands upon his forehead in token of his profound submission to the will of the Padishah, and to announce the coming of the imperial messengers with a salute of artillery and every mark of devotion and loyalty.

The richest province of the empire, or that which sent the largest yearly revenue to the Padishah, was the one which included the outlying territories of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. But the Nawabs of the Bengal provinces played no part in the history of the empire. They lived to the eastward of the river Carumnasa, and had little or no concern with the Moghul court beyond remitting the yearly revenue to Delhi.

The two most important officers in the empire were Saádut Ali Khan, who was Subahdar of Oude, and Chín Kulich Khan, better known by his title of Nizam-ul-mulk, who was Subahdar or Nizam of the Dekhan.[1] The history of these two men is typical of the condition of the Moghul empire during the reign of Muhammad Shah, and thus demands separate consideration.

The province of Oude in those times included not only modern Oude, but the vast area of fertile territory extending from Benares to Agra, which is comprised in the present day under the general term of Northwest Provinces. Saádut Ali Khan was a Persian and a Shíah. He was of low extraction, having been originally a cotton merchant of Khorasan, but by a strange destiny he had become Viceroy and practically sovereign over the greater part of Hindustan, and was the ancestor of the later kings of Oude, who like him professed the religion of the Shíahs.

Nizam-ul-mulk was a rival in race and religion, a Turk and a Sunní. He belonged to what was called a Turanian family, as distinguished from the Iranian, or Persian stock. His early history is obscúre, but he and his father before him are said to have held important commands in the reign of Aurangzeb.

During the scandalous reign of Jehandar Shah, the proud spirit of Nizam-ul-mulk had nearly worked his own downfall. Whilst proceeding through the streets of Delhi, his way was impeded by one of the worthless parasites of the hour—a woman who had formerly sold fruit and garden stuff in the vegetable market, but had become the sworn friend of a dancing-girl who was the ruling favorite of Jehandar Shah. This woman was proceeding to the palace on an elephant, accompanied by a numerous retinue, and as she passed she poured out a torrent of abuse on Nizam-ul-mulk. It is said that the proud Turk gave a signal to his retainers, but whether he did so or no, the men dragged the woman from her elephant and maltreated her in the presence of the mob. The woman threw ashes on her head, and hurried off to the palace to demand vengeance from the favorite dancing-girl. Meanwhile Nizam-ul-mulk went to the house of the prime minister, Zulfikar Khan, and

[1] Chin Kulich Khan subsequently received the honorary title of Asof Jah, which, according to Muhammadan tradition, was the name of the minister of Solomon. But though he is often called Asof Jah he is best known by the title of Nizam-ul-mulk, or "regulator of the state," given to him on the accession of Farrukh Siyar; and as his successors, the Nizams of Hyderabad, are named after this title, it will be preserved throughout the present article.

told him the whole story. The two men were not friends, but Zulfikar Khan saw the necessity for supporting his fellow-grandee against the insolence of the favorite. Accordingly he wrote on a slip of paper, "I throw in my lot with that of Nizam-ul-mulk," and sent the writing to Jehandar Shah. The paper proved to be a sufficient warning for the young Padishah; he saw that revenge was out of the question, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

At the accession of Farrukh Siyar, the two Saiyids made much of Nizam-ul-mulk, gave him the title and appointed him Subahdar of the Dekhan. Subsequently they grew jealous of him and transferred him to the government of Malwa between the Chambal and Nerbudda, whilst Husain Ali Khan was appointed Subahdar of the Dekhan between the Nerbudda and Kistna.

After the assassination of Husain Ali Khan, Nizam-ul-mulk crossed the Nerbudda with an army, and took possession of the government of the Dekhan, defeating every commander who was secretly sent to overthrow him, whilst still retaining a paramount influence in Malwa and Guzerat.

All this while the Mahrattas were the pest of the empire, the horror of the Moghul court, the terror of the Moghul Viceroys of provinces, and the especial enemies of Nizam-ul-mulk. The first Peishwa, Balaji Visvanath, died in 1720, and was succeeded in the post of minister by his son Baji Rao, who is always described as the ablest Mahratta Brahman of the time.[1] The policy of both father and son was to secure the continued recognition of Mahâraja Sahu as the vassal of the Great Moghul; to enforce the Mahratta claims to chout throughout the Dekhan, Malwa, and Guzerat; and to keep the loose bands of Mahratta horsemen, which might prove dangerous to the Brahman government at Satara, continually employed at a distance from the capital. These ends both Peishwas in turn had sought to attain by issuing commissions to different Mahratta leaders to collect chout in all directions in the name of Mahâraja Sahu.

The policy of the Peishwas throws much light upon the political genius of the Mahratta Brahmans. They did not care to create a Mahratta empire with well-defined frontiers. They preferred exercising the right of interference over a large and undefined part of the Moghul empire, and collecting chout under the plea of affording protection and security in return.

The Peishwa parcelled out the right of collecting chout amongst different military leaders in every district, in such a way, that whilst each leader had an interest in increasing the contributions to the general stock, no one had a compact property to render him independent of the Brahman court at Satara. Moreover, by dividing the revenue into innumerable fractions, it threw the military leaders into the hands of Brahman accountants; and thus strengthened the power of the Peishwa by increasing the influence of the caste of Mahratta Brahmans to which he belonged.

Mahratta history has thus an importance which has never been recognized by historians. It illustrates the struggle for political power between the caste of priests and that of soldiers which is the life and soul of ancient history. Glimpses of this struggle are furnished by the annals of Hebrews and Egyptians, but they are obscure and blurred. Mahratta history reveals every secret working in the battle between intellect and brute force, which ended in the triumph of the Brahman. In like manner the after history will tell of the revolt of the military leaders against the Brahman ascendancy, until the power of the Peishwas was reduced to a pageant by Lord Wellesley.

It was during this early period of the Brahman ascendancy, that the Mahratta commanders, mostly men of low caste, began to rise to the rank of predatory powers. The family of the Gaekwar, of Baroda, came to the front in Guzerat; the families of Sindia and Holkar established a hold in Malwa; and the Bhonsla family, the same clan to which Sivaji belonged, established a dominion in Berar in the Dekhan to the northward of the dominions of the Nizam.

But during the supremacy of the Brahman Peishwas these leaders were little more than military puppets in the hands of the central power at Satara; they were in fact officers of the Peishwa, commanding divisions of his troops, and acting under his commission. It was not until many years afterwards, when the power of the Peishwa was on the wane, that these military leaders ventured to exercise

[1] Compare Mills' History

political influence and authority as semi-independent princes of the Mahratta empire.

The dealings of an astute Mahratta Brahman, like Baji Rao, with Nizam-ul-mulk and Muhammad Shah, are too obscure and complicated to be dealt with except in the most general terms. Baji Rao was ever ready to take advantage of the jealousies and rivalries in the Moghul empire to further his own political schemes for power and aggrandizement. He saw the jealous antagonism between the Padishah and Nizam-ul-mulk, and labored hard to profit by it. He helped the imperial forces to drive the power and influence of Nizam-ul-mulk out of Guzerat and Malwa; and in return he obtained from the Moghul court a grant of chout for the whole of the Dekhan. He carried on a series of desultory wars against Nizam-ul-mulk, until he forced him into a kind of recognition of the Mahratta claims. At the same time there was some sort of compromise between the two. Nizam-ul-mulk obtained better terms from Baji Rao by engaging not to interfere in the Mahratta collections in Guzerat and Malwa. All this while Baji Rao was seeking to obtain from the Moghul court a formal grant of the chout for Guzerat and Malwa.

The Moghul court vainly attempted to resist these demands. Their unwieldy masses of regular troops could make no impression on loose bands of Mahratta horsemen, whose home was in the saddle, and who disappeared from the scene one day only to reappear in an unexpected quarter on the morrow. Muhammad Shah made certain concessions to the Peishwa, but only with the view of embroiling him with other powers. He ceded to the Peishwa the right of collecting chout from the Rajpúts; a measure which certainly led to endless predatory wars between Rajpúts and Mahrattas when both ought to have been united in a strong national confederacy of Hindus against the Moghuls. Muhammad Shah also made some additions to the Mahratta claims on the territories of Nizam-ul-mulk. This last measure recalled the Nizam to a sense of his dependence on the Padishah. Henceforth he seems to have resolved on supporting the Padishah against the Mahrattas. At the same time Baji Rao resolved on marching a Mahratta army towards Delhi, and driving Muhammad Shah into making a formal grant of chout for Guzerat and Malwa.

Such was the general progress of affairs from the beginning of the reign of Muhammad Shah in 1719 down to the year 1736. In the latter year Baji Rao advanced a Mahratta army towards Agra; whilst his light troops, under the command of Mulhar Rao Holkar, began to ravage the surrounding country beyond the Jumna. Suddenly Holkar was attacked and driven back by a force under Saádut Ali Khan, Subahdar of Oude. This check was magnified into a great victory; but Baji Rao retrieved his disgrace by appearing with a Mahratta army at the very gates of Delhi.

This movement of Baji Rao took place in the beginning of 1737, and threw the Moghul capital into the utmost consternation. But the object of Baji Rao was not to provoke, but to intimidate the Padishah. He made no attempt to enter Delhi, and he tried to prevent his troops from devastating the suburbs. Meanwhile Saádut Ali Khan joined his forces to the imperial army; and Baji Rao deemed it expedient to return to the Dekhan. During this retreat of the Mahrattas, Nizam-ul-mulk marched an army to Delhi, and was received at the capital with every mark of favor.

These movements of rival armies become intelligible by bearing in mind the secret relations between the Moghul court and the Peishwa. The Moghul court was playing off the Mahrattas as a check upon the growing and dangerous power of Saádut Ali Khan and Nizam-ul-mulk. At the same time the Moghul court was in mortal fear of the Mahrattas. It shrunk from the ignominy of making a formal grant of the chout for Malwa and Guzerat; but according to current reports it secretly paid chout for all its own territories round about Delhi, with the view of keeping the Mahrattas at a distance from the Moghul capital. Thus Baji Rao advanced to Agra and Delhi with the view of securing the formal grant of chout for Malwa and Guzerat; but he kept his Mahratta army from plundering the surrounding country lest he should thereby forfeit his claim to chout from the Delhi territories.

In 1738 the Nizam was returning from Delhi to the Dekhan, when he came into collision with Baji Rao on the banks of the Nerbudda. There was no actual battle, but the Mahrattas surrounded the

Nizam, cut off his supplies, and reduced him to sore distress. In this extremity Nizam-ul-mulk engaged to procure from the Padishah a cession of the chout for Malwa and Guzerat to the Peishwa. The Nizam then returned to Delhi, and Baji Rao took possession of Malwa. At this crisis political affairs were brought to a standstill by a sudden and unexpected blow from the side of Persia, which shook the Moghul empire to its foundations.

The modern history of Persia begins with the year 1500, when it was formed into an independent kingdom by a dynasty of Shíah fanatics, known as the Súfí Shahs. The rise of the Súfí empire preceded that of the Moghul empire of Hindustan by a quarter of a century, and its downfall preceded that of the Moghul empire about the same period.

The rule of the Shahs of Persia differed little from that of the Moghul sovereigns of Hindustan. There were no fratricidal wars at the death of a Shah, but the princes were treated with greater cruelty during the lifetime of their father, often kept in state prisons, and blinded or strangled to prevent rebellion. On the death of a Shah a son or a grandson was taken out of a prison and placed upon the throne; and all his brothers, and all other possible rivals, were butchered wholesale. Each Shah in succession seemed to be more weak, more cruel, and more depraved than his predecessor; and it is difficult to understand how the empire could have been kept together, threatened as it was by the Turks on the west, the Russians on the north, and Afghans and Uzebegs to the eastward.

The dynasty was at last overthrown by an invasion of Afghans. About 1710 the Afghans of Kandahar and Herát threw off the Persian yoke, and established their independence under a chieftain of their own race. In 1722 the Afghans marched to Ispahan, and besieged the city until it was starved into unconditional surrender. Shah Husain, the last of the Súfí dynasty, abdicated his throne in favor of Mahmud, the Afghan conqueror; and for a period of eight years, from 1722 to 1730, the people of Persia were subjected to the indescribable atrocities and outrages of Afghan rule.

Meanwhile Shah Tahmasp, a son of Shah Husain, made feeble efforts to recover his father's kingdom. In 1727 he was joined by a freebooting chieftain named Nadir Kuli, or Nadir the slave. This man was a born general, endowed with an instinct for creating armies and founding empires. He waged such successful wars against the Afghans that, by the year 1730, he had driven them out of Persia and placed Shah Tahmasp on the throne of Ispahan.

But Nadir Kuli Khan, as he was now called, was only making a stepping-stone of Shah Tahmasp. He went off to Khorasan to complete the subjugation of the Afghans. Meanwhile Shah Tahmasp engaged in war against the Turks, met with some disasters, and concluded a peace by yielding up his right to Armenia, Erivan, and Georgia, which had long been in the possession of Persia. Nadir Kuli Khan affected the utmost indignation at this ignominious peace. He returned to Ispahan, threw Shah Tahmasp into confinement, and placed the Shah's infant son upon the throne. He then carried on a war with Turkey until she was compelled to restore the disputed provinces; and Russia was also induced to restore certain territories bordering on the Caspian which had been seized by Peter the Great. Nadir Kuli Khan was thus all-powerful in Persia. In 1736 the infant sovereign died, and Nadir the slave assumed the full sovereignty under the title of Nadir Shah, or Nadir the king.

In 1737 Nadir Shah was engaged in besieging Kandahar, when he sent two successive embassies to the Great Moghul at Delhi. The Moghul court took no notice of these embassies; it did not even dismiss them and permit them to return to their master. Probably the haughty Moghul was prepared to dispute the title of Nadir Shah to the throne of Persia, and to treat him as an upstart and usurper. The result was that Nadir Shah captured Kandahar and Kábul, and then prepared to march an army to Delhi *viâ* Peshawar and Lahore.

The Moghul court at this crisis was feeble to the last degree. It had been recently threatened by the Mahrattas, and it was torn to pieces by the dissensions and jealousies of the leading grandees. There was hot rivalry between Saádut Ali Khan and Nizam-ul-mulk, and one or both were at daggers drawn with Khandauran, the minister. Indeed it was currently reported that both Saádut Ali

Khan and Nizam-ul-mulk had been for some time in secret correspondence with Nadir Shah, and had invited him to invade Hindustan.

Nadir Shah was certainly familiar with the progress of affairs in India. He charged Muhammad Shah with having failed to collect the Jezya from the unbelieving Hindus, and with having paid a fourth of his revenue to the idolatrous Mahrattas.

Nadir Shah reached Peshawar without difficulty. The Moghul court had been accustomed to pay a yearly subsidy to the hill tribes for the defence of the frontier passes; but for some years previously the money had been appropriated by the corrupt and unscrupulous minister. Consequently the garrisons had been withdrawn, and the disbanded troops not only left the passes open to Nadir Shah, but eagerly joined his army in the hope of sharing in the spoils of Hindustan. The Persian invader met with little or no resistance on his way through the Punjab. The Moghul Viceroy of the province was in communication with Nizam-ul-mulk; and he deemed it more to his interest to permit Nadir Shah to continue his march, than to sacrifice his troops and himself in vain efforts to repel the invasion.

At last the Moghul court was awakened from its lethargy. A large army marched from Delhi to Kurnal, about sixty-five miles to the northward, under the joint command of Nizam-ul-mulk and Khan-dauran, and accompanied by Muhammad Shah. Shortly afterwards the army of Nadir Shah approached Kurnal, and encamped in the neighborhood.

At this crisis Saádut Ali Khan arrived at Delhi with reinforcements, and proposed giving the enemy battle. But the old rivalries were still at work. Saádut Ali Khan and Khan-dauran went out to engage the enemy, but Nizam-ul-mulk stood aloof and refused to join in the fighting. The Moghul army was utterly defeated; Saádut Ali Khan was taken prisoner, and Khan-dauran received a mortal wound.

Muhammad Shah was now at the mercy of Nadir Shah. Nizam-ul-mulk was sent to offer terms to the conqueror; he is said to have agreed to pay two crores of rupees, or two millions sterling, provided Nadir Shah returned to Persia without advancing on Delhi. The terms were accepted, and Nizam-ul-mulk returned to the camp of the Padishah with the joyful news, and was rewarded with the coveted rank of Amír of Amírs, or chief of all the Amírs.

Saádut Ali Khan was stung with jealousy at the honor conferred on his rival. He told Nadir Shah that two crores were only a flea-bite in comparison with the treasures of Delhi; and he persuaded the invader to pursue his march to the Moghul capital, by promising to collect a subsidy of twenty crores. The offer was accepted, and Saádut Ali Khan hastened back to Delhi.

Nadir Shah set out on his march to Delhi with the expectation of receiving a subsidy of twenty millions sterling. He ordered Muhammad Shah to go on before him and prepare the city and palace for his reception. He received a visit from Saádut Ali Khan in the suburbs, but treated him with harshness, and asked why he had not begun to collect the subsidy. Saádut saw that his ruin was at hand. He left the presence of Nadir Shah in abject terror, swallowed a dose of poison, and passed away from the scene.

Next day Nadir Shah entered the city of Delhi with twenty thousand men. All houses and shops were closed; not a soul appeared in the streets. Amidst this portentous gloom, Nadir Shah posted his troops in various quarters of the city, and proceeded to the palace, where he was duly entertained by Muhammad Shah.

The soldiers of Nadir Shah were known as the Persian army, but they chiefly consisted of Tartars, Afghans, and Uzbegs; and were naturally regarded with disgust and hatred by the proud Moghuls. Nadir Shah promulgated stringent orders that none of the inhabitants of Delhi should be injured; indeed all that he wanted was to collect the subsidy as thoroughly and rapidly as possible, and this could be best achieved by abstaining from all alarms. But the people of Delhi were driven by terror and shame into acts of madness. On the day after the entry of Nadir Shah, being the 10th of March, 1739, a turmoil arose in the city. Many of the strangers were cut down and slaughtered. A rumor spread through the streets and bazars that Nadir Shah had been slain within the palace. The mob arose in overwhelming force and began to massacre the foreign soldiery, in the same way that they had

massacred the Mahrattas some twenty years before. The approach of night increased the uproar. The troops of Nadir Shah retreated to their quarters in the caravanserais and houses of the grandees, and stood under arms throughout the night, whilst all stragglers were butchered by the infuriated multitude.

At early morning Nadir Shah left the palace with a strong force, and began riding through the streets of Delhi. The sight of the dead bodies of his troops aroused his terrible wrath. At the same moment he was assailed with stones, arrows, and firearms, from the houses, and one of his chiefs was slain by his side. He determined on a deed of vengeance, which has no parallel in modern history. He ordered an indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants without regard to age or sex. No city taken by storm could have presented greater horrors. The Persian army, maddened by the sight of their bleeding comrades, spread over the city like demons, breaking open shops, houses, and palaces, slaughtering, plundering, burning, destroying, and committing every kind of outrage with an unbridled fury which knew not how to pity nor how to spare.

The sack and carnage of Delhi lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. The streets were filled with the shouts of the brutal soldiery and the shrieks of their helpless victims. The atmosphere was reeking with the blood and butchery of thousands of human beings. Houses were set on fire, and numbers perished in the flames. Husbands killed their wives and then murdered themselves. Women threw themselves into wells. Children were slaughtered without mercy, and infants were cut to pieces at their mothers' breasts.

All this while Nadir Shah sat in a little mosque in the principal street, which is still pointed out to modern travellers. His presence, in his milder moods, was sufficient to strike beholders with awe. Six feet high, with swarthy countenance, large eyes, and a voice of thunder, his commanding aspect compelled all men to bend before him. But now, as he sat in the mosque, his features were lighted up by a stern ferocity, as if he exulted in the greatness of his revenge. Nizam-ul-mulk, stung by remorse, threw himself at the feet of the conqueror, and prayed for mercy towards the innocent inhabitants; but he was received with torrents of abuse that must have added to his terrors. Muhammad Shah followed his example, and begged that his subjects might be spared from further slaughter. At last the bloodthirsty warrior began to relent; he sent out orders that the butchery should end, and he was promptly and implicitly obeyed. But the sun set upon a scene of horror and devastation which has rarely been equalled in the annals of Tartar revenge.

Next morning the survivors were ordered under terrible penalties to dispose of the dead. The corpses of Hindus and Muhammadans were thrown promiscuously together. Many were buried in vast pits; many were cast on piles of timber taken from the falling houses, and burnt in huge holocausts. The number of slain can never be known. According to one wild estimate, more than a hundred thousand souls perished in the massacre; but if the number is reduced to one-fifth or one-tenth, it is sufficient to strike men with terror until the end of time.

When the slaughter was over and the murdered heaps had been cleared away, the work of plunder and exaction was carried out with relentless barbarity. The peacock throne and all the jewels of the imperial palace became the spoil of the conqueror; so did the best of the cannon and warlike stores, and the choicest of the elephants, horses, and camels. Contributions were levied from every grandee, and from every dwelling-house in the capital; and any show of reluctance or attempt at concealment was met by threats and tortures. Many who were unable to meet the demand committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of their tormentors. A body of Persian horse was sent to Oude, and confiscated the treasures of Saádut Ali Khan to the value of one or two millions sterling. A like sum was demanded of Nizam-ul-mulk, and a large amount seems to have been obtained; but the treasury of the Dekhan was out of the reach of Nadir Shah; and any force despatched in that direction might have been cut off in the passes of the Vindhya mountains, or exposed to the assaults of the Mahrattas. An attempt was made to secure a subsidy from Bengal; but the treasury of Murshedabad was too remote from Delhi; and not even the avarice of Nadir Shah would induce him to send an army into the defiles of Bihar.

The total value of the gold, silver, jewels, weapons, stuffs, stores, and money carried off by Nadir Shah has been variously estimated from eight to eighty millions; but all such conjectures are the sport of the imagination. Nothing is known beyond the fact that the invader carried off vast and untold treasures; that he gave three months' pay to every soldier in his army, and remitted a year's taxation throughout the whole Persian empire.

Nadir Shah demanded the niece of Muhammad Shah in marriage for his second son. He also demanded the cession to Persia of all territories to the westward of the Indus which had previously belonged to the Moghul. Indeed, he might have made any demand he thought proper, for Muhammad Shah was far too prostrate to attempt any refusal. The marriage of his son to the Moghul princess was solemnized with some show of rejoicing; and the cession of territory was embodied in a formal grant, which was couched in terms of abject submission to the will of the conqueror.

Nadir Shah reinstated the fallen Moghul in the possession of his throne and empire. He exhorted every vassal and feudatory to be loyal in their devotion to Muhammad Shah; and he threatened to wreak his vengeance on any that should attempt to rebel. He then returned to Persia after a stay of two months in Hindustan.

Nadir Shah never reappeared in India. He lived nine years longer, during which he was engaged in wars with the Turks, or in putting down rebellions in his own territories. Unfortunately for him, he interfered with the national religion of Persia. He sought to put an end to the antagonism between Shíahs and Sunnís by declaring the Sunní faith to be the one state religion of the empire. He thus raised a storm of fanaticism against his rule, which no force could allay. In 1747, at the age of sixty, he was cut off by assassins, after a troubled reign of eleven years.

The invasion of Nadir Shah inflicted a mortal blow on the Moghul empire. Muhammad Shah was re-seated on the throne of his fathers, but his sovereignty was little better than a name. The Viceroys of the provinces had become independent princes. The death of a Subahdar or Nawab was followed by fratricidal wars like those which attended the demise of a Padishah; and not unfrequently by the elevation of a usurper with no other authority than that derived from the sword. The Mahrattas were no longer to be quieted by payments from the imperial treasury, for the treasury had been emptied by Nadir Shah; and the Mahratta leaders led their hosts of horsemen to the remotest quarters of India, plundering and devastating the two Carnatics in the southern Peninsula, and at the same time spreading like destroying locusts over the fertile plains of Bengal.

Baji Rao died in 1740, and was succeeded in the post of Peishwa by his son Balaji Rao. Maharaja Sahu died in 1748, the year after the assassination of Nadir Shah, and was succeeded on the throne of Satara by a nominal sovereign named Raja Ram. At the same time a noiseless revolution was carried out, under which the real sovereignty was transferred from the Maharaja to the Peishwa. Raja Ram reigned as a state pageant in the fortress or prison at Satara; whilst Balaji Rao removed the Mahratta court to Poona, and reigned at the old capital of Sivaji as the independent sovereign of the Mahratta empire, but under the old name of Peishwa or minister.

Muhammad Shah died in 1748, the same year that saw the death of Maharaja Sahu. At this moment a new enemy appeared in Hindustan to contest with the Mahrattas for supremacy. The assassination of Nadir Shah in the previous year had delivered the Afghans from the Persian yoke. Another Asiatic conqueror rose to the front under the name of Ahmad Shah Abdali. He extended the independent empire of the Afghans over the greater part of Central Asia, including the Punjab and Kashmír. He invaded Hindustan for the purpose of re-establishing the old Afghan supremacy in India. The consequence was that the successors of Muhammad Shah were mere pageants in the hands of rival ministers, who in their turn were alternately under the influence of Mahrattas and Afghans.

At this turning-point in the downward career of the once Great Moghul, the history of India underwent an entire revolution. The Moghul empire was broken up never to be restored. The foundations of a new empire were laid by English settlers, which was destined to extend its paramount influence over the whole of India from sea to sea. The centre of political

interest is thus transferred from the old Moghul capital of Delhi to the English settlements of Madras and Calcutta. The Hindu nationalities of India, after centuries of repression, were to be educated by British administrators in a knowledge of that civilization, which has regenerated the western world and established the reign of order and of law. In this manner the people of India are being trained and disciplined by British rule for a new career of national life, which can only be revealed in the unknown world of the future.

THE LANG COORTIN'.

[**Lewis Carroll** is the pseudonym of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (born about 1833), humorist, who took his degree in 1854 from Christ Church, Oxford, where he has since become senior student and tutor, giving lectures in mathematics. In 1865 he published *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, a humorous fairy story on the common surroundings of child-life, that is still eagerly read wherever the English language is spoken. This was succeeded, in 1869, by a collection of humorous poems and parodies called *Phantasmagoria*, and, in 1872, by *Through the Looking-Glass*, a continuation of *Alice* and equally popular. *The Hunting of the Snark*, the longest of his humorous poems, was published in 1876, and was followed by two further collections: *Doublets* (1879), and *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883). Mr. Dodgson is also the author of several mathematical text-books, of which *Euclid and his Modern Rivals* (1879) is the most amusing, with the exception of *A Tangled Tale* (1886), his latest production of mingled humor and science.]

The ladye she stood at her lattice high,
Wi' her doggie at her feet:
Through the lattice she can spy
The passers in the street.

"There's one that standeth at the door,
And tirleth at the pin:
Now speak and say, my popinjay,
If I sall let him in."

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That flew abune her head:
"Gae let him in that tirls the pin:
He cometh thee to wed."

O, when he cam' the parlor in,
A woeful man was he!
"And dinna ye ken your lover agen,
Sae well that loveth thee?"

"And how wad I ken ye loved me, sir,
That have been sae lang away?
And how wad I ken ye loved me, sir?
Ye never telled me sae."

Said, "Ladye, dear," and the salt, salt tear
Cam' rinnin' doon his cheek,
"I have sent thee tokens of my love
This many and many a week.

"O, didna ye get the rings, Ladye,
The rings o' the gowd sae fine?
I wot that I have sent to thee
Fourscore, fourscore and nine."

"They cam' to me," said that fair ladye.
"Wow, they were flimsie things!"
Said, "That chain o' gowd, my doggie to howd,
It is made o' thae self-same rings."

"And didna ye get the locks, the locks,
The locks o' my ain black hair
Whilk I sent by post, whilk I sent by box,
Whilk I sent by the carrier?"

"They cam' to me," said that fair ladye;
"And I prithee send nae mair!"
Said, "That cushion sae red, for my doggie's head,
It is stuffed wi' thae locks o' hair."

"And didna ye get the letter, Ladye,
Tied wi' a silken string,
Whilk I sent to thee frae the far countrie,
A message of love to bring?"

"It cam' to me frae the far countrie,
Wi' its silken string and a';
But it wasna prepaid," said that high-born maid,
"Sae I gar'd them tak' it awa'."

"O, ever alack that ye sent it back,
It was written sae clerkly and well!
Now the message it brought, and the boon that it sought,
I must even say it mysel'."

Then up and spake the popinjay,
Sae wisely counselled he:
"Now say it in the proper way:
Gae doon upon thy knee!"

The lover he turned baith red and pale,
Went doon upon his knee:

"O, Ladye, hear the waesome tale
That must be told to thee!

"For five lang years, and five lang years,
I coorted thee by looks;
By nods and winks, by smiles and tears,
As I had read in books.

"For ten lang years, O weary hours!
I coorted thee by signs;
By sending game, by sending flowers,
By sending Valentines.

"For five lang years, and five lang years,
I have dwelt in the far countrie,
Till that thy mind should be inclined
Mair tenderly to me.

"Now thirty years are gane and past,
I am come frae a foreign land:
I am come to tell thee my love at last-
O, Ladye, gie me thy hand!"

The ladye she turned not pale nor red,
But she smiled a pitiful smile:
"Sic' a coortin' as yours, my man," she said,
"Takes a lang and a weary while!"

And out and laughed the popinjay,
A laugh of bitter scorn:
"A coortin' done in sic' a way,
It ought not to be borne!"

Wi' that the doggie barked aloud,
And up and doon he ran,
And tugged and strained his chain o' gowd,
All for to bite the man.

"O, hush thee, gentle popinjay!
O, hush thee, doggie, dear!
There is a word I fain wad say,
It needeth he should hear!"

Aye, louder screamed that ladye fair
To drown her doggie's bark:
Ever the lover shouted mair
To make that ladye hark!

Shrill and more shrill the popinjay
Upraised his angry squall:
I trow the doggie's voice that day
Was louder than them all!

The serving-men and serving-maids
Sat by the kitchen fire:
They heard sic' a din the parlor within
As made them much admire.

Out spake the boy in buttons
(I ween he wasna thin),
"Now, wha will tae the parlor gae,
And stay this deadlie din?"

And they have taen a kerchief,
Casted their kevils in,
For wha should tae the parlor gae
And stay that deadlie din.

When on that boy the kevil fell
To stay the fearsome noise,
"Gae in," they cried, "whate'er betide,
Thou prince of button-boys!"

Syne, he has taen a supple-cane
To swinge that dog so fat:
The doggie yowled, the doggie howled
The louder aye for that.

Syne, he has taen a mutton-bane,
The doggie ceased his noise,
And followed doon the kitchen stair
That prince of button-boys!

Then sadly spake that ladye fair,
Wi' a frown upon her brow:
"O, dearer to me is my sma' doggie
Than a dozen sic' as thou!

"Nae use, nae use, for sighs and tears:
Nae use at all to fret:
Sin' ye've bided sae well for thirty years,
Ye may bide a wee langer yet!"

Sadly, sadly he crossed the floor,
And tirled at the pin:
Sadly went he through the door
Where sadly he cam' in.

"O, gin I had a popinjay
To fly abune my head,
To tell me what I ought to say,
I had by this been wed.

"O, gin I find anither ladye,"
He said wi' sighs and tears,
"I wot my coortin' sall not be
Anither thirty years:

"For gin I find a ladye gay,
Exactly to my taste,
I'll pop the question, aye or nay,
In twenty years at maist."

DEATH OF MURIEL, THE BLIND CHILD.

[**Dinah Maria Craik (Mulock)**, an English novelist and poet, born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826. Died October, 1887. Her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, was published in 1849, and was followed the same year by *Cola Monti: the Story of a Genius*. In 1865 Miss Mulock married Mr. George Lillie Craik the younger. She has written about thirty novels, besides sketches of life and scenery, poems, books for children and magazine articles. Among her works are: *Olive* (1850); *Alice Learmont* and *The Head of the Family* (1852); *Avillion and Other Tales*, *Agatha's Husband* and *A Hero* (1853); *Little Lychetts* (1855); *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1856). From the latter we make extract.]

John opened the large Book—the Book he had taught all his children to long for and to love—and read out of it their favorite history of Joseph and his brethren. The mother sat by him at the fireside, rocking Maud softly on her knees. Edwin and Walter settled themselves on the hearth-rug, with great eyes intently fixed on their father. From behind him the candle-light fell softly down on the motionless figure in the bed, whose hand he held and whose face he ever now and then turned to look at, then, satisfied, continued to read. In the reading his voice had a fatherly, flowing calm, as Jacob's might have had when "the children were tender" and he gathered them all around him under the palm-trees of Succoth, years before he cried unto the Lord that bitter cry (which John hurried over as he read), "*If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*"

For an hour, nearly, we all sat thus, with the wind coming up the valley, howling in the beechwood, and shaking the casement as it passed outside. Within, the only sound was the father's voice. This ceased at last: he shut the Bible and put it aside. The group—that last perfect household picture—was broken up. It melted away into things of the past, and became only a picture for evermore.

"Now, boys, it is full time to say good-night. There, go and kiss your sister."

"Which?" said Edwin, in his funny way. "We've got two now, and I don't know which is the biggest baby."

"I'll thrash you if you say that again," cried Guy. "Which, indeed! Maud is but the baby. Muriel will be always sister."

"Sister" faintly laughed as she answered his fond kiss; Guy was often thought to be her favorite brother.

"Now, off with you, boys, and go down-stairs quietly—mind, I say quietly."

They obeyed—that is, as literally as boy-nature can obey such an admonition. But an hour after I heard Guy and Edwin arguing vociferously in the dark on the respective merits and future treatment of their two sisters, Muriel and Maud.

John and I sat up late together that night. He could not rest, even though he told me he had left the mother and her two daughters as cosy as a nest of wood-pigeons. We listened to the wild night till it had almost howled itself away; then our fire went out, and we came and sat over the last fagot in Mrs. Tod's kitchen, the old Debatable Land. We began talking of the long-ago time, and not of this time at all. The vivid present—never out of either mind for an instant—we in our conversation did not touch upon by at least ten years. Nor did we give expression to a thought which strongly oppressed me, and which I once or twice fancied I could detect in John likewise—how very like this night seemed to the night when Mr. March died; the same silentness in the house, the same windy whirl without, the same blaze of the wood-fire on the same kitchen ceiling. More than once I could almost have deluded myself that I heard the faint moans and footsteps overhead; that the staircase door would open and we should see there Miss March, in her white gown, and her pale, steadfast look.

"I think the mother seemed very well and calm to-night," I said, hesitatingly, as we were retiring.

"She is. God help her—and us all!"

"He will."

That was all we said.

He went up-stairs the last thing, and brought down word that mother and children were sound asleep.

"I think I may leave them until daylight to-morrow. And now, Uncle Phineas, go you to bed, for you look as tired as tired can be."

I went to bed; but all night long I had disturbed dreams, in which I pictured over and over again—first the night when Mr. March died, then the night at Longfield, when the little white ghost had

crossed by my bed's foot into the room where Mary Baines' dead boy lay. And continually, towards morning, I fancied I heard through my window, which faced the church, the faint, distant sound of the organ as when Muriel used to play it.

Long before it was daylight I rose. As I passed the boys' room Guy called out to me—

"Halloa! Uncle Phineas, is it a fine morning, for I want to go down into the wood and get a lot of beech-nuts and fir-cones for sister. It's her birthday to-day, you know."

It *was* for her. But for us—O Muriel, our darling, darling child!

Let me hasten over the story of that morning, for my old heart quails before it still. John went early to the room upstairs. It was very still. Ursula lay calmly asleep, with baby Maud on her bosom; on her other side, with eyes wide open to the daylight, lay—that which for more than ten years we had been used to call "blind Muriel." She saw now. . . .

Just the same homely room—half bedchamber, half a nursery—the same little curtainless bed where, for a week past, we had been accustomed to see the wasted figure and small pale face lying in smiling quietude all day long.

It lay there still. In it, and in the room, was hardly any change. One of Walter's playthings was in a corner of the window-sill, and on the chest of drawers stood the nosegay of Christmas roses which Guy had brought for his sister yesterday morning. Nay, her shawl—a white, soft, furry shawl that she was fond of wearing—remained still hanging up behind the door. One could almost fancy the little maid had just been said "good-night" to, and left to dream the childish dreams on her nursery pillow, where the small head rested so peacefully, with that pretty babyish nightcap tied over the pretty curls. There she was, the child who had gone out of the number of our children—our earthly children—forever.—*John Halifax.*

THE WIFE'S CONFESSION.

A great dread, like a great joy, always lies in ambush, ready to leap upon us the instant we open our eyes. Had Miss Gascoigne known what a horrible monster it was, like a tiger at her throat, which sprang upon Christian when she waked that morning, she, even she, might have felt remorseful for the pain she had caused. Yet perhaps she would not. In this weary life of ours,

> "With darkness and the death-hour rounding it,"

it is strange how many people seem actually to enjoy making other people miserable.

Christian rose and dressed; for her household ways must go on as usual; she must take her place at the breakfast-table, and make it cheerful and pleasant, so that the children might not find out anything wrong with mother. She did so, and sent them away to their morning play—happy little souls! Then she sat down to think for a little all alone. Not what to do—that was already decided; but how to do it—how to tell Dr. Grey in the least painful way that his love had not been the first love she had received—and given; that she had had this secret, and kept it from him, though he was her husband, for six long months. . . Love bought by a deception she knew to be absolutely worthless. Knowing now what love was, she knew this truth also. Had no discovery been made, she knew that she must have told all to Dr. Grey. She hated, despised herself for having already suffered day after day to pass by without telling him, though she had continually intended to do it. All this was a just punishment for her cowardice; for she saw now, as she had never seen before, that every husband, every wife, before entering into the solemn bond of marriage, has a right to be made acquainted with every secret of the other's heart, every event of the other's life; that such confidence, then and afterwards, should know no reservations, save and except trusts reposed in both before marriage by other people, which marriage itself is not justified in considering annulled. But the final moment being come, when a day—half a day—would decide it all—decide the whole future of herself and her husband, Christian's courage seemed to return. . . .

Aunt Henrietta had spent the whole night, except a brief space for sleeping, in thinking over and talking over her duties and her wrongs, the two being mixed up

together in inextinguishable confusion. Almost any subject, after being churned up in such a nature as hers for twelve mortal hours, would at the end look quite different from what it did at first, or what it really was. And so, with all honesty of purpose, and with the firmest conviction that it was the only means of saving her brother-in-law and his family from irretrievable misery and disgrace, poor Miss Gascoigne had broken through all her habits, risen, dressed, and breakfasted at an unearthly hour, and there she stood at the Lodge door at nine in the morning, determined to "do her duty," as she expressed it, but looking miserably pale, and vainly restraining her agitation so as to keep up a good appearance "before the servants."

"That will do, Barker. You need not disturb the master; I came at this early hour just for a little chat with your mistress and the children." And then entering the parlor, she sat down opposite to Christian to take breath.

Miss Gascoigne was really to be pitied. Mere gossip she enjoyed; it was her native element, and she had plunged into this matter of Sir Edwin Uniacke with undeniable eagerness. But now, when it might be not gossip, but disgrace, her terror overpowered her. . . .

"You see, Mrs. Grey, I am come again," said she very earnestly. "In spite of everything, I have come back to advise with you. I am ready to overlook everything, to try and conceal everything. Maria and I have been turning over in our minds all sorts of plans to get you away till this has blown over—call it going to the seaside, to the country with Arthur—anything, in short, just that you may leave Avonsbridge."

"I leave Avonsbridge! Why?"

"You know why. When you had a lover before your marriage, of whom you did not tell your husband or his friends—when this gentleman afterwards meets you, writes to you—I saw the letter—"

"You saw the letter!"

There was no hope. She was hunted down, as many an innocent person has been before now, by a combination of evidence, half truths, half lies, or truths so twisted that they assume the aspect of lies, and lies so exceedingly probable that they are by even keen observers mistaken for truth. Passive and powerless Christian sat. Miss Gascoigne might say what she would—all Avonsbridge might say what it would—she would never open her lips more. At that moment, to preserve her from going mad—(she felt as if she were—as if the whole world were whirling round, and God had forgotten her)—Dr. Grey walked in.

"Oh, husband! save me from her—save me—save me!" she shrieked, again and again. And without one thought except that he was there—her one protector, defender, and stay—she sprang to him, and clung desperately to his breast. And so, in this unforeseen and unpremeditated manner, told—how or by whom, herself, Miss Gascoigne, or both together, Christian never clearly remembered—her one secret, the one error of her sad girlhood was communicated to her husband.

He took the revelation calmly enough, as he did everything; Dr. Grey was not the man for tragic scenes. The utmost he seemed to think of in this one was calming and soothing his wife as much as possible, carrying her to the sofa, making her lie down, and leaning over her with a sort of pitying tenderness, of which the only audible expression was, "Poor child! poor child!"

Christian tried to see his face, but could not. She sought feebly for his hand—his warm, firm, protecting hand—and felt him take hers in it. Then she knew that she was safe. No, he never would forsake her. He had loved her—once and for always—with the love that has strength to hold its own through everything and in spite of everything. . . .

The very instant Miss Gascoigne was gone, Christian, throwing herself on her husband's neck, clasping him, clinging to him, ready almost to fling herself at his knees in her passion of humility and love, told him without reserve, without one pang of hesitation or shame—perhaps, indeed, there was little or nothing to be ashamed of—everything concerning herself and Edwin Uniacke. He listened, not making any answer, but only holding her fast in his arms, till at length she took courage to look up in his face. "What! you are not angry or grieved? Nay, I could fancy you were almost smiling."

"Yes, my child! Because, to tell you the plain truth, I knew all this before."—*Christian's Mistake.* MISS MULOCK.

EDNA AND HER BOYS.

She resigned her little fur-slippered foot for the twins to cuddle—the rosy, fat, good-tempered twins, rolling about like Newfoundland puppies on the hearth-rug—laid one hand on Bob's light curls, suffered Will to seize the other, and leaned her head against the tall shoulder of her eldest son, who petted his mother just as if she had been a beautiful young lady. Thus "subdivided," as she called it, Edna stood among her five sons: and any stranger observing her might have thought she had never had a care. But such a perfect life is impossible; and the long gap of years that there was between Robert and the twins, together with one little curl—that, wrapped in silver paper, lay always at the bottom of the mother's housekeeping purse—could have told a different tale.

However, this was her own secret, hidden in her heart. When with her children, she was as merry as any one of them all. "Come now," said she, "you are such good boys, and give up cheerfully your pleasures, not because mother wishes it, but because it is right—"

"And also because mother wishes it," lovingly remarked Julius.

"Well, well, I accept it as such: and in return I'll make you all a handsome present—of my whole afternoon." Here uprose a shout of delight, for every one knew that the most valuable gift their mother could bestow on them was her time, always so well filled up, and her bright, blithe, pleasant company.

"It is settled then, boys. Now decide. Where will you take me to? Only it should be some nice warm place. Mother cannot stand the cold quite as you boys do. You must remember she is not so young as she used to be."

"She is—she is!" cried the sons in indignant love; and the eldest pressed her to his warm young breast almost with the tears in his eyes. That deep affection—almost a passion—which sometimes exists between an eldest son and his mother, was evidently very strong here.

"I know what place mamma would like best—next best to a run into the country, where, of course, we can't go now—I propose the National Gallery." Which was rather good of Bob, who, of himself, did not care two-pence for pictures; and when the others seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously, his mother smiled a special "Thank you" to him, which raised the lad's spirits exceedingly.

It was a lively walk through the Christmas streets, bright with holly and evergreens, and resplendent with every luxury that the shops could offer to Christmas purchasers. But Edna's boys bought nothing, and asked for nothing. They and she looked at all these treasures with delighted but unenvious eyes. They had been brought up as a poor man's children, even as she was a poor man's wife—educated from boyhood in that noble self-denial which scorns to crave for anything which it cannot justly have. There was less need for carefulness now, and every time the mother looked at them—the five jewels of her matron crown—she thanked God that they would never be dropped into the dust of poverty; that, humanly speaking, there would be enough forthcoming, both money and influence, all of their father's own righteous earning, to set them fairly afloat in the world, before William and she laid down their heads together in the quiet sleep after toil—of which she began to think perhaps a little more than she used to do, years ago. Yet when the boys would stop her before tempting jeweler's or linen-draper's shops, making her say what she liked best, Edna would answer to each boy's question as to what he should give her "when he got rich—"

"Nothing, my darling, nothing. I think your father and I are the richest people in all this world."—*The Woman's Kingdom.* Miss Mulock.

A MOTHER'S YEARNING.

Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Trevena sat over their early *café* by their bedroom fire—welcome even in June at Andermatt—a comfortable couple, placid and loving, for, before returning to his book, he stooped and kissed her affectionately.

"You'll be busy over your packing, my dear, for we really will start to-morrow, if I get the letters and some money to-day. Dr. Franklin will share our carriage to Fluelen: he can surely leave his patient now. By-the-bye, did you see the baby last night?"

"Yes;" and coming closer, she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and her

head on his shoulder. "Can you give me a few minutes, Austin, my dear?"

"A hundred, if you like, my darling. Is it to speak about the journey? Well, we shall soon be safe at home; and oh, how glad we shall be!"

"Very glad. But—it is an empty home to come back to."

"How do you mean? O yes—I see! My poor Susannah! You should not have gone and looked at that baby."

He spoke very tenderly—more so than might have been expected from his usual formal and absent manner. She gave one little sob, then choked it down, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him several times. An outsider might have smiled at the caresses of these two elderly people, but love never grows old, and they had loved one another all their lives.

"Don't mind my crying, Austin. Indeed, I am happy, quite happy. Yesterday, when I sat under the wall of snow, and looked at the beautiful sights all round me, I thought how thankful I ought to be, how contented with my lot, how blessed in my home and my husband. And I ceased to be angry with God for having taken away my baby."

"Poor Susannah—poor Susannah!"

"No, rich Susannah! And so I determined to grieve no more; to try and be happy without a child. But now—"

"Well, my darling."

"Austin, I think God sometimes teaches us to renounce a thing, and when we have quite renounced it, gives it back to us in some other way."

"What do you mean?"

She tried to speak, failed more than once, and then said, softly and solemnly: "I believe God has sent that child, whom its mother does not care for, to me—to us. Will you let me have it?"

Intense astonishment and bewilderment were written on every line of Mr. Trevena's grave countenance. "Good bless my soul! Susannah, what can you be thinking of?"

"I have been thinking of this and nothing else ever since you told me what Dr. Franklin told you. From that minute I felt the child was meant for me. Its mother throws it away; she does not care a straw for it; whilst I—oh, Austin, you don't know!—you don't know!" She pressed her hands upon her childless breast as if to smother down something that was almost agony.

"No, my dear," Mr. Trevena answered dryly; "I can't be expected to know. And if you were not such a very sensible woman, I should say that you don't know either. How can respectable old folk like us encumber ourselves with a baby—a waif and a stray—a poor little creature that we know nothing on earth about?"

"But God does," she answered.—*King Arthur.*

Miss Mulock.

TOO LATE.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye, sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Miss Mulock.

TO A WINTER WIND.

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy fountains,
Draughts of life to me!

Clear wind, cold wind, like a Northern giant,
Stars brightly threading thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant,
Lo! I meet thee there!

Wild wind, bold wind, like a strong-armed angel,
Clasp me round—kiss me with thy kisses divine,
Breathe in my dull heart thy secret sweet evangel—
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind, mad wind, howling through the nations,
Knew'st thou how leapeth that heart as thou goest by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause a while in a sudden patience,
Like a human sigh.

Sharp wind, keen wind, cutting as word arrows,
Empty thy quiverful! pass on! what is't to thee
Though in some mortal's eyes life's whole bright circle narrows
To one misery?

Loud wind, strong wind, stay thou in the mountains!
Fresh wind, free wind, trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's warm fountains,
That I hear not thee!

MISS MULOCK.

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King;
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God—throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God's victorious,
"Philip, my King."

MISS MULOCK.

THE ENCHIRIDION, OR MANUAL.[1]

(TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LONG.)

[Epictetus, a celebrated disciple of the Stoa, was born at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, about fifty years after the birth of Christ. He was at first the slave of Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero, at Rome, whose abusive treatment he is said to have endured with the composure characteristic of the sect to which he belonged. He was afterwards manumitted, and devoted himself to the Stoic philosophy. Domitian hated him on account of his principles, and banished him, along with several other philosophers, from Rome. Epictetus settled at Nokopolis, in Epirus. Under the pressure of the times in which he lived, his serious moral views received a character rather of self-denial than of energy; to renounce, to endure, and not to set the mind upon anything beyond the power of the individual to attain, being the points chiefly insisted on. His pupil, Arrianus, collected the maxims of Epictetus in the work entitled *Enchiridion* ("hand-book") and in eight books of commentaries, four of which are lost. The peculiar excellence of the writings of Epictetus consists in their simple and noble earnestness. The real heartfelt love of good and hatred of evil which we are in the habit of supposing

[1] In Schweighaeuser's edition the title is "Ἐπικτήτου ἐγχειρίδιον. Epicteti Manuale ex recensione et interpretatione Joannis Uptoni. Notabiliorem Lectionis varietatem adjecit Joh. Schweighaeuser." There are also notes by Upton and some by Schweighaeuser.

an exclusively Christian feeling, does manifest itself very finely and beautifully in these, yet, as Prof. Brandis says, "there is not a trace in the *Epictetea* to show that he was acquainted with Christianity, and still less that he had adopted Christianity, either in part or entirely." Some of his opinions, moreover, are essentially Christian in their nature, though, of course, they are unconnected with the facts of revelation. Epictetus believes in our "resemblance" to God, in our "relationship" to him, and in our "union" with him through the coincidence of the "will" and the "soul;" he recognizes the contest between good and evil, the life-struggle in the heart, the divine life against which the law in the members wars; and he affirms the necessity of "invoking God's assistance in the strife" that the inner life may become pure as God is pure. There are several good editions of the works of Epictetus, the most complete of which is that of Schweighaeuser (Leipsic, 1800.)]

I.

Of things some are in our power, and others are not. In our power are opinion (ὑπόληψις), movement towards a thing (ὁρμή), desire, aversion (ἔκκλισις, turning from a thing); and in a word, whatever are our own acts: not in our power are the body, property, reputation, offices (magisterial power), and in a word, whatever are not our own acts. And the things in our power are by nature free, not subject to restraint nor hindrance: but the things not in our power are weak, slavish, subject to restraint, in the power of others. Remember then that if you think the things which are by nature slavish to be free, and the things which are in the power of others to be your own, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will blame both gods and men: but if you think that only which is your own to be your own, and if you think that what is another's, as it really is, belongs to another, no man will ever compel you, no man will hinder you, you will never blame any man, you will accuse no man, you will do nothing involuntarily (against your will), no man will harm you, you will have no enemy, for you will not suffer any harm.

If then you desire (aim at) such great things, remember that you must not (attempt to) lay hold of them with a small effort; but you must leave alone some things entirely, and postpone others for the present. But if you wish for these things also (such great things), and power (office) and wealth, perhaps you will not gain even these very things (power and wealth) because you aim also at those former things (such great things):[1] certainly you will fail in those things through which alone happiness and freedom are secured. Straightway then practise saying to every harsh appearance,[2] You are an appearance, and in no manner what you appear to be. Then examine it by the rules which you possess, and by this first and chiefly, whether it relates to the things which are in our power or to things which are not in our power: and if it relates to anything which is not in our power, be ready to say, that it does not concern you.

II.

Remember that desire contains in it the profession (hope) of obtaining that which you desire; and the profession (hope) in aversion (turning from a thing) is that you will not fall into that which you attempt to avoid: and he who fails in his desire is unfortunate; and he who falls into that which he would avoid, is unhappy. If then you attempt to avoid only the things contrary to nature which are within your power, you will not be involved in any of the things which you would avoid. But if you attempt to avoid disease or death or poverty, you will be unhappy. Take away then aversion from all things which are not in our power, and transfer it to the things contrary to nature which are in our power. But destroy desire completely for the present. For if you desire anything which is not in our power, you must be unfortunate: but of the things in our power, and which it would be good to desire, nothing yet is before you. But employ only the power of moving towards an object and retiring from it; and these powers indeed only slightly and with exceptions and with remission.

III.

In everything which pleases the soul, or supplies a want, or is loved, remember to add this to the (description, notion); what is the nature of each thing, beginning from the smallest? If you love an earthen ves-

[1] This passage will be obscure in the original, unless it is examined well. I have followed the explanation of Simplicius, iv. (i. 4.)

[2] Appearances are named "harsh" or "rough" when they are "contrary to reason and overexciting, and in fact make life rough (uneven) by the want of symmetry and by inequality in the movements." Simplicius, v. (i. 5.)

sel, say it is an earthen vessel which you love; for when it has been broken, you will not be disturbed. If you are kissing your child or wife, say that it is a human being whom you are kissing, for when the wife or child dies, you will not be disturbed.

IV.

When you are going to take in hand any act, remind yourself what kind of an act it is. If you are going to bathe, place before yourself what happens in the bath: some splashing the water, others pushing against one another, others abusing one another, and some stealing: and thus with more safety you will undertake the matter, if you say to yourself, I now intend to bathe, and to maintain my will in a manner conformable to nature. And so you will do in every act: for thus if any hindrance to bathing shall happen, let this thought be ready: it was not this only that I intended, but I intended also to maintain my will in a way conformable to nature; but I shall not maintain it so, if I am vexed at what happens.

V.

Men are disturbed not by the things which happen, but by the opinions about the things: for example, death is nothing terrible, for if it were, it would have seemed so to Socrates; for the opinion about death, that it is terrible, is the terrible thing. When then we are impeded or disturbed or grieved, let us never blame others, but ourselves, that is, our opinions. It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another, nor himself.

VI.

Be not elated at any advantage (excellence) which belongs to another. If a horse when he is elated should say, I am beautiful, one might endure it. But when you are elated, and say, I have a beautiful horse, you must know that you are elated at having a good horse.[1] What then is your own? The use of appearances. Consequently when in the use of appearances you are conformable to nature, then be elated, for then you will be elated at something good which is your own.

VII.

As on a voyage when the vessel has reached a port, if you go out to get water, it is an amusement by the way to pick up a shell fish or some bulb, but your thoughts ought to be directed to the ship, and you ought to be constantly watching if the captain should call, and then you must throw away all those things, that you may not be bound and pitched into the ship like sheep: so in life also, if there be given to you instead of a little bulb and a shell a wife and child, there will be nothing to prevent (you from taking them). But if the captain should call, run to the ship, and leave all those things without regard to them. But if you are old, do not even go far from the ship, lest when you are called you make default.

VIII.

Seek not that the things which happen[2] should happen as you wish; but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life.

IX.

Disease is an impediment to the body, but not to the will, unless the will itself chooses. Lameness is an impediment to the leg, but not to the will. And add this reflection on the occasion of everything that happens; for you will find it an impediment to something else, but not to yourself.

X.

On the occasion of every accident (event) that befals you, remember to turn to yourself and inquire what power you have for turning it to use. If you see a fair man or a fair woman, you will find that the power to resist is temperance (continence). If labor (pain) be presented to you, you will find that it is endurance. If it be abusive words, you will find it to be patience. And if you have been thus formed to the (proper) habit, the appearances will not carry you along with them.

[1] Upton proposes to read ἐφ' ἵππου ἀγαθῷ instead of ἐπὶ ἵππῳ ἀγαθῷ. The meaning then will be "elated at something good which is in the horse." I think that he is right.

[2] The text has τὰ γενόμενα: but it should be τὰ γινόμενα. See Upton's note.

XI.

Never say about anything, I have lost it, but say I have restored it. Is your child dead? It has been restored. Is your wife dead? She has been restored. Has your estate been taken from you? Has not then this also been restored? But he who has taken it from me is a bad man. But what is it to you, by whose hands the giver demanded it back? So long as he may allow you, take care of it as a thing which belongs to another, as travelers do with their inn.

XII.

If you intend to improve, throw away such thoughts as these: if I neglect my affairs, I shall not have the means of living: unless I chastise my slave, he will be bad. For it is better to die of hunger and so to be released from grief and fear, than to live in abundance with perturbation: and it is better for your slave to be bad than for you to be unhappy.[1] Begin then from little things. Is the oil spilled? Is a little wine stolen? Say on the occasion, at such price is sold freedom from perturbation; at such price is sold tranquility, but nothing is got for nothing. And when you call your slave, consider that it is possible that he does not hear; and if he does hear, that he will do nothing which you wish. But matters are not so well with him, but altogether well with you, that it should be in his power for you to be not disturbed.[2]

XIII.

If you would improve, submit to be considered without sense and foolish with respect to externals. Wish to be considered to know nothing: and if you shall seem to some to be a person of importance, distrust yourself. For you should know that it is not easy both to keep your will in a condition conformable to nature and (to secure) external things: but if a man is careful about the one, it is an absolute necessity that he will neglect the other.

[1] He means, Do not chastise your slave while you are in a passion, lest, while you are trying to correct him, and it is very doubtful whether you will succeed, you fall into a vice which is man's great and only calamity. —*Schweig.*

[2] The passage seems to mean, that your slave has not the power of disturbing you, because you have the power of not being disturbed. See Upton's note on the text.

XIV.

If you would have your children and your wife and your friends to live forever, you are silly; for you would have the things which are not in your power to be in your power, and the things which belong to others to be yours. So if you would have your slave to be free from faults, you are a fool: for you would have badness not to be badness, but something else.[3] But if you wish not to fail in your desires, you are able to do that. Practice then this which you are able to do. He is the master of every man who has the power over the things which another person wishes or does not wish, the power to confer them on him or to take them away. Whoever then wishes to be free, let him neither wish for anything nor avoid anything which depends on others: if he does not observe this rule, he must be a slave.

XV.

Remember that in life you ought to behave as at a banquet. Suppose that something is carried round and is opposite to you. Stretch out your hand and take a portion with decency. Suppose that it passes by you. Do not detain it. Suppose that it is not yet come to you. Do not send your desire forward to it, but wait till it is opposite to you. Do so with respect to children, so with respect to a wife, so with respect to magisterial offices, so with respect to wealth, and you will be some time a worthy partner of the banquets of the gods. But if you take none of the things which are set before you, and even despise them, then you will be not only a fellow banqueter with the gods, but also a partner with them in power. For by acting thus Diogenes and Heracleitus and those like them were deservedly divine, and were so called.

XVI.

When you see a person weeping in sor-

[3] Θέλειν is used here, as it often is among the Stoics, to "wish absolutely," "to will." When Epictetus says "you would have badness not to be badness," he means that "badness" is in the will of him who has the badness, and as you wish to subject it to your will, you are a fool. It is your business, as far as you can, to improve the slave: you may wish this. It is his business to obey your instruction: this is what he ought to wish to do; but for him to will to do this, that lies in himself, not in you.—*Schweig.*

row either when a child goes abroad or when he is dead, or when the man has lost his property, take care that the appearance do not hurry you away with it, as if he were suffering in external things.[1] But straightway make a distinction in your own mind, and be in readiness to say, it is not that which has happened that afflicts this man, for it does not afflict another, but it is the opinion about this thing which afflicts the man. So far as words then do not be unwilling to show him sympathy,[2] and even if it happens so, to lament with him. But take care that you do not lament internally also.

XVII.

Remember that thou art an actor in a play, of such a kind as the teacher (author) may choose; if short, of a short one; if long, of a long one: if he wishes you to act the part of a poor man, see that you act the part naturally; if the part of a lame man, of a magistrate, of a private person (do the same). For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given to you; but to select the part, belongs to another.

XVIII.

When a raven has croaked inauspiciously, let not the appearance hurry you away with it; but straightway make a distinction in your mind and say, None of these things is signified to me, but either to my poor body, or to my small property, or to my reputation, or to my children, or to my wife: but to me all significations are auspicious if I choose. For whatever of these things results, it is in my power to derive benefit from it.

XIX.

You can be invincible, if you enter into no contest in which it is not in your power to conquer. Take care then when you observe a man honored before others or possessed of great power or highly esteemed for any reason, not to suppose him happy, and be not carried away by the appearance. For if the nature of the good is in our power, neither envy nor jealousy will have a place in us. But you yourself will not wish to be a general or senator (πρύτανις) or consul, but a free man: and there is only one way to this, to despise (care not for) the things which are not in our power.

XX.

Remember that it is not he who reviles you or strikes you, who insults you, but it is your opinion about these things as being insulting. When then a man irritates you, you must know that it is your own opinion which has irritated you. Therefore especially try not to be carried away by the appearance. For if you once gain time and delay, you will more easily master yourself.

XXI.

Let death and exile and every other thing which appears dreadful be daily before your eyes; but most of all death: and you will never think of anything mean nor will you desire anything extravagantly.

XXII.

If you desire philosophy, prepare yourself from the beginning to be ridiculed, to expect that many will sneer at you, and say, He has all at once returned to us as a philosopher; and whence does he get this supercilious look for us? Do you not show a supercilious look; but hold on to the things which seem to you best as one appointed by God to this station. And remember that if you abide in the same principles, these men who first ridiculed will afterwards admire you: but if you shall have been overpowered by them, you will bring on yourself double ridicule.

XXIII.

If it should ever happen to you to be turned to externals in order to please some person, you must know that you have lost your purpose in life.[3] Be satisfied then in everything with being a philosopher; and if you wish to seem also to any person to be a philosopher, appear so to yourself, and you will be able to do this.

[1] This is obscure. "It is true that the man is wretched, not because of the things external which have happened to him, but through the fact that he allows himself to be affected so much by external things which are placed out of his power."—*Schweig.*

[2] It has been objected to Epictetus that he expresses no sympathy with those who suffer sorrow. But here he tells you to show sympathy, a thing which comforts most people. But it would be contrary to his teaching if he told you to suffer mentally with another

[3] "If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Gal. i. 10. Mrs. Carter.

XXIV.

Let not these thoughts afflict you, I shall live unhonored and be nobody nowhere. For if want of honor (ἀτιμία) is an evil, you cannot be in evil through the means (fault) of another any more than you can be involved in anything base. Is it then your business to obtain the rank of a magistrate, or to be received at a banquet? By no means. How then can this be want of honor (dishonor)? And how will you be nobody nowhere, when you ought to be somebody in those things only which are in your power, in which indeed it is permitted to you to be a man of the greatest worth? But your friends will be without assistance! What do you mean by being without assistance? They will not receive money from you, nor will you make them Roman citizens. Who then told you that these are among the things which are in our power, and not in the power of others? And who can give to another what he has not himself? Acquire money then, your friends say, that we also may have something. If I can acquire money and also keep myself modest, and faithful and magnanimous, point out the way, and I will acquire it. But if you ask me to lose the things which are good and my own, in order that you may gain the things which are not good, see how unfair and silly you are. Besides, which would you rather have, money or a faithful and modest friend? For this end then rather help me to be such a man, and do not ask me to do this by which I shall lose that character. But my country, you say, as far as it depends on me, will be without my help. I ask again, what help do you mean? It will not have porticoes or baths through you.[1] And what does this mean? For it is not furnished with shoes by means of a smith, nor with arms by means of a shoemaker. But it is enough if every man fully discharges the work that is his own: and if you provided it with another citizen faithful and modest, would you not be useful to it? Yes. Then you also cannot be useless to it. What place then, you say, shall I hold in the city? Whatever you can, if you maintain at the same time your fidelity and modesty. But if when you wish to be useful to the state, you shall lose these qualities, what profit could you be to it, if you were made shameless and faithless?

[1] See the text.

XXV.

Has any man been preferred before you at a banquet, or in being saluted, or in being invited to a consultation? If these things are good, you ought to rejoice that he has obtained them: but if bad, be not grieved because you have not obtained them; and remember that you cannot, if you do not the same things in order to obtain what is not in our own power, be considered worthy of the same (equal) things. For how can a man obtain an equal share with another when he does not visit a man's doors as that other man does, when he does not attend him when he goes abroad, as the other man does; when he does not praise (flatter) him as another does? You will be unjust then and insatiable, if you do not part with the price, in return for which those things are sold, and if you wish to obtain them for nothing. Well, what is the price of lettuces? An obolus[2] perhaps. If then a man gives up the obolus, and receives the lettuces, and if you do not give up the obolus and do not obtain the lettuces, do not suppose that you receive less than he who has got the lettuces; for as he has the lettuces, so you have the obolus which you did not give. In the same way then in the other matter also you have not been invited to a man's feast, for you did not give to the host the price at which the supper is sold; but he sells it for praise (flattery), he sells it for personal attention. Give then the price,[3] if it is for your interest, for which it is sold. But if you wish both not to give the price and to obtain the things, you are insatiable and silly. Have you nothing then in place of the supper? You have indeed, you have the not flattering of him, whom you did not choose to flatter; you have the not enduring of the man when he enters the room.

XXVI.

We may learn the wish (will) of nature from the things in which we do not differ from one another: for instance, when your neighbor's slave has broken his cup, or anything else, we are ready to say forthwith, that it is one of the things which happen. You must know then

[2] The sixth part of a drachma.

[3] "Price" is here τὸ διαφέρον

that when your cup also is broken, you ought to think as you did when your neighbor's cup was broken. Transfer this reflection to greater things also. Is another man's child or wife dead? There is no one who would not say, this is an event incident to man. But when a man's own child or wife is dead, forthwith he calls out, Wo to me, how wretched I am. But we ought to remember how we feel when we hear that it has happened to others.

XXVII.

As a mark is not set up for the purpose of missing the aim, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the world.[1]

XXVIII.

If any person was intending to put your body in the power of any man whom you fell in with on the way, you would be vexed: but that you put your understanding in the power of any man whom you meet, so that, if he should revile you, it is disturbed and troubled, are you not ashamed at this?

XXIX.

In every act observe the things which come first, and those which follow it; and so proceed to the act. If you do not, at first you will approach it with alacrity, without having thought of the things which will follow; but afterwards, when certain base (ugly) things have shown themselves, you will be ashamed. A man wishes to conquer at the Olympic games. I also wish, indeed, for it is a fine thing. But observe both the things which come first, and the things which follow; and then begin the act. You must do everything according to rule—eat according to strict orders, abstain from delicacies, exercise yourself as you are bid at appointed times, in heat, in cold; you must not drink cold water, nor wine as you choose; in a word, you must deliver yourself up to the exercise master as you do to the physician, and then proceed to the contest. And sometimes you will strain the hand, put the ankle out of joint, swallow much dust, sometimes be flogged, and after all this be defeated. When you have considered all this, if you still choose, go to the contest: if you do not, you will behave like children, who at one time play as wrestlers, another time as flute-players, again as gladiators, then as trumpeters, then as tragic actors: so you also will be at one time an athlete, at another a gladiator, then a rhetorician, then a philosopher, but with your whole soul you will be nothing at all; but like an ape you imitate everything that you see, and one thing after another pleases you. For you have not undertaken anything with consideration, nor have you surveyed it well, but carelessly, and with cold desire. Thus some who have seen a philosopher and having heard one speak as Euphrates speaks (and who can speak as he does?), they wish to be philosophers themselves also. My man, first of all consider what kind of thing it is: and then examine your own nature, if you are able to sustain the character. Do you wish to be a pentathlete or a wrestler? Look at your arms, your thighs; examine your loins. For different men are formed by nature for different things. Do you think that if you do these things you can eat in the same manner, drink in the same manner, and in the same manner loathe certain things? You must pass sleepless nights, endure toil, go away from your kinsmen, be despised by a slave, in everything have the inferior part—in honor, in office, in the courts of justice, in every little matter. Consider these things, if you would exchange for them freedom from passions, liberty, tranquillity. If not, take care that, like little children, you be not now a philosopher, then a servant of the publicani, then a rhetorician, then a procurator (manager) for Cæsar. These things are not consistent. You must be one man, either good or bad. You must either cultivate your own ruling faculty, or external things; you must either exercise your skill on internal things or on external things; that is, you must either

[1] This passage is explained in the commentary of Simplicius (xxxiv., in Schweig. ed. xxvii. p. 264) and Schweighaeuser agrees with the explanation, which is this: Nothing in the world (universe) can exist or be done (happen) which in its proper sense, in itself and in its nature is bad; for everything is and is done by the wisdom and will of God and for the purpose which he intended: but to miss a mark is to fail in an intention; and as a man does not set up a mark, or does not form a purpose for the purpose of missing the mark or the purpose, so it is absurd (inconsistent) to say that God has a purpose or design, and that he purposed or designed anything which in itself and in its nature is bad. The commentary of Simplicius is worth reading. But how many will read it? Perhaps one in a million.

maintain the position of a philosopher or that of a common person.

XXX.

Duties are universally measured by relations (ταῖς σχέσεσι). Is a man a father? The precept is to take care of him, to yield to him in all things, to submit when he is reproachful, when he inflicts blows. But suppose that he is a bad father. Were you then by nature made akin to a good father? No; but to a father. Does a brother wrong you? Maintain, then, your own position towards him, and do not examine what he is doing, but what you must do that your will shall be conformable to nature. For another will not damage you unless you choose; but you will be damaged then when you shall think that you are damaged. In this way, then, you will discover your duty from the relation of a neighbor, from that of a citizen, from that of a general, if you are accustomed to contemplate the relations.

XXXI.

As to piety towards the gods, you must know that this is the chief thing, to have right opinions about them, to think that they exist, and that they administer the All well and justly; and you must fix yourself in this principle (duty), to obey them, and to yield to them in everything which happens, and voluntarily to follow it as being accomplished by the wisest intelligence. For if you do so, you will never either blame the Gods, nor will you accuse them of neglecting you. And it is not possible for this to be done in any other way than by withdrawing from the things which are not in our power, and by placing the good and the evil only in those things which are in our power. For if you think that any of the things which are not in our power is good or bad, it is absolutely necessary that, when you do not obtain what you wish, and when you fall into those things which you do not wish, you will find fault and hate those who are the cause of them; for every animal is formed by nature to this, to fly from and to turn from the things which appear harmful and the things which are the cause of the harm, but to follow and admire the things which are useful and the causes of the useful. It is impossible, then, for a person who thinks that he is harmed to be delighted with that which he thinks to be the cause of the harm, as it is also impossible to be pleased with the harm itself. For this reason also a father is reviled by his son, when he gives no part to his son of the things which are considered to be good: and it was this which made Polynices and Eteocles enemies, the opinion that royal power was a good. It is for this reason that the cultivator of the earth reviles the Gods, for this reason the sailor does, and the merchant, and for this reason those who lose their wives and their children. For where the useful (your interest) is, there also piety is.[1] Consequently he who takes care to desire as he ought and to avoid (ἐκκλίνειν) as he ought, at the same time also cares after piety. But to make libations and to sacrifice and to offer first fruits according to the custom of our fathers, purely and not meanly nor carelessly nor scantily nor above our ability, is a thing which belongs to all to do.

XXXII.

When you have recourse to divination, remember that you do not know how it will turn out, but that you are come to inquire from the diviner. But of what kind it is, you know when you come, if indeed you are a philosopher. For if it is any of the things which are not in our power, it is absolutely necessary that it must be neither good nor bad. Do not then bring to the diviner desire or aversion (ἐκκλισιν): if you do, you will approach him with fear. But having determined in your mind that everything which shall turn out (result) is indifferent, and does not concern you, and whatever it may be, for it will be in your power to use it well, and no man will hinder this, come then with confidence to the Gods as your advisers. And then when any advice shall have been given, remember whom you have taken as advisers, and whom you will have neglected,

[1] "It is plain enough that the philosopher does not say this, that the reckoning of our private advantage ought to be the sole origin and foundation of piety towards God."—*Schweig.*; and he proceeds to explain the sentence, which at first appears rather obscure. Perhaps Arrian intends to say that the feeling of piety coincides with the opinion of the useful, the profitable; and that the man who takes care to desire as he ought to do and to avoid as he ought to do, thus also cares after piety, and so he will secure his interest (the profitable) and he will not be discontented.

if you do not obey them. And go to divination, as Socrates said that you ought, about those matters in which all the inquiry has reference to the result, and in which means are not given either by reason nor by any other art for knowing the thing which is the subject of the inquiry. Wherefore when we ought to share a friend's danger or that of our country, you must not consult the diviner whether you ought to share it. For even if the diviner shall tell you that the signs of the victims are unlucky, it is plain that this is a token of death or mutilation of part of the body or of exile. But reason prevails that even with these risks we should share the dangers of our friend and of our country. Therefore attend to the greater diviner, the Pythian God, who ejected from the temple him who did not assist his friend when he was being murdered.[1]

XXXIII.

Immediately prescribe some character and some form to yourself, which you shall observe both when you are alone and when you meet with men.

And let silence be the general rule, or let only what is necessary be said, and in few words. And rarely and when the occasion calls we shall say something; but about none of the common subjects, not about gladiators, nor horse races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them or praising them, or comparing them. If then you are able, bring over by your conversation the conversation of your associates to that which is proper; but if you should happen to be confined to the company of strangers, be silent.

Let not your laughter be much, nor on many occasions, nor excessive.

Refuse altogether to take an oath, if it is possible: if it is not, refuse as far as you are able.

Avoid banquets which are given by strangers[2] and by ignorant persons. But if ever there is occasion to join in them, let your attention be carefully fixed, that you slip not into the manners of the vulgar (the uninstructed). For you must know, that if your companion be impure, he also who keeps company with him must become impure, though he should happen to be pure.

Take (apply) the things which relate to the body as far as the bare use, as food, drink, clothing, house, and slaves: but exclude everything which is for show or luxury.

As to pleasure with women, abstain as far as you can before marriage: but if you do indulge in it, do it in the way which is conformable to custom.[3] Do not, however, be disagreeable to those who indulge in these pleasures, or reprove them; and do not often boast that you do not indulge in them yourself.

If a man has reported to you, that a certain person speaks ill of you, do not make any defence (answer) to what has been told you; but reply, The man did not know the rest of my faults, for he would not have mentioned these only.

It is not necessary to go to the theatres often: but if there is ever a proper occasion for going, do not show yourself as being a partisan of any man except yourself; that is, desire only that to be done which is done, and for him only to gain the prize who gains the prize; for in this way you will meet with no hindrance. But abstain entirely from shouts and laughter at anything (or person), or violent emotions. And when you are come away, do not talk much about what has passed on the stage, except about that which may lead to your own improvement. For it is plain, if you do talk much, that you admired the spectacle (more than you ought).[4]

Do not go to the hearing of certain persons' recitations nor visit them readily.[5] But if you do attend, observe gravity and sedateness, and also avoid making yourself disagreeable.

When you are going to meet with any person, and particularly one of those who are considered to be in a superior condi-

[1] The story is told by Aelian (iii. c. 44), and by Simplicius in his commentary on the Enchiridion (p. 411, ed. *Schweig.*). Upton.

[2] "Convivia cum hominibus extraneis et rudibus, disciplina non imbutis" is the Latin version.

[3] The text is ὡς νόμιμον: and the Latin explanation is "qua fas est uti; qua uti absque flagitio licet."

[4] To admire (θαυμάζειν) is contrary to the precept of Epictetus; i. 29, ii. 6, iii. 20. Upton.

[5] Such recitations were common at Rome, when authors read their works and invited persons to attend. These recitations are often mentioned in the letters of the younger Pliny. See Epictetus, iii. 23.

tion, place before yourself what Socrates or Zeno would have done in such circumstances, and you will have no difficulty in making a proper use of the occasion.

When you are going to any of those who are in great power, place before yourself that you will not find the man at home, that you will be excluded, that the door will not be opened to you, that the man will not care about you. And if with all this it is your duty to visit him, bear what happens, and never say to yourself that it was not worth the trouble. For this is silly, and marks the character of a man who is offended by externals.

In company, take care not to speak much and excessively about your own acts or dangers: for as it is pleasant to you to make mention of your own danger, it is not so pleasant to others to hear what has happened to you. Take care also not to provoke laughter; for this is a slippery way towards vulgar habits, and is also adapted to diminish the respect of your neighbors. It is a dangerous habit also to approach obscene talk. When, then, anything of this kind happens, if there is a good opportunity, rebuke the man who has proceeded to this talk; but if there is not an opportunity, by your silence at least, and blushing and expression of dissatisfaction by your countenance, show plainly that you are displeased at such talk.

XXXIV.

If you have received the impression (*φαντασίον*) of any pleasure, guard yourself against being carried away by it; but let the thing wait for you, and allow yourself a certain delay on your own part. Then think of both times, of the time when you will enjoy the pleasure, and of the time after the enjoyment of the pleasure when you will repent and will reproach yourself. And set against these things how you will rejoice if you have abstained from the pleasure, and how you will commend yourself. But if it seem to you seasonable to undertake (do) the thing, take care that the charm of it, and the pleasure, and the attraction of it shall not conquer you: but set on the other side the consideration how much better it is to be conscious that you have gained this victory.

XXXV.

When you have decided that a thing ought to be done and are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it, though the many shall form an unfavorable opinion about it. For if it is not right to do it, avoid doing the thing; but if it is right, why are you afraid of those who shall find fault wrongly?

XXXVI.

As the proposition it is either day or it is night is of great importance for the disjunctive argument, but for the conjunctive is of no value, so in a symposium (entertainment) to select the larger share is of great value for the body, but for the maintenance of the social feeling is worth nothing. When then you are eating with another, remember to look not only to the value for the body of the things set before you, but also to the value of the behavior towards the host which ought to be observed.

XXXVII.

If you have assumed a character above your strength, you have both acted in this matter in an unbecoming way, and you have neglected that which you might have fulfilled.

XXXVIII.

In walking about as you take care not to step on a nail or to sprain your foot, so take care not to damage your own ruling faculty: and if we observe this rule in every act, we shall undertake the act with more security.

XXXIX.

The measure of possession (property) is to every man the body, as the foot is of the shoe.[1] If then you stand on this rule (the demands of the body), you will maintain the measure; but if you pass beyond it, you must then of necessity be hurried as it were down a precipice. As also in the matter of the shoe, if you go beyond the (necessities of the) foot, the shoe is gilded, then of a purple color, then embroidered:[2] for there is no limit to that which has once passed the true measure.

XL.

Women forthwith from the age of

[1] Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.
Horat. Epp. i. 10, 42, and Epp. i. 7, 98.

[2] The word is *κεντητόν* "acu pictum," ornamented with needlework.

fourteen[1] are called by the men mistresses (κυρίαι, dominæ). Therefore since they see that there is nothing else that they can obtain, but only the power of lying with men, they begin to decorate themselves, and to place all their hopes in this. It is worth our while then to take care that they may know that they are valued (by men) for nothing else than appearing (being) decent and modest and discreet.

XLI.

It is a mark of a mean capacity to spend much time on the things which concern the body, such as much exercise, much eating, much drinking, much easing of the body, much copulation. But these things should be done as subordinate things: and let all your care be directed to the mind.

XLII.[2]

When any person treats you ill or speaks ill of you, remember that he does this or says this because he thinks that it is his duty. It is not possible then for him to follow that which seems right to you, but that which seems right to himself. Accordingly if he is wrong in his opinion, he is the person who is hurt, for he is the person who has been deceived; for if a man shall suppose the true conjunction[3] to be false, it is not the conjunction which is hindered, but the man who has been deceived about it. If you proceed then from these opinions, you will be mild in temper to him who reviles you: for say on each occasion, It seemed so to him.

XLIII.

Everything has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle wherein he acts unjustly, for this is the handle which cannot be borne: but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he was nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it can be borne.

[1] Fourteen was considered the age of puberty in Roman males, but in females the age of twelve (Justin. Inst. I. tit. 22). Compare Gaius, i. 196.

[2] See Mrs. C.'s note, in which she says "Epictetus seems to be in part mistaken here," etc.; and I think that he is.

[3] τὸ ἀληθὲς συμπεπλεγμένον is rendered in the Latin by "verum conjunctum." Mrs. Carter renders it by "a true proposition," which I suppose to be the meaning.

XLIV.

These reasonings do not cohere: I am richer than you, therefore I am better than you; I am more eloquent than you, therefore I am better than you. On the contrary these rather cohere, I am richer than you, therefore my possessions are greater than yours: I am more eloquent than you, therefore my speech is superior to yours. But you are neither possession nor speech.

XLV.

Does a man bathe quickly (early)? do not say that he bathes badly, but that he bathes quickly. Does a man drink much wine? do not say that he does this badly, but say that he drinks much. For before you shall have determined the opinion,[1] how do you know whether he is acting wrong? Thus it will not happen to you to comprehend some appearances which are capable of being comprehended, but to assent to others.

XLVI.

On no occasion call yourself a philosopher, and do not speak much among the uninstructed about the orems (philosophical rules, precepts); but do that which follows from them. For example, at a banquet do not say how a man ought to eat, but eat as you ought to eat. For remember that in this way Socrates also altogether avoided ostentation: persons used to come to him and ask to be recommended by him to philosophers, and he used to take them to philosophers: so easily did he submit to being overlooked. Accordingly if any conversation should arise among uninstructed persons about any theorem, generally be silent; for there is great danger that you will immediately vomit up what you have not digested. And when a man shall say to you that you know nothing, and you are not vexed, then be sure that you have begun the work (of philosophy). For even sheep do not vomit up their grass, and show to the shepherds how much they have eaten; but when they have internally digested the pasture, they produce externally wool and milk. Do you also show not your theorems to the uninstructed, but show the acts which come from their digestion.

[1] Mrs. Carter translates this, "Unless you perfectly understand the principle [from which any one acts]."

XLVII.

When at a small cost you are supplied with everything for the body, do not be proud of this; nor, if you drink water, say on every occasion, I drink water. But consider first how much more frugal the poor are than we, and how much more enduring of labor. And if you ever wish to exercise yourself in labor and endurance, do it for yourself, and not for others: do not embrace statues. But if you are ever very thirsty, take a draught of cold water, and spit it out, and tell no man.

XLVIII.

The condition and characteristic of an uninstructed person is this: he never expects from himself profit (advantage) nor harm, but from externals. The condition and characteristic of a philosopher is this: he expects all advantage and all harm from himself. The signs (marks) of one who is making progress are these: he censures no man, he praises no man, he blames no man, he accuses no man, he says nothing about himself as if he were somebody or knew something; when he is impeded at all or hindered, he blames himself: if a man praises him, he ridicules the praiser to himself: if a man censures him, he makes no defence: he goes about like weak persons, being careful not to move any of the things which are placed, before they are firmly fixed: he removes all desire from himself, and he transfers aversion (ἔκκλισιν) to those things only of the things within our power which are contrary to nature: he employs a moderate movement towards everything: whether he is considered foolish or ignorant, he cares not: and in a word he watches himself as if he were an enemy and lying in ambush.

XLIX.

When a man is proud because he can understand and explain the writings of Chrysippus, say to yourself, If Chrysippus had not written obscurely, this man would have had nothing to be proud of. But what is it that I wish? To understand Nature and to follow it. I inquire, therefore, who is the interpreter: and when I have heard that it is Chrysippus, I come to him (the interpreter). But I do not understand what is written, and therefore I seek the interpreter. And so far there is yet nothing to be proud of. But when I shall have found the interpreter, the thing that remains is to use the precepts (the lessons). This itself is the only thing to be proud of. But if I shall admire the exposition, what else have I been made unless a grammarian instead of a philosopher? except in one thing, that I am explaining Chrysippus instead of Homer. When, then, any man says to me, Read Chrysippus to me, I rather blush, when I cannot show my acts like to and consistent with his words.

L.

Whatever things (rules) are proposed[1] to you [for the conduct of life] abide by them, as if they were laws, as if you would be guilty of impiety if you transgressed any of them. And whatever any man shall say about you, do not attend to it: for this is no affair of yours. How long will you then still defer thinking yourself worthy of the best things, and in no matter transgressing the distinctive reason?[2] Have you accepted the theorems (rules) which it was your duty to agree to, and have you agreed to them? what teacher, then, do you still expect that you defer to him the correction of yourself? You are no longer a youth, but already a full-grown man. If then you are negligent and slothful, and are continually making procrastination after procrastination, and proposal (intention) after proposal, and fixing day after day, after which you will attend to yourself, you will not know that you are not making improvement, but you will continue ignorant (uninstructed) both while you live and till you die. Immediately then think it right to live as a full-grown man, and one who is making proficiency, and let everything which appears to you to be the best be to you a law which must not be transgressed. And if anything laborious or pleasant, or glorious or inglorious be presented to you, remember that now is the contest, now are the Olympic

[1] This may mean "what is proposed to you by philosophers," and especially in this little book. Schweighaeuser thinks it may mean "what you have proposed to yourself;" but he is inclined to understand it simply "what is proposed above, or taught above."

[2] τὸν διαιροῦντα λόγον. "Eam partitionem rationis intelligo, qua initio dixit, Quaedam in potestate nostra esse, quaedam non esse." Wolf.

games, and they cannot be deferred; and that it depends on one defeat and one giving way that progress is either lost or maintained. Socrates in this way became perfect, in all things improving himself, attending to nothing except to reason. But you, though you are not yet a Socrates, ought to live as one who wishes to be a Socrates.

LI.

The first and most necessary place (part, τόπος) in philosophy is the use of theorems (precepts, θεωρήματα), for instance, that we must not lie: the second part is that of demonstrations, for instance, How is it proved that we ought not to lie? the third is that which is confirmatory of these two and explanatory; for example, How is this a demonstration? For what is demonstration, what is consequence, what is contradiction, what is truth, what is falsehood? The third part (topic) is necessary on account of the second, and the second on account of the first; but the most necessary and that on which we ought to rest is the first. But we do the contrary. For we spend our time on the third topic, and all our earnestness is about it: but we entirely neglect the first. Therefore we lie; but the demonstration that we ought not to lie we have ready to hand.

LII.

In everything (circumstance) we should hold these maxims ready to hand:

Lead me, O Zeus, and thou O Destiny,
The way that I am bid by you to go:
To follow I am ready. If I choose not,
I make myself a wretch, and still must follow.[1]

But whoso nobly yields unto necessity,
We hold him wise, and skill'd in things divine.[2]

And the third also: O Crito, if so it pleases the gods, so let it be: Anytus and Melitus are able indeed to kill me, but they cannot harm me.[3]

[1] The first four verses are by the Stoic Cleanthes, the pupil of Zeno, and the teacher of Chrysippus. He was a native of Assus in Mysia; and Simplicius, who wrote his commentary on the Enchiridion in the sixth century, A. D., saw even at this late period in Assus a beautiful statue of Cleanthes erected by a decree of the Roman senate in honor of this excellent man. (Simplicius, ed. Schweig. p. 522.)

[2] The second two verses are from a play of Euripides, a writer who has supplied more verses for quotation than any ancient tragedian.

[3] The third quotation is from the Crito of Plato. Socrates is the speaker. The last part is from the Apology of Plato, and Socrates is also the speaker. The words "and the third also," Schweighaeuser says have been introduced from the commentary of Simplicius.

Simplicius concludes his commentary thus: Epictetus connects the end with the beginning, which reminds us of what was said in the beginning, that the man who places the good and the evil among the things which are in our power, and not in externals, will neither be compelled by any man nor ever injured.

SLEEP'S THRESHOLD.

[**Edgar Fawcett**, an American poet, was born in New York, 1847, where he still resides; he is well known also as a novelist.]

What footstep but has wandered free and far
Amid that Castle of Sleep whose walls were planned
By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
With towers that point to no recorded star?
Here sorrows, memories and remorses are,
Roaming the long dim rooms or galleries grand;
Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand
Gleam through mysterious doorways left ajar.
But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
The halls where slumber's dusky witcheries rule,
Who, after wakening, may reveal aright
By what phantasmal means he entered in?—
What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
What stairway quarried from the mines of night?—*Song and Story.*

A PALINODE.

(From *England's Helicon*, 1600.)

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains;

So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble, vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snow, whose lawn did overspread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat;
When as the bubble, which did empty fly,
The dalliance of the undiscerned wind,
On whose calm rolling waves it did rely,
Hath shipwreck made, where it did dalliance find;
And when the sunshine which dissolved the snow,
Colored the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds withdraw, which longer time do tarry;
O what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers or snow?

EDMUND BOLTON.

A SONNET OF THE MOON.

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
And he as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honor;
But when the silver wagon of the Moon
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow;
So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
Have all my joys attending on your will;
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart,
When you return, their tide my heart doth fill;
So as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

CHARLES BEST.

THE ANALECTS.[1]

[*The Analects*, *The Table-Talk* of Confucius, written down by his disciples. *The Analects* are divided into twenty books, making in all, in the translation of Dr. Legge, a rather small volume. We present a few of the most striking passages of these talks.]

The Master said: "Is it not pleasant to learn with a constant perseverance and application? Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?" The philosopher Tsang said: "I daily examine myself on three points: Whether, in transacting business for others, I may have been not faithful; whether in intercourse with friends, I may have been not sincere; whether I may have not mastered and practiced the instructions of my teacher." The Master said: "To rule a country of a thousand chariots, there must be a reverent attention to business, and sincerity; economy in expenditure, and love for men; and the employment of the people at the proper seasons." The Master said: "A youth, when at home, should be filial, and, abroad, respectful to his elders. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all, and cultivate the friendship of the good. When he has time and opportunity, after the performance of these things, he should employ them in polite studies." The Master said: "Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no friends not equal to yourself. When you have faults do not fear to abandon them." Tsze-kung said: "What do you pronounce concerning the poor man, who yet does not flatter, and the rich man who is not proud?" The Master replied: "They will do; but they are not equal to him who, though poor, is yet cheerful, and to him who, though rich, loves the rules of propriety." Tsze-kung replied: "It is said in the Book of

[1] See also Vol. V., page 243.

Poetry, As you cut and then file, as you carve and then polish.' The meaning is the same, I apprehend, as that which you have just expressed." The Master said: "With one like Tsze I can begin to talk about the Odes. I told him one point, and he knew its proper sequence."—*Analects*, Book I.

The Master said: "He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north-polar star, which keeps its place, and all the stars turn towards it." "In the Book of Poetry are three hundred pieces, but the design of them all may be embraced in one sentence, Have no depraved thoughts." "If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid the *punishment*, but have no sense of *shame*." Tsze-kung asked what constituted the superior man. The Master said: "He acts before he speaks, and afterwards speaks according to his actions. The superior man is catholic, and no partisan; the mean man is a partisan, and not catholic." The lord Gae asked, what should be done in order to secure the submission of the people. The Master replied: "Advance the upright and set aside the crooked, then the people will submit; advance the crooked and set aside the upright, then the people will not submit."—*Analects*, Book II.

The Master said: "It is only the truly virtuous man who can love or can hate others." "A scholar whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with." "The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favors [which he may receive]." "The reason why the ancients did not readily give utterance to their words, was that they feared their actions should not come up to them." "Riches and honors are what men desire; if they cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be held. Poverty and meanness are what men dislike; if they cannot be avoided in the proper way, they should not be avoided." "It is virtuous manners which constitute the excellence of a neighborhood. If a man in selecting a residence does not fix on one where such prevail, how can he be wise?" "Those who are without virtue cannot abide long in a condition of poverty and hardship, or in a condition of enjoyment. The virtuous rest in virtue; the wise desire virtue."—*Analects*, Book IV.

Some one said: "Yang is truly virtuous; but he is not ready with his tongue." The Master said: "What is the good of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartnesses of speech, for the most part procure themselves hatred. I know not whether he be truly virtuous; but why should he show readiness of the tongue?" Tsze-kung said: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." The Master said: "Tsze, you have not attained to that." Several persons had been telling the things which they wished to do, then Tsze-loo said: "I should like, sir, to hear your wishes." The Master said: "They are, in regard to the aged, to give them rest; in regard to friends, to show them sincerity; in regard to the young, to treat them tenderly."—*Analects*, Book V.

The Master said: "When the solid qualities are in excess of accomplishments, we have rusticity; when the accomplishments are in excess of the solid qualities, we have the manners of a clerk. When the accomplishments and solid qualities are equally blended we then have the man of complete virtue." Fan-che asked what constituted wisdom. The Master said: "To give oneself earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom." He asked about perfect virtue. The Master said: "The man of virtue makes the difficulty [to be overcome] his first business, and success only a subsequent consideration: this may be called perfect virtue." The Master said: "They who know [the truth] are not equal to those who love it; and they who love it are not equal to those who find pleasure in it." "The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others." "To be able to judge [of others] by what is nigh [in ourselves], this may be called the art of virtue."—*Analects*, Book VI.

The Master said: "When I walk along with two others, they may serve me as my teachers. I will notice their good qualities, and follow them; their bad qualities, and avoid them." Tsze-loo asked: "If

you had the conduct of the armies of a great State, whom would you have to act with you?" The Master said: "I would not have him to act with me, who would unarmed attack a tiger, or cross a river without a boat, dying without any regret. My associate must be the man who proceeds to action full of solicitude; who is fond of adjusting his plans, and then carries them into execution." The lord of She asked Tsze-loo about Confucius, and Tsze-loo did not answer him. The Master said: "Why did you not say to him, He is simply a man who in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgets his food; who in the joy [of its attainment] forgets his sorrows; and who does not perceive that old age is coming on?"—*Analects*, Book VII.

The Master said: "There are three principles of conduct which the man of high rank should consider specially important: That in his deportment and manner he keep from violence and heedlessness; that in regulating his countenance he keep close to sincerity; that in his words and tones he keep far from lowness and impropriety. As to such matters as attending to the sacrificial vessels, there are the proper officers for them." The Master said: "When a country is well-governed, poverty and a mean condition are things to be ashamed of; when a country is ill-governed, riches and honor are things to be ashamed of."—*Analects*, Book VIII.

Ke-loo asked about serving the spirits [of the dead]. The Master said: "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve [their] spirits?" Ke-loo continued: "I venture to ask about death." He was answered: "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?"—*Analects*, Book XI.

Tsze-kung asked about government. The Master said: "The requisites of government are, that there be sufficiency of food, sufficiency of military equipment, and confidence of the people in their ruler." Tsze-kung asked: "If it cannot be helped, and one of these must be dispensed with, which of the three should be foregone first?" "The military equipment," said the Master. Tsze-kung again asked: "If it cannot be helped, and one of the remaining two must be dispensed with, which of them should be foregone?" The Master answered: "Part with the food. From of old, death has been the lot of all men; but if the people have no faith [in their rulers], there is no standing [for the State]." Tsze-kung asked about friendship. The Master said: "Faithfully admonish [your friend], and kindly try to lead him. If you find him impracticable, stop: do not disgrace yourself."—*Analects*, Book XII.

Tsze-loo said: "The prince of Wei has been waiting for you, in order with you to administer the government. What will you consider the first thing to be done?" The Master replied: "What is necessary to rectify the names [of things]?" "Why must there be such rectification?" inquired Tsze-loo. The Master replied: "If the names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things. If language be not in accordance with the truth of things, affairs cannot be carried on to success. Therefore a superior man considers it necessary that the words he uses may be spoken [appropriately], and also that what he speaks may be carried out [appropriately]. What the superior man requires is that in his words there may be nothing incorrect." Tsze-hea, being governor of Keu-foo, asked about government. The Master said: "Do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly; looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished." Tsze-kung asked: "What do you say of a man who is loved by all the people of his village?" The Master replied: "We may not for that accord our approval of him." "And what do you say of him who is hated by all the people of his village?" The Master said: "We may not for that conclude that he is bad. It is better than either of these cases that the good in the village love him, and the bad hate him."—*Analects*, Book XIII.

Heen asked what was shameful. The Master said: "When good government prevails in a State [to be thinking only of one's] salary; and when bad government prevails [to be thinking only of one's] salary: this is shameful." Some one asked, "What do you say of the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" The Master said: "With what, then, will you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice; and recompense kindness with kindness." The Kung-pih, Leaou, having slandered Tsze-

loo to Kesun, Tsze-fu, Kung-pih informed Confucius of it, saying, "Our Master is certainly being led astray by Kung-pih, Leaou: but I have still power enough left to cut Leaou off, and expose his corpse in the market and in the court." The Master said: "If my principles are to advance, it is so ordered; if they are to fall to the ground, it is so ordered. What can the Kung-pih, Leaou, do where such ordering is concerned?"—*Analects*, Book XIV.

Tsze-kung asked, "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The Master said: "Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." The Master said: "Virtue is more to man than either fire or water. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire; but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue." The Master said: "The superior man cannot be known in little matters; but he may be trusted in great concerns. The small man may not be intrusted with great concerns; but he may be known in little matters."—*Analects*, Book XV.

The Master said: "There are three things which the superior man guards against: In youth, when the physical powers are not yet settled, he guards against lust; when he is strong, and the physical powers are full of vigor, he guards against quarrelsomeness; when he is old, and the animal powers are decayed, he guards against covetousness."—The Master said: "There are three things of which the superior man stands in awe: He stands in awe of the ordinances of Heaven; he stands in awe of great men; he stands in awe of the words of sages. The mean man does not know the ordinances of Heaven, and [consequently] does not stand in awe of them; he is disrespectful to great men; he makes sport of the words of sages." The Master said: "Those who are born with the possession of knowledge are the highest class of men. Those who learn, and so [readily] get possession of knowledge, are the next. Those who are dull and stupid, and yet compass learning, are another class next to these. As to those who are dull and stupid, and yet do not learn, they are the lowest of the people."—*Analects*, Book XVI.

The Master said to Yew: "Have you heard the six words to which are attached six beclouding?" Yew replied: "I have not." "Sit down, then, and I will tell them to you: There is the love of being *benevolent*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to a foolish simplicity. There is the love of *knowing*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to a dissipation of mind. There is the love of being *sincere*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to an injurious disregard of consequences. There is the love of *straightforwardness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to rudeness. There is the love of *boldness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to insubordination. There is the love of *firmness*, without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to extravagant conduct." The Master said: "Of all people girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility; if you maintain a reserve towards them they are discontented."—*Analects*, Book XVII.

Tsze-chang asked Confucius, saying: "In what way should a person [in authority] act in order that he may conduct government properly?" The Master replied: "Let him honor the *five excellent*, and banish away the *four bad* things; then he may conduct government properly." Tsze-chang asked: "What are meant by the five excellent things?" The Master said: "When the person in authority is beneficent without great expenditure: when he lays tasks [on the people] without their repining; when he [pursues what he] desires without being covetous; when he maintains a dignified ease without being proud; when he is majestic without being fierce." Tsze-chang then asked: "What are meant by the four bad things?" The Master said: "To require from [the people] the full tale of work, without having given them warning; this is called oppression. To issue orders as if without urgency; and when the time comes [to insist on them with severity]; this is called injury. And, generally speaking, to give to men, and yet to do it in a stingy way; this is called acting the part of a mere official." The Master said: "Without recognizing the Ordinances [of Heaven], it is impossible to be a superior man. Without an acquaintance with the rules of Propriety, it is impossible for the character to be estab-

lished. Without knowing Words, it is impossible to know Men.—*Analects*, Book XX.

The teachings of Confucius are a system of individual, social, and political *Ethics*, not of *Religion*, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Five centuries before Jesus appeared upon earth, Confucius gave utterance to the precise thought of the Golden Rule, and in very nearly the same words. Having been asked, "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" Confucius replied: "Is not Reciprocity such a word? *What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.*"—*Analects*, Book XV.

AN ARAUCANIAN HERO.

[**Alonso Ercilla y Zuñiga,** a Spanish poet, born at Madrid in 1533, died there in 1595. He was of distinguished family, his father holding an eminent position at the court of Charles V.; the boy was brought up as a page to Philip, the heir to the Spanish crown (afterward Philip II.), whom he accompanied to England upon occasion of his marriage, in 1554, to Queen Mary Tudor. While in London, Ercilla obtained permission to join a Spanish expedition against the revolted Araucanians of Chili. He bore a prominent part in the contest which ensued; but having become involved in a quarrel with a comrade, he was charged with mutiny, and was sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment. He returned to Spain in 1562, and was received with great favor by Philip, now King of Spain, by whom he was employed in several important capacities. About 1580 he fell into disgrace at Court, and the closing years of his life were passed in neglect and poverty. Ercilla is known by his poem, *La Araucana*, which is regarded as the best of the Spanish epics. A portion of it was actually composed in the field, while the events which he narrates were going on. The entire poem is in three parts, containing in all 37 cantos.]

Without more argument, his gallant steed
  He spurred, and o'er the border led the way;
His troops, their limbs by one strong effort freed
  From terror's chill, followed in close array:
Onward they press. The opening hills recede,
  Spain's chief Araucan fortress to display;
Over the plain, in scattered ruins, lie
Those walls that seemed destruction to defy.

Valdivia, checking his impetuous course,
  Cried, "Spaniards! Constancy's our favorite race!
Fallen is the castle, in whose massive force
  My hopes had found their dearest resting-place;
The foe, whose treachery of this chief resource
  Has robbed us, on the desolated space
Before us lies; more wherefore should I say?
Battle alone to safety points the way!".....

Danger and present death's convulsive rage
  Breed in our soldiers strength of such high strain,
That fear begins the fury to assuage
  Of Araucanian bosoms: from the plain
With shame they fly, nor longer battle wage;
  Whilst shouts arise of "Victory! Spain! Spain!"
When, checking Spanish joy, stern destiny
By wondrous means fulfills her stern decree.

The son of a cacique, whom friendship's bands
  Allied to Spain, had long in page's post
Attended on Valdivia, at his hands
  Receiving kindness; in the Spanish host
He came. Strong passion suddenly expands
  His heart, beholding troops, his country's boast,
Forsake the field. With voice and port elate,
Their valor thus he strives to animate:

"Unhappy nation, whom blind terrors guide!
  O, whither turn ye your bewildered breasts?
How many centuries' honor and just pride
  Perish upon this field with all your gests?
Forfeiting—what inviolate abide—
  Laws, customs, rights, your ancestors' bequests:
From free-born men, from sovereigns feared by all,
Ye into vassalage and slavery fall!

"Ancestors and posterity ye stain,
  Inflicting on the generous stock a wound
Incurable, an everlasting pain,
  A shame whose perpetuity knows no bound.
Observ your adversaries' prowess wane;
  Mark how their horses, late that spurned the ground,
Now drooping, pant for breath, whilst bathed all o'er
Are their thick heaving flanks with sweat and gore."

On memory imprint the words I breathe,
  Howe'er by loathsome terror ye're distraught;
A deathless story to the world bequeath:
  Enslaved Arauco's liberation wrought!
Return! reject not victory's offered wreath,
  When fate propitious calls, and prompts high thought!
Or in your rapid flight an instant pause,
To see me singly perish in your cause!" . . .

With that the youth a strong and mighty lance
  Against Valdivia brandishes on high;
And, yet more from bewildering terror's trance
  To rouse Arauco, rushes furiously
Upon the Spaniards' conquering advance.
  So eagerly the heated stag will fly
To plunge his body in the coolest stream,
Attempering thus the sun's meridian beam.

One Spaniard his first stroke pierces right through:
  Then at another's middle rib he aims:
And heavy though the weapon, aims so true,
  The point on the far side his force proclaims.
He springs at all with fury ever new:
  A soldier's thigh with such fierce blow he maims,
The huge spear breaks; his hand still grasps the heft,
Whilst quivering in the wound one-half is left.

The fragment cast away, he from the ground
  Snatches a ponderous and dreadful mace;
He wounds, he slaughters, strikes down all around,
  Suddenly clearing the encumbered space.
In him alone the battle's rage is found.
  Turned all 'gainst him the Spaniards leave the chase;
But he so lightly moves—now here, now there—
That in his stead they wound the empty air.

Of whom was ever such stupendous deed,
  Or heard, or read in ancient history,
As from the victor's party to secede,
  Joining the vanquished even as they fly!
Or that barbarian boy, at utmost need,
  By his unaided valor's energy,
Should from the Christian army rend away
A victory, guerdon of a hard-fought day!

La Araucana, Canto III.

A STORM AT SEA.

Now bursts with sudden violence the gale,
  Earth sudden rocks convulsively and fast;
Labors our ship caught under press of sail,
  And menaces to break her solid mast.
The pilot when he sees the storm prevail,
  Springs forward, shouting loud with looks aghast;
"Slacken the ropes there! Slack away!—Alack,
The gale blows heavily! Slack quickly! Slack!"

The roaring of the sea, the boisterous wind,
  The clamor, uproar, grows confused and rash.
Untimely night, closing in darkness blind
  Of black and sultry clouds, the lightning's flash,
The thunder's awful rolling, all combined
  With pilot's shouts, and many a frightful crash,
Produced a sound, a harmony, so dire,
It seemed the world itself should now expire. . . .

Roars the tormented sea, open the skies,
  The haughty wind groans while it fiercer raves;
Sudden the waters in a mountain rise
  Above the clouds, and on the ship that braves
Their wrath pour thundering down: submerged she lies
  A fearful minute's space beneath the waves,
The crew, amidst their fears, with gasping breath,
Deemed in salt water's stead they swallowed death.

But by the clemency of Providence,
  As, rising through the sea, some mighty whale
Masters the angry surges' violence,
  Spouts then in showers against the vexing gale,
And lifts to sight his back's broad eminence,
  Whilst in wide circles round the waters quail.
So from beneath the ocean rose once more
Our vessel, from whose side two torrents pour. . . .

Now, Æolus—by chance if it befell,
  Or through compassion for Castilian woes—
Recalled fierce Boreas, and, lest he rebel,
  Would safely in his prison cave inclose,

The door he opened. In the selfsame cell
Lay Zephyr unobserved, who instant rose,
Marked his advantage as the bolts withdrew,
And through the opening portal sudden flew.

Then with unlessening rapidity
Seizing on lurid cloud and fleecy rack,
He bursts on the already troubled seas,
Spreads o'er the midnight gloom a shade more black;
The billows from the northern blasts that flee,
Assaults with irresistible attack,
Whirls them in boiling eddies from their course,
And angry ocean stirs with doubled force. . . .

The vessel, beaten by the sea and gale,
Now on a mountain-ridge of water rides,
With keel exposed. Now her top-gallant sail
Dips in the threatening waves, against her sides,
Over her deck that break. Of what avail,
The beating of such storm whilst one abides,
Is pilot's skill? Now a yet fiercer squall
Half opens to the sea her strongest wall.

The crew and passengers wild clamors raise,
Deeming inevitable ruin near;
Upon the pilot anxiously all gaze,
Who knows not what to order—stunned by fear.
Then 'midst the terror that all bosoms craze,
Sound opposite commands: "The ship to veer!"
Some shout; some "Make for land!" some "Stand to sea!"
Some "Starboard!" some "Port the helm!" some "Helm a-lee!"

The danger grows; the terror, loud uproar,
And wild confusion, with the terror grow;
All rush in frenzy—these the sails to lower,
Those seek the boat, whilst overboard some throw
Cask, plank, or spar, as other hope were o'er.
Here rings the hammer's, there the hatchet's blow;
Whilst dash the surges 'gainst a neighboring rock.
Flinging white foam to heaven from every shock.—*La Araucana*, Canto XV.

ZUÑIGA.

EXTRACTS FROM DEMOSTHENES' "DE CORONA."

EXORDIUM TO THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

[**Demosthenes,** the greatest orator of Greece, and indeed, of the ancient world, was a native of Athens. The date of his birth is doubtful. Fynes Clinton assigns it to the year 382 B. C.; Thirlwall and other good authorities, to the year 385 B. C. His father, a wealthy manufacturer, died early, leaving his fortune and children to the care of three guardians, who cruelly abused their trust. As soon as Demosthenes came of age he resolved to prosecute at law these unfaithful stewards. He gained his case, but much of the property had been already squandered and he only recovered enough to save him from poverty. His success in this and some other civil causes fixed his resolution to devote himself to public life, and he set himself to master the law and politics of his country with a labor and perseverance almost without a parallel. His first care was to conquer the physical disadvantages under which he labored. His health was naturally feeble, his voice harsh and tuneless, and his action ungraceful. To strengthen his lungs he used to climb steep hills, reciting as he went, or declaim on the shores of the sea in stormy weather. To improve his delivery he took instructions from Satyrus the actor, and did not even disdain to study effects before a mirror. His feebleness of health he never fairly overcame, but he obviated the defects of his early training by the severest study, pursued for months at a time without an interruption.

Demosthenes first began to take part in public affairs in the 106th Olympiad, when he was between twenty-seven and thirty years of age, and from that time till his death his history is part of the history of Athens. The States of Greece were at this time miserably weak and divided, and had recklessly shut their eyes to the dangerous encroachments which Philip of Macedon was even now making on their common liberties. The first period of Demosthenes' public life (extending over ten years from 356 B. C.) was spent in warning his countrymen to abate their mutual jealousies, and unite their forces against the common enemy, whose crafty and grasping policy he exposed so nobly in 352 B. C. in the oration known as the First Philippic. Three years later Philip became master of Olynthus, the last outpost of Athenian power in the north, which, in a series of splendid harangues—the three Olynthiacs—Demosthenes had implored his countrymen to defend. Peace was now necessary for Athens; and Demosthenes was among the ambassadors sent to negotiate with the conqueror; but Macedonian gold had done its work, and Demosthenes, as incorruptible as he was eloquent, saw with despair that Philip was allowed to seize Thermopylæ, the key of Greece, and become a member of the Amphictyonic league. The peace lasted for six years, during which Philip's incessant intrigues were exposed and denounced by Demosthenes in orations hardly less re

markable for their political wisdom than for their matchless eloquence. The most important of these were the second, third[1] and fourth Philippics; and the speeches on the "Misconducted Embassy" and "The Affairs of the Chersonese." When war broke out, in 340 B. C., Demosthenes introduced several important reforms into the army and navy, and showed such powers of vigorous administration that Philip was baffled for a time. The struggle was closed in 338 B. C. by the battle of Chæroneia, which laid Greece prostrate at the feet of the Macedonians. Only once after that event did Demosthenes appear on the scene of his previous triumphs. But on that occasion he delivered, in defense of his friend Ctesiphon, his oration, "For the Crown," which the almost unanimous verdict of critics has pronounced to be the most perfect masterpiece of oratory that ancient or modern times have seen. The defendant was nominally Ctesiphon, but was actually Demosthenes; the real question at issue being whether the official conduct of Demosthenes had been such as to entitle him to the proposed public order. The prosecution was conducted by Æschines; Demosthenes, though nominally appearing as the counsel for Ctesiphon, conducting his own defense. The speeches on both sides have come down to us, and are by common consent pronounced to be the most notable examples of Grecian oratory. The result of the trial was the utter discomfiture of Æschines. The jury consisted of 1,500 members. Of these less than 500 voted for Æschines. According to Athenian law a prosecutor who failed to gain the votes of one-fifth of the jury was himself liable to punishment for malicious prosecution. Æschines, his life-long enemy, against whom this speech was delivered, was so overwhelmed by it that he quitted Athens, and spent the remainder of his life in exile. In 324 B. C. Demosthenes was accused of taking part in a revolt against the Macedonian domination, and thrown into prison, whence he escaped, and fled into exile. The death of Alexander the Great in the following year brought a gleam of hope and sunshine to the Athenians, and Demosthenes, recalled from exile, was again at the head of affairs. Once more the power of Macedonia prevailed. Demosthenes was demanded by the conquerors. Finding escape impossible, the hunted orator sought an asylum in the temple of Neptune, in the island of Calaurea. Before his pursuers overtook him he had died, as was generally believed, of poison administered by his own hand. His death took place in 322 B. C.

There are extant sixty orations attributed to Demosthenes; though the authenticity of several of them has been questioned from very early times. The greatest of these is the "De Coronâ," delivered in his fiftieth year. This oration has been translated into English by many persons—among whom are Leland, Kennedy, Collier, Brandt, and Brougham. Our extracts are taken from the translation of the latter; himself, like Demosthenes, famous as a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator.]

[1] See page 328, Vol. VIII.

Let me begin, Men of Athens, by imploring of all the Heavenly Powers that the same kindly sentiments which I have throughout my public life cherished towards this country and each of you, may now be shown towards me in the present contest. Next, I beseech them to grant, what so nearly concerns yourselves, your religion, and your reputation, that you may not take counsel of my adversary touching the course to be pursued in hearing my defence—that would indeed be hard!—but that you may regard the laws and your oaths, which, among so many other just rules, lay down this—that both sides shall be equally heard. Nor does this merely import that no one shall be prejudiced, or that equal favor shall be extended to both parties; it also implies that each antagonist shall have free scope in pursuing whatever method and line of procedure he may be pleased to prefer.

Upon the present occasion, Athenians, as in many things, so especially in two of great moment, Æschines has the advantage of me. One is, that we have not the same interests at stake; it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for him to fail in his impeachment. That to me, indeed——but I would fain not take so gloomy a view in the outset—Yet he certainly brings his charge, an unprovoked volunteer. My other disadvantage is, that all men are naturally prone to take pleasure in listening to invective and accusation, and to be disgusted with those who praise themselves. To him, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to myself is only left that which, I may say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if from such apprehensions I were to avoid the subject of my own conduct, I should appear to be without defense against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned; although I cannot go over the ground of my councils and my measures without speaking oftentimes of myself. This, therefore, I shall endeavor to do with all moderation; while the blame of my dwelling on topics indispensable to my defense must justly rest upon him who has instituted an impeachment of such a kind. But at least I think I may reckon upon all you, my judges, admitting that this question concerns me as much as Ctesiphon, and justifies on my part

an equal anxiety; for to be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous and hard to bear, but worst of all thus to lose your confidence and esteem—of all my possessions the most precious. . . .

PERSONAL AND PUBLIC CHARACTER.

To all the invectives of Æschines, then, and the calumnies cast upon my private life, hear my honest and plain reply. If you know me to be such as he has described—and I have never lived anywhere but among you—then let me not be suffered to utter a word, be the merits of my administration ever so perfect, but rise up this instant and condemn me. If, on the contrary, you know and believe that I am far better than him, and sprung from better men; that I and mine are in no way inferior to any others of moderate pretensions (I would speak without offense)—then give him no credit for his other statements, which are all manifestly fictions of the same mould, but continue to me henceforth the same confidence which you have.—But you, Æschines, with all your crafty malice, have been simple enough to believe, in good sooth, that I should turn away from the subject of my conduct and policy in order to deal with your calumnies. I shall do no such thing; I shall proceed instantly to the most sifting discussion of those measures which you have been distorting and running down; and afterwards I shall revert to the ribaldry you have so shamelessly poured forth, if indeed there be any wish to hear that exposed.

WHAT ÆSCHINES SHOULD HAVE DONE.

The crimes laid to my charge are many and grave; they are such as the laws visit with heavy, nay with the severest punishments. . . . If Æschines saw me acting injuriously towards the State, especially if I were doing the things he has been declaiming and ranting about, it was his duty to enforce the penal laws against me while the facts were recent; if he saw me committing an impeachable offense, he ought to have impeached me, and thus dragged me before you to justice; if he saw me illegally propounding, he should have proceeded against me for Illegal Proposition; for never can he with any justice assail Ctesiphon through me; and yet it is plain that, had he any hope of convicting me, he never would have accused Ctesiphon. But if he saw me doing any of those other things which he is now attacking and running down, or saw me in any way whatever injuring your interests, there are statutes for all such cases, and penalties, and sentences condemning to heavy and bitter punishments. All these he might have enforced against me; and had he done so, and pursued this course against me, then, indeed, his charges would have been consistent with his conduct. But now, departing from the straightforward and the just path, and shunning all accusation at the time, he trumps up, after so long an interval, his collected complaints and invectives and scurrilities. Then he accuses *me*, but prosecutes *him:* he envelops his whole proceedings with the fiercest hatred of me, and, without even meeting me fairly, endeavors to rob another of his good name. . . . It is easy, then, to see that all the charges against me are as little founded in justice and in truth as those. Nevertheless, I am desirous of examining them each and all, especially his falsehoods touching the Peace and the Embassy, respecting which he has transferred to me his own delinquencies and those of his associate, Philocrates. . . .

THE PEACE WITH PHILIP.

After the Phocian war broke out, not through me, for I had not then entered into public life, you were at first inclined to save the Phocians, although well aware of their misconduct, and to rejoice at the loss of the Thebans, with whom you were offended, and not unreasonably or unjustly, for they had not borne their good fortune at Leuctra with moderation. Then the whole Peloponnesus was rent in divisions, and neither the enemies of the Spartans were powerful enough to overthrow them, nor were those who, through Spartan influence had been formerly placed at the head of the peninsular cities, any longer in possession of them; but there prevailed, both among them and the other Greek States, an unexplained strife and perturbation. Philip perceiving this—for it was not difficult to see—lavished his bribes among the traitors everywhere, and put all the States in collision and conflict with one another; then, as they all fell into a mistaken or a profligate policy, he took advantage of it, and grew in

strength at their expense. But when it became evident that the Thebans, worn out with the length of the war, after all their insolence must be under the necessity, in their present reverses, of flying to you for refuge, Philip, to prevent this, and obstruct the union of those States, proffered peace to you, succor to them. What, then, enabled him thus to overreach you, who were, I might almost say, wilfully deceiving yourselves? It must be admitted that the other Greek States, either from cowardice or infatuation, or both, would give no assistance, either in money or in men, or in any other way, to you, who were carrying on a long and uninterrupted war for the common benefit of all, as the facts plainly showed; and you, not unfairly or unnaturally angry at this, lent a willing ear to Philip's offers. The peace, then, which you granted to him was the consequence of these circumstances, and not of my efforts, as Æschines has falsely alleged. . . .

THE OFFICIAL CONDUCT OF DEMOSTHENES.

Those possessions which Philip seized and kept before I entered into public life, before I began to debate, I say nothing of; for I do not consider them as concerning me at all. But those which, ever since I came forward, he has been prevented from seizing upon, of them I shall remind you, and shall render my account by a single observation. A prospect of great advantage opened to Philip. In the Greek States—not one or two, but all—there shot up a crop of traitors, mercenary and abandoned, men hateful to the gods, such as no one's memory served him to recollect at any former period of time. Engaging these supporters and fellow-laborers, Philip seduced the Greeks, already ill-disposed and seditiously inclined, to a worse disposition, deceiving some, bribing others, corrupting the rest in every way; and split into many factions those who ought to have had all one only common interest—that of preventing his aggrandizement. But in this state of things, and in the prevailing ignorance of all the Greeks as to the mischief which really existed and was growing apace, your duty, Athenians, is to examine what course it was expedient for the country to choose and pursue, while you call me to account for what was done. For the man who then assumed the conduct of affairs—that man am I. . .

I would now ask whosoever most blames our policy, what part he would rather the country had taken: that of those who have contributed so largely to the disasters and disgraces which have befallen Greece—among whom may be reckoned the Thessalians and their associates; or the part of those who suffered all that happened, in the hope of working their own individual aggrandizement—among whom may be classed the Arcadians, Argives, and Messenians? But many, or rather all of them have fared worse than ourselves; and indeed had Philip, as soon as his object was attained, gone straightway home, and remained thenceforward at peace, offering no kind of injury either to his allies or to the other Greek States, still they who had done nothing to resist his aggressions would have been exposed to complaint and to blame. But if he stripped all alike of their dignity, their sovereignty, their freedom, nay, of their form of government, whenever he had the power, did you not follow the most glorious of all counsels when you listened to me?

I come back to this point: What ought the country to have done, Æschines, when it saw Philip preparing to assume the dominion and government of all Greece? Or what was I to urge or to propound in the Councils of Athens?—(for the very place is material)—I who knew that from all the time up to the very day when I first mounted the rostrum, my country had ever struggled for supremacy, and honor, and glory, and had lavished more blood and more treasure for her own renown and the interests of all Greece, than any other state had ever risked for its individual benefit; I, who saw that very Philip, with whom our conflict for command and sovereignty was maintained, have his eye torn out, his collar-bone fractured, his hand and his leg mutilated, abandoning to Fortune whatever part of his body she chose to take, so that the rest might survive to honor and glory?

Yet even then no one would have dared to say that in a man bred at an obscure and paltry town like Pella, such magnanimity could be engendered as to make him entertain the desire of subjugating Greece, or form in his mind such a plan, while in you, who are of Athens, and day by day contemplate the achievements of your ancestors in speeches and spectacles, such

poorness of spirit could be bred, that willingly and of your own accord you should surrender to him the liberties of Greece. That is what no one would have dared to say. It remains then to confess as a necessary consequence, that whatever he attempted of injury to you, you might justly resist. This, therefore, you did from the first, naturally and properly. This I advised and propounded all the time I was in public life. I admit it. But what ought I to have done? That I earnestly demand of you?

He who seizes on Eubœa, and rears a fortress over against Attica, and lays his hands on Megara, and occupies Oreum, and destroys Porthmus, and establishes Philistides as tyrant of Oreum, and Clitarchus of Eretria, and takes possession of the Hellespont, and besieges Byzantium, and razes to the ground some of the Greek cities, while he sends back their exiles to others—is he, I demand, who does all this a wrong-doer, a breaker of treaties, a disturber of the peace, or is he not? For if not, and if Greece must be what we proverbially call a "Mysian prey," while the Athenians yet had life and being, assuredly I was undertaking a bootless task in making these statements, and the country was doing a bootless thing in listening to my counsels—and then let all the faults committed, and all the errors be mine! But if some one was required to oppose Philip, who, save the people of Athens, could be found fit for the task? Such, then, was my course of policy; and seeing that he threatened the freedom of all mankind, I opposed him, and persevered in foretelling and in forewarning you against yielding to him. And he it was, Æschines, who broke the peace by the capture of our ships—not this country. Produce the Decrees and his letter, and read the documents in their order. For by attending to them, it will appear clearly to whom each event must be ascribed.

INVECTIVE AGAINST ÆSCHINES.

Having, then, made it clear to all what is the righteous and just vote to give, it seems incumbent upon me, however little given to invective my nature may be, in consequence of the slanders which Æschines has vented—not indeed like him to bring forward a multitude of falsehoods—but to state what is most necessary to be known respecting him, and to show what he is, and from what sort of race sprung, who is so prone to evil speaking, and who carps at some of my expressions, after himself saying such things as no decent person would have dared to utter. For if Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, were my accuser instead of this word-monger, this hack of the courts, this pestilent scribe, I don't much think they would have spoken, nor should we have heard them delivering themselves like ranting stage-players—"O Earth! O Sun! O Virtue!" and so forth; and then invoking, "Intellect and Education, whereby Right and Wrong are distinguished," as we just now heard him declaiming. Why, what had ever you or yours—you abomination—to do with Virtue, or what discrimination of Right and Wrong? Whence did you get it? or how attain to anything so respectable? How should you be permitted to name the name of Education, which they who are really well-educated never allude to—nay, blush if another so much as mentions it? But those who, like you, are without it, make pretense to it, from sheer want of sense, till they sicken their hearers while they speak, without at all making their own education appear. . . .

The matter stands thus: I am in possession of many proofs that he was in those times employed in serving the enemy and calumniating me. . . . All the other things which he clandestinely did, the country might possibly have been able to bear. But one thing, men of Athens, he worked out besides, which gave the finishing stroke to all the rest—one on which he bestowed a great part of his speech, dwelling upon the decrees of the Locrian Amphissians, to pervert the whole truth. But it will not do. How should it? Quite the reverse. Never will you be able to expiate that passage of your life, speak you ever so long!

But here in your presence, Athenians! I invoke all the heavenly powers which have the Attic regions under their protection; and the Pythian Apollo—the hereditary deity of this State, I supplicate them all, if I now am speaking the truth before you—if I constantly spoke out before the people when I perceived this infamous man attempting the wicked act (for I was aware of it—I was quickly aware of it) then that they would vouchsafe me their favor and protection. But if, through

personal enmity, or mere contentiousness of spirit, I falsely press this charge, may they bereave me of every blessing. . .

If to you alone of all others, Æschines, the future had been revealed at the time of our public deliberations on these matters, you were bound to disclose it. If you did not foresee it, you were responsible for being as ignorant as the rest of us. How dare you then accuse me on this score than I am to accuse you? So much better a citizen was I then than you, in the circumstances of which I am speaking, that I devoted myself to what all men deemed the best interests of the State, shrinking from no personal danger—nor so much as throwing away a thought upon it—while you gave no better advice—(if you had, mine would not have been followed)—nor did you lend your aid in executing mine; but whatever the meanest and most disaffected person could do, that you are found throughout these transactions to have done. . . . You prove this by all the life you lead, and all the things you do, and all the measures you propound, and all the measures you do not propound. Is there anything in agitation for the interests of the country: Æschines is mute. Does anything go wrong: forth comes Æschines; as old fractures and sprains annoy us afresh, the moment the body is stricken by disease.

DEMOSTHENES AND THE PEOPLE.

Æschines—impeaching my whole conduct, and bidding you hold me cheap, as the cause of the country's alarms and perils, would fain strip me of the credit at this moment, and thus deprive you of the glory ever after. For if you condemn Ctesiphon on account of my policy having been wrong, you will be proved to have yourselves done wrong, instead of merely suffering under the dispensations of fortune. But it is not true. It is not true that you have done wrong, Men of Athens, in fighting the battle of all Greece for her freedom and salvation. No! By your forefathers, who for that cause rushed upon destruction at Marathon, and by those who stood in battle array at Platæa, and those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis, and by the warriors of Artemisium, and by all the others who now repose in the sepulchres of the nation—gallant men, and to all of whom, Æschines, the State decreed a public funeral, deeming that they too had earned such honors—not those only who had combated fortunately, and had come off victorious; and with strict justice—for the duty of the brave had been done by all—but what fortune Providence bestows on each, that they had shared. And such—execrable pedagogue—such being the case—is it that you would fain strip me of the respect and love of those very countrymen, and for this purpose dwell upon the trophies and battles, and the great deeds of old, with what tittle of which has this trial the least connection? And when I came forward—thou third-rate actor—to counsel the State touching her claim of sovereignty, with what sentiments did it become me to be inspired on mounting this Bema? Should I have spoken things unworthy of these proud recollections? Then would I have deserved to die. For yourselves, Athenians, ought not to hear private and public causes in the same temper of mind; but as the daily transactions of life should be judged strictly, and according to the rules and practices of society, so should measures of State be considered with a view to the dignity of our ancestors; and each of you, in coming to decide upon State prosecutions, should, together with the staff and badge of justice, take upon himself the impression of the country's greatness, if you feel that you should act up to those worthy recollections.

DEMOSTHENES NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEFEAT.

Nor yet, will you find that our very defeat befell the country in anywise through my policy. Consider only, Athenians: Never from any embassy upon which you sent me did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors; not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantines, nor from any other quarter whatever; nor, finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither he marched, and carried the day by his arms. Do you, Æschines, require this of me, and are you not ashamed—at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone? For what other weapons had I? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortune of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are

so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But whatever a Minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description? To descry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach: all this I have done. Then to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays and backwardness, ignorance and contentiousness—faults which are inherent and unavoidable in all States; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty:—and all these things I likewise did; nor can any man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, "By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs. Well, then, I neither had armies nor did I command them; and therefore the argument respecting military operations cannot touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to his bribes, there I conquered Philip! For, as he who buys up any one overcomes him who has received the price and sold himself, so he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered. These, and such as these—besides many others—are the grounds which I furnished in justification of Ctesiphon's Decree in my favor.

SUMMATION OF DEMOSTHENES' ADMINISTRATION.

This repair of the walls and the fosses which you revile, I deem to merit favor and commendation: wherefore should I not? Yet, I certainly place this far below my administration of public affairs. For I have not fortified Athens with stone walls and tiled roofs: no, not I! Neither is it on deeds like these that I plume myself. But would you justly estimate my outworks, you will find armaments, and cities, and settlements, and harbors, and fleets, and cavalry, and armies to defend us. These are the defenses that I drew around Attica, as far as human prudence could defend her; and with such outworks as these I fortified the country at large—not the mere circuit of the arsenal and city.

Nor was it I that succumbed to Philip's policy and his arms: very far otherwise! but the captains and forces of your allies yielded to his fortune. What are the proofs of it? They are manifest and plain, and you shall see them. For what was the part of a patriotic citizen? What the part of him who would serve his country with all earnestness, and zeal, and honesty of purpose? Was it not to cover Attica—on the seaboard with Eubœa, inland with Bœotia, on the Peloponnesus with the adjoining territories? Was it not to provide for making the corn-trade secure, that every coast our ships sailed along, till they reached the Piræus, might be friendly to us? Was it not to save some points of our dominion—such as Preconnesus, the Chersonese, Tenedos—by dispatching succors, and making the necessary statements, and proposing the fit decrees? Was it not to secure from the first the co-operation and alliance of other States? Was it not to wrest from the enemy his principal forces? Was it not to supply what this country most wanted? Then all these things were effected by my decrees and my measures. All these things, Athenians—if any one chooses to examine the matter without prejudice—he will find both correctly advised by me, and executed with perfect integrity; and that no opportunity was lost by me, through carelessness, or through ignorance, or through treachery; nor anything neglected which it could fall within the power and the wisdom of one man to do.

But if the favor of some Deity, or of Fortune, or the remissness of commanders, or the wickedness of traitors—like you, Æschines—in different States, or if all these causes together, have embarrassed our whole affairs, and brought them to ruin—wherein has Demosthenes been to blame? But if there had been found in any Greek State one man such as I have been in my sphere among you—rather, if Thessaly had only possessed a single man, and if Arcadia had possessed any one of the same principles with me—none of all the Greeks, whether within Thermopylæ or without, would have been suffering their present miseries; but all remaining free and independent, and secure from alarm, would in perfect tran-

quillity and prosperity have dwelt in their native land, rendering thanks to you and the rest of the Athenian People for so many and such signal blessings conferred on them through me.

THE PERORATION OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

Two qualities, Men of Athens, every citizen of ordinary worth ought to possess: He should both maintain in office the purpose of a firm mind and the course suited to his country's pre-eminence; and on all occasions, and in all his actions, the spirit of patriotism. This belongs to our nature; victory and might are under the dominion of another power.

These dispositions you will find to have been absolutely inherent in me. For observe: neither when my head was demanded, nor when they dragged me before the Amphictyons, nor when they threatened, nor when they promised, nor when they let loose on me these wretches like wild beasts, did I ever abate in any particular my affection for you. This straightforward and honest path of policy, from the very first, I chose: the honor, the power, the glory of my country to promote—these to augment—in these to have my being. Never was I seen going about the streets elated and exulting when the enemy was victorious; stretching out my hand, and congratulating such as I thought would tell it elsewhere, but hearing with alarm any success of our own armies, moaning and bent to the earth, like those impious men who rail at their country, as if they could do so without also stigmatizing themselves; and who, turning their eyes abroad, and seeing the prosperity of the enemy in the calamities of Greece, rejoice in them, and maintain that we should labor to make them last forever.

Let not, O gracious God—let not such conduct receive any manner of sanction from thee: Rather plant even in these men a better spirit and better feelings! But if they are wholly incurable, then pursue them—yea, themselves by themselves—to utter and untimely perdition by land and by sea; and to us who are spared, vouchsafe to grant the speediest rescue from our impending alarms, and an unshaken security.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

[**Otway Curry**, an American lawyer, journalist, and poet, born in 1804 at Greenfield, died in 1855 at Marysville, Ohio. He became locally known by poems contributed to Western newspapers, mainly while working on his farm. In 1836 he began the study of law, and commenced successful practice three years afterwards. He was elected to the Legislature of Ohio in 1836, 1837, and 1842. He first became connected with journalism in 1838, when, in connection with Mr. William D. Gallagher, he started *The Hesperian*, the earliest literary periodical west of the Alleghanies. From 1842 to 1844 he edited and published *The Xenia Torchlight*; and in 1853, having abandoned the practice of law, he purchased *The Scioto Gazette*, at Chillicothe, Ohio. A volume of his *Poems* was published in 1854.]

Millions of ages gone.
Didst thou survive, in thy enthronèd place,
Amidst the assemblies of the starry race,
Still shining on, and on.

And even in earthly time,
Thy parting beams their olden radiance wore,
And greeted, from thy dim cerulean shore,
The old Chaldæan clime.

Sages and poets, strong
To rise and walk the waveless firmament,
Gladly to thee their richest offerings sent,
Of eloquence and song.

But thy far-flowing light,
By Time's mysterious shadow overcast,
Strangely and dimly faded, at the last,
Into a nameless night.

Along the expanse serene,
Of clustering arch and castellated zone,
With orbèd sands of tremulous gold o'erstrown,
No more couldst thou be seen.

Say, whither wanderest thou?
Do unseen heavens thy distant path illume?—
Or press the shades of everlasting gloom
Darkly upon thee now?

Around thee, far away,
The hazy ranks of multitudinous spheres,
Perchance, are gathering to prolong the years
Of thy unwilling stay.

Sadly our thoughts rehearse
The story of thy wild and wondrous flight
Through the deep deserts of the ancient night,
And far-off universe.

We call—we call thee back,
And suns of many a constellation bright
Shall weave the waves of their alluring light
O'er thy returning track.

FUTURE POETS OF AMERICA.

[**Edward Everett**, an American statesman and orator, born at Dorchester, Mass., in 1794, died at Boston in 1865. He graduated at Harvard in 1811, at the age of seventeen, and soon afterwards became tutor in the college, pursuing at the same time his studies in divinity. In 1812 he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Poem at Harvard, his subject, which was treated rather playfully, being "American Poets," as they would be in time, not as they then were; for as yet no American had printed any poem of considerable merit.]

When the warm bard his country's worth would tell,
To Mas-sa-chu-setts' length his lines must swell;
Would he the gallant tales of war rehearse,
'Tis graceful Bunker fills the polished verse;
Sings he, dear land, those lakes and streams of thine,
Some mild Mem-phre-ma-gog murmurs in his line,
Some A-mer-is-cog-gin dashes by his way,
Or smooth Con-nect-i-cut softens in his lay,
Would he one verse of easy movement frame,
The map will meet him with a hopeless name;
Nor can his pencil sketch one perfect act,
But vulgar history mocks him with a fact.

But yet, in soberer mood, the time shall rise,
When bards will spring beneath our native skies,
Where the full chorus of creation swells,
And each glad spirit, but the poet, dwells,
Where whispering forests murmur notes of praise;
And headlong streams their voice in concert raise.
Where sounds each anthem, but the human tongue,
And nature blooms unrivaled but unsung.
Oh yes! in future days our Western lyres,
Turned to new themes, shall glow with purer fires,
Clothed with the charms to grace their later rhyme,
Of every former age and foreign clime. . . .
Haste, happy times, when through these wide domains
Shall sound the concert of harmonious strains;
Through all the clime the softening notes be spread,
Sung in each grove, and in each hamlet read.
Fair maids shall sigh, and youthful heroes glow,
At songs of valor and at tales of woe;
While the rapt poet strikes, along his lyre,
The virgin's beauty and the warrior's fire.
Thus each successive age surpass the old,
With happier bards to hail it than foretold,
While Poesy's star shall, like the circling sun,
Its orbit finish where it first begun.

Phi Beta Kappa Poem, 1812.

[This poem, written at eighteen, certainly gave promise that **Everett's** name might stand high on the list of American poets. This promise was never fulfilled. He wrote little verse; though one poem, *Alaric the Visigoth*, makes good his claim to rank among the poets in our English tongue.]

ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "The Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of kings;

And never be the secret said
Until the deep gives up its dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
  Back to the clods that gave them birth—
The captured crowns of many a king,
  The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
  Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
  Pillar or mound to mark the spot;
For long enough the earth has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
  And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep;
  And where I went the spot was curst:
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
  Beneath the terror of the Goth!
Their iron-breasted legions quail
  Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
  In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
  The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
  O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
  And Vengeance sat upon the helm
When launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem;
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done—
  I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
  But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient round the eternal Throne,
  And in the caves of Vengeance wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

JULIA DE TRÉCŒUR.

[**Octave Feuillet,** born 1812; a French novelist and dramatist; was educated in the College of Louis-le-Grand, of Paris. His early writings were published under the name of "Désiré Hazard," *Le Grand Vieillard*, written in 1844, conjointly with Paul Bocage and Albert Aubert, being the first. Feuillet afterwards became a constant contributor to newspapers and reviews, besides writing many comedies, dramas and farces, which achieved popularity. He was elected to the French Academy in 1862, and in the following year was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. Afterwards he was appointed librarian of the imperial residences, which position he held until the revolution of September, 1870. His most noteworthy dramatic productions are: *La Nuit Terrible; Le Bourgeois de Rome; La Crise; Le Pour et le Contre; Peril en la Démeure; La Fée; Le Village; Dalila; Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre; La Tentation; La Rédemption; Montjoye; La Belle au Bois Dormant; Le Cas de Conscience; Julie; La Clé d'Or*, a comic opera; and *L'Acrobate*. Among his novels are *Polichinelle; Onesta; Redemption; Bellah; Le Cheveu Blanc; Le Petite Comtesse; Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, which has been translated into many languages; *Histoire de Sibylle; Monsieur de Camors*, a story remarkable for invention and vigor; *Julia de Trécœur; Un Mariage dans la Monde;* and *Le Journal d'une Femme*. He is also the author, jointly with Paul Bocage, of a number of dramas, and has published several poems.

Julia de Trécœur was only saved from being objectionable by the most exquisite subtlety and delicacy of handling. The heroine is a *bizarre*, headstrong girl, whom we meet at the threshold of her girlhood, the

only child of a beautiful mother who is about to be married a second time. Julia, without any person's knowledge, falls in love with her stepfather, insists upon going into a convent, but is in the end persuaded to marry her cousin, her stepfather's friend. For a long while she refuses to meet her mother's husband, M. de Lucan; and when she does, encounters him with a reserve that is taken for hatred, until suddenly her secret wound breaks open. Her stepfather is too noble a man to yield to her seductions; and since she has never learnt self-command or how to abandon a desire, she determines upon suicide. Accident makes her husband and stepfather witnesses of her end, too much paralyzed by sudden horror and by the knowledge of her terrible secret to save her. The story is told within limits almost too carefully defined. It should remain forever as a study to verbose writers of the power hidden in brevity, of the mastery achieved by self-control. It is a curious psychological study; a delicate, yet powerful piece of workmanship. Feuillet excels in the delineation of female characters, and in this novel his talent has great scope. The different characters of the grandmother, mother, and Julia are all creations in their widely-divergent lines.

Feuillet's style is as remarkable as his composition. It is trenchant, full of sparkle and rapidity of motion, terse, tense, alive with action; like his themes, masculine in the richest sense of the word. His language is so choice and careful that he might apply to himself the words of one of his personages, who says:

"I have thrown myself into this extreme to avoid the tendency of the day, which seems to me trivial in excess. The horror of bad taste has driven me almost into affectation."

Of late years Feuillet has written little. One of his latest works, *Les Amours de Philippe*, although it is no falling-off, is too much a repetition of earlier performances. M. Feuillet undoubtedly was one of the greatest of the French novelists. He died in 1890.]

M. de Lucan had been Clotilde's husband some months, when the report spread abroad that Mdlle. de Trécœur, that little demon, was going to take the veil in that convent of the Faubourg St. Germain to which she had retired some time before her mother's marriage. This report was correct. Julia had at first found it difficult to endure the discipline and observances to which the boarders of the community had also to submit; then she was seized by a pious fervor, whose excesses it was found necessary to moderate. She had implored her mother to place no hindrances in the way of the irresistible vocation she felt for a religious life; and it was with difficulty that Clotilde persuaded her to adjourn her decision until she had completed her sixteenth year.

Since Madame de Lucan's marriage, her relation to her daughter had been of a curious nature. She went to see her nearly every day, and was always greeted by the liveliest demonstrations of affection; but on two points—and those of much importance—the young girl remained obdurate: she would neither consent to return to her mother's house, nor to see her mother's husband. She had even let a long time pass without making the slightest allusion to the change in Clotilde's condition, which she affected to ignore. At length one day, feeling how intolerable was the constraint imposed by this reserve, she made a resolution, and giving her mother a piercing glance, she said,

"Well, are you happy?"

"How should I be," said Clotilde, "since you hate the man I love?"

"I hate no one," replied Julia coldly. "How is he, your husband?"

From that time forth she regularly asked after M. de Lucan, in a tone of polite indifference; but she never could pronounce the name of the man who occupied her father's place without hesitation and evident discomfort.

Her sixteenth year was now completed. Her mother's promise had been formal. Julia was henceforth free to follow her vocation, and she prepared herself for it with an eager impatience that greatly edified the community.

One morning Madame du Lucan was expressing to her mother and her husband the pain she suffered during these last days of respite.

"For my part," said the baroness, "I confess that I long with all my heart for the moment that you fear. The life you have led since your marriage is simply unendurable; but the worst of your troubles is your perpetual struggle against that child's obstinacy. Well, when once she is a nun, there will be no more struggle, you will have a load off your mind; and consider that you will not really be more separated than you are already, since the house is not a closed one. For my part I should be just as well pleased if it were; however, it is not. And then, why should you oppose a vocation, which appears to me as nothing less than providential? Even for the child's own sake, you ought to rejoice in the resolution she has formed. I appeal to your husband. My dear sir, I ask you

what might be expected of a nature like hers once let loose on the world. She would create a disturbance. You know what a head she has—a volcano! And consider, my friend, that at present she is a veritable odalisk. You have not seen her for a long time; you have no idea how she has developed. I have that treat twice a week, and I assure you that she is a real odalisk, with the beauty of a goddess. And then, what a figure she has! Everything looks well on her. You might throw a curtain on to her with a pitchfork, and she would look as if she just came from Worth's. You may ask Pierre what he thinks of her, he is honored by her favor."

M. de Moras, who entered at this moment, did indeed share with a very small number of family friends the privilege of sometimes accompanying Clotilde to Julia's convent.

"Well, Pierre," began the baroness, "we were just speaking of Julia, and I was saying to my daughter and my son-in-law that it is really most fortunate that she wishes to become a saint, since otherwise she would have set Paris in a blaze."

"Why?" asked the count.

"Because she is as beautiful as sin."

"Certainly, she is handsome," said the count, somewhat coldly.

The baroness went out to do commissions with Clotilde, and M. de Moras remained alone with Lucan.

"It seems to me," said he, "that they are all very hard on this poor Julia."

"How so?"

"Her grandmother speaks of her as a perverse creature. And after all what do they reproach her with? Her reverence for her father's memory. It may be extreme, granted; but, as far as I know, filial piety is no vice, even if exaggerated. Her sentiments are overstrained; what matter, so long as they are generous? Is that any reason for devoting her to the infernal gods, and plunging her into a dungeon?"

"Indeed, my friend, I do not understand you," said Lucan. "What is the matter with you? With whom are you angry? You know, surely, that it is by her own desire that Julia takes the vows; that her mother is in despair; and that she has neglected no means of dissuasion. For my part, I have no reason to love her; she has caused me much sorrow, and still does so: but you know well enough that I was ready to receive her as my daughter, had she condescended to return to us."

"Oh, I blame neither her mother nor you, be sure of that: it is the baroness who annoys me. She is absurd! She is unnatural! After all, Julia is her granddaughter; and she exults, actually exults, at the thought of seeing her a nun."

"On my honor, I assure you that I could almost exult myself. The present state of things is unendurable for Clotilde; it must have an end; and as I can see no other possible way—"

"But excuse me, there is another way."

"Which?"

"You might find a husband for her."

"Excellent! How probable that is! Whom?"

The count approached Lucan, looked straight at him, and said, with an embarrassed smile,

"Me."

"Say that again," said Lucan.

"My dear fellow," said the count, "you see how I am blushing; spare me. For a long time I have been wishing to put this delicate question to you, but lacked courage. Since I have found it at last, do not deprive me of it."

"My dear friend," said Lucan, "pray leave me time to recover, for I am quite overcome with surprise. What! you are in love with Julia?"

"Deeply, my friend."

"No, there must be something else behind. You have discovered this means of reconciling her to us; you wish to sacrifice yourself for the peace of the family."

"I assure you that I am not thinking at all about the peace of the family. I am thinking of my own, which is very much disturbed; for I love that child with a strength of feeling that I never knew before. If I do not marry her, I shall never be consoled all my life."

"What! is it as bad as all that?" said Lucan amazed.

"My dear friend, it is terrible," replied M. de Moras. "I am entirely captivated. When she looks at me, when I take her hand, when her dress touches me, I feel philters flowing in my veins. I had heard this sort of agitation spoken of, but had never experienced it. I confess that it causes me delight, but at the same time despair; for I cannot conceal from myself that this passion will be unfortunate, and

I shall carry about my sorrow as long as my heart beats."

"What a strange occurrence!" said Lucan, who had resumed his grave manner. "It is very serious, very annoying."

He made a few steps across the room, absorbed in what appeared to be sombre reflections.

"Does Julia know of your feelings?" asked he, suddenly.

"Most assuredly, no. I should not have ventured to tell her without first informing you. Will you do me the kindness of speaking to her mother?"

"Certainly—yes—willingly," said Lucan, with a touch of hesitation which did not escape his friend's notice.

"You think it is of no use, do you not?" asked the count, with a forced smile.

"Of no use—why not?"

"In the first place, it is very late."

"It is rather late, no doubt. Julia is already far committed; but I have always been a little suspicious about her vocation. Besides, in people of such excitable imagination, the sincerest desires of one day often become hateful the next."

"But you doubt—whether she likes me?"

"Why should she not like you? You are more than good-looking—you are thirty-two years old; she is sixteen. You are a little richer than she is. All that is as it should be."

"Then why do you hesitate to help me?"

"I do not hesitate to help you; only I see you are very much in love. You are not accustomed to it; and I fear that a condition so new to you is urging you rather too fast to so important a decision as marriage. A wife is not a mistress. In short, before taking an irrevocable step, I would beg of you to reflect once more."

"My friend," said the count, "I will not. I most sincerely believe that I cannot. You know my opinions. True passions give the decision; and I am not even sure that honor would be a sufficient argument against them. And besides, Lucan, what is there so unreasonable in marrying a woman I love? I cannot see that it is absolutely necessary not to love one's wife. In short, may I count upon you?"

"Absolutely," said Lucan, taking his hand. "I have made my objections, now I am quite at your service. I will speak to Clotilde at once. She is going to see her daughter this afternoon. Come and dine with us to-day; but summon up all your firmness, for success is very uncertain."

It was not difficult for M. de Lucan to win over Clotilde to M. de Moras' side. After she had listened to him, not without several surprised interruptions, she said,

"Ah, it would be ideal! This marriage would not only put an end to plans that are breaking my heart, but it combines all the conditions of happiness that I could have dreamt of for my daughter; and besides, your friendship for Pierre would, quite naturally, bring about an intimacy between his wife and you. All that would be only too fortunate; but how can we hope for so complete and sudden a change in Julia's ideas? She will not even let me finish my message."

She set out, trembling with anxiety. She found Julia alone in her room, trying on her novice's dress before the glass. The nun's cape and veil, which were to hide her rich hair, lay on the bed. She was simply dressed in a long tunic of white wool, whose folds she was arranging. She blushed when she saw her mother enter, and then said, laughing.

"Cymodocea in the circus, am I not, mother?"

Clotilde did not answer. She had folded her hands in an attitude of supplication, and looked at her tearfully. Julia was touched by this silent grief; two tears dropped from her eyes, and she threw her arms round her mother's neck; then, forcing her into a seat, said,

"What would you have? I am also a little sorry at heart, for I did love life; but, besides my vocation, which is a true one, I am obeying a real necessity. There is no other existence possible for me but this, I know quite well. It is my fault. I have been a little mad. I ought not to have left you in the first instance; or, at any rate, I should have returned to you directly after your marriage. Now, after months, years, is it still possible, I ask you? Besides, I should die of shame. Can you imagine me before your husband? What expression should I assume? Then he must hate me; he has got accustomed to it. For my part, who knows whether seeing him again in that house—Besides, in every way, I should be a terrible constraint to you!"

"But, my dear little daughter," said Clotilde, "nobody hates you. You would be received like the Prodigal Son, with transports of delight. If it would be too great an effort to return to my house, if you fear to find annoyance yourself, or to cause it to others—God knows how mistaken you are—but still, if you do fear it, is that any reason for you to bury yourself alive and break my heart? Could you not return to the world without returning to me, and without facing all these annoyances that alarm you? There would be a very simple means, you know."

"What?" said Julia, calmly. "To marry?"

"Certainly," said Clotilde, gently bowing her head and lowering her voice.

"But, my dear mother, what probability is there of such a thing? Even if I wished it—and I am far from doing so—I know no one, no one knows me."

"There is some one," said Clotilde, with increasing timidity, "some one you know very well, and who adores you."

Julia opened her eyes wide, with a surprised and pensive expression, and after a short pause for reflection said—

"Pierre?"

"Yes," muttered Clotilde, pale with anxiety.

Julia's brows contracted slightly. She raised her charming head, and remained for some moments with her eyes fixed on the ceiling; then, with a slight shrug of the shoulders—

"Why not?" said she, seriously. "He will do as well as another."

Clotilde gave a little cry, and, seizing both her daughter's hands, exclaimed—

"You are willing—you are really willing! It is true! You will allow me to take him this answer?"

"Yes; but change the wording of it," said Julia, laughing.

"O my dear, dear darling!" exclaimed Clotilde, as she covered Julia's hands with kisses; "but tell me once more that it is really true, that to-morrow you will not have changed your mind."

"No!" said Julia, firmly, with her grave and musical voice.

She considered a moment and then continued—

"So he really loves me, that great boy?"

"Like a madman."

"Poor man! And he is awaiting the answer?"

"In fear and trembling."

"Well, then, go and calm him. We will continue the conversation to-morrow. I must arrange my ideas a little after such an upset; but rest satisfied, my resolution is taken."

When Madame de Lucan returned home, Pierre de Moras was awaiting her in the drawing-room. He turned pale when he saw her.

"Pierre," exclaimed she, breathlessly, "kiss me; you are my son! Respectfully, if you please—respectfully," added she, laughing, as he lifted her up and pressed her to his heart.

He repeated the performance afterwards with the Baroness de Pers, who had been hastily summoned.

"My dear friend," said she, "I am delighted—delighted; but you are suffocating me! Yes, yes, it is all very well, my boy, but you are literally suffocating me! Reserve your forces! That dear little girl—it is charming of her, quite charming! At bottom she has a golden heart. And she has good taste; for you are very handsome, very handsome! However, I always did think that, when the time came for cutting her hair, she would reflect. Certainly she has beautiful hair, poor child!"

And the baroness burst into tears; then, addressing the count in a parenthesis between her sobs—

"You will not be unhappy, either; she is a goddess."

M. de Lucan, although deeply touched by this family scene, and especially by Clotilde's joy, took this unhoped-for event with more calmness. He was always very sparing of public manifestations, and in his heart he was troubled and sad. The future prospects of this marriage seemed to him most uncertain, and his sincere friendship for the count made him anxious. A feeling of delicate reserve towards Julia had prevented him from saying all that he thought of her character. He endeavored to reject as unjust and partial the opinion he had formed; but when he remembered the dreadful child he used to know, at one moment carried off by a whirlwind, at another pensive and surrounded by sombre reserve; when he imagined her as she had been described to him since then

—taller, more beautiful, ascetic—and then saw her suddenly throw her veil to the winds like one of the fantastic nuns in *Robert le Diable*, and return to the world with light step: then, in spite of himself, out of these various impressions he composed a chimera and sphinx that it seemed very difficult to combine with the idea of domestic happiness.

During the whole evening the family conversation turned upon the complications that might arise from this marriage, and the means of avoiding them. M. de Lucan entered into these details with a very good grace, and declared that he would be most happy to agree to any arrangements that his stepdaughter might desire. This precaution was not useless.

Clotilde went to the convent early next morning. Julia, after listening with somewhat ironical indifference to her mother's account of the delight and joy of her intended, assumed a more serious air:

"And your husband," said she; "what does he think?"

"He is delighted, as we all are."

"I am going to ask you a strange question. Does he mean to be present at our wedding?"

"Just as you please."

"Listen, my dear little mother—don't make yourself miserable beforehand. I feel sure that some day or other this marriage will help to unite us all; but leave me time to accustom myself to this idea. Grant me some months for the old Julia to be forgotten, and to forget her myself. You will agree to that, will you not?"

"Whatever you wish," said Clotilde, sighing.

"I beg of you. Tell him that I beg of him also."

"I will tell him; but do you know that Pierre is here?"

"Ah, indeed! But where?"

"I have left him in the garden."

"In the garden?—what imprudence, mother! Why, these ladies will tear him to pieces like Orpheus; for you may fancy he is not in the odor of sanctity here."

M. de Moras was summoned. Julia began to laugh when he appeared, and this facilitated his entrance. During their interview she had several attacks of that nervous laugh which is so useful to women in difficult circumstances. Not having this resource, M. de Moras contented himself with timidly kissing his cousin's beautiful hands; but his handsome masculine features were radiant with delight, and his large blue eyes were moist with happy tenderness. It seems that he made a favorable impression.

"I never before regarded him from that point of view," said Julia to her mother. "He is really handsome—a splendid husband!"

The wedding took place three months after. It was quite quiet, without any show. The Count de Moras and his young wife departed for Italy the same evening.

M. de Lucan had left Paris two or three weeks before, and had taken up his abode in the heart of Normandy, in an old family house, where Clotilde hastened to join him immediately after Julia's departure.

. . . . . .

TWO MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

They both left the castle, carrying with them their guns, so that they might be supposed to have gone, as they often did, to shoot sea-gulls. As they were about to choose their direction, M de Moras consulted Lucan by a look.

"I see no danger," said Lucan, "except near the cliffs. Some words that she let drop yesterday make me fear that the danger is there; but with her horse she is obliged to make a long round; and if we cross the woods we can be there before her."

They entered the forest on the west of the castle, and walked quickly and silently. This path led them straight to the cliffs they had visited the day before. On this side the woods projected in an irregular point, and its last trees almost touched the edge of the cliff. As they neared the edge, feverishly hastening their steps, Lucan suddenly stopped.

"Listen!" said he.

The sound of a horse's gallop was distinctly heard upon the hard ground. They began to run.

A slight talus separated the wood from the cliffs. They had half descended it, catching hold of the hanging branches, themselves hidden by the bushes and foliage, when a striking spectacle met their eyes. A little on their left Julia was arriving after a frantic ride. She crossed the oblique line of the woods, and seemed to be making straight for the edge of the

cliff. At first they thought the horse had run away, but soon they saw that she was whipping its sides to increase its pace. She was then about a hundred steps from the two men, and she had to pass before them.

Lucan sprang forward to throw himself on to the other side of the talus, when M. de Moras' hand was laid heavily on his arm and stayed him.

They looked at each other. Lucan was stupefied at seeing the great change which had suddenly contracted the count's face and furrowed his eyes; at the same instant he read in his fixed gaze intense sorrow and inexorable resolution. He understood that there was no longer any secret between them. He obeyed this glance, which he felt had for him only an expression of confidence and of friendly supplication. His own contracted hand seized his friend's, and remained motionless.

The horse passed them at a few paces' distance, its breast white with spume; while Julia—beautiful, graceful, and charming even in this terrible moment—rose lightly in the saddle.

Some feet from the fissure in the cliff, the horse, divining an abyss, turned round suddenly and traced a semicircle. She brought it back to the plateau, retreated a space, and, urging it with whip and voice, drove it once more towards the terrible precipice. When the animal again refused to encounter this formidable obstacle, the young woman—with her hair loosened, her eyes flashing, her nostrils dilated—turned it round, and gradually made it back towards the edge of the cliff. The horse—steaming, prancing—rose almost upright, and stood out in its full height against the gray morning sky.

Lucan felt M. de Moras' nails enter his flesh.

At last the horse was conquered. Its two hind-feet left the earth, and met space. It fell over; its fore-feet beat the air convulsively.

The next moment the cliff was void. Not a sound had been heard. In the deep abyss the fall and the death had been silent.

THE FIRESIDE.

[**Nathaniel Cotton,** an English physician and poet, born in 1707, died in 1788. He was noted for his skill in the treatment of mental diseases. He conducted a private lunatic asylum, and among his patients was Cowper, who makes special mention of his "well-known humanity and sweetness of temper." He published *Visions in Verse*, designed for children (1751); and after his death was published a collection of his *Works in Prose and Verse*.]

I.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

III.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joy must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

IX.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice
And make that little do.

XIII.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,——
And mingle with the dead;

XIV.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow," didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, "To-morrow."—
Go to—I will not hear of it. "To-morrow!"
'Tis a sharper who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! "To-morrow!"
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar!
Wisdom disdains the word, nor holds society
With those who own it.—No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend; arrest the present moments;
For, be assured, they are all arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly:
Because, tho' stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-winked Justice, who shall tell thy audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms, far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountains!
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!

NATHANIEL COTTON.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

[This Turkish ode on the Spring is selected from many others in the same language written by **Mesihi**, a poet of great repute at Constantinople, who lived in the reign of Soliman the Second, or the Lawgiver; he died A. D. 1512. It is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been ascribed to Catullus; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the Latin poem, and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza. The works of Mesihi are preserved in the archives of the Royal Society.]

Hear how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows:
The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods their loveliest mantles wear.
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
Be gay; too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like Orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are sage).
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
And Nature says, "They are too sweet to last."

So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid!
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!
While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's laid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rosebud hangs her pensive head;
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands arrayed.
Be gay; too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
Are changed to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labor, o'er our favor'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Late gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of Spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Translated by Sir Wm. Jones, 1766.

SHIRAZ.

[Khwaja Hafiz,[1] whose proper name is Shamsuddin Muhammad, is the most elegant lyric poet of Persia. He was born at Shiraz some time during the first half of the fourteenth century, and died there A. D. 1391. He appears to have been devoted to Shiraz, and hated to leave the place, which he never did for any length of time: "The gentle breezes of the ground of Mosalay and the waters of Ruknabad have never allowed me to enjoy the delights of travelling."

To him the delights of Shiraz and its neighborhood were as great as the pleasures of Paris and its environs to the Parisian, and these were expressed in many a line of verse, beside the ode specially addressed to Shiraz itself.]

"May every blessing be the lot
Of fair Shiraz, earth's loveliest spot!
O Heaven! bid Time its beauties spare,
Nor print his wasteful traces there.

"Still be thou blest of him that gave
Thy stream, sweet Ruknabad, whose wave
Can every human ill assuage,
And life prolong to Chizer's age.

"And oh! the gale that wings its way
'Twixt Jaffrabad and Mosalay,
How sweet a perfume does it bear!
How grateful is its amber air!

"Ye who mysterious joys would taste
Come to this sacred city—haste!
Its saints, its sages, seek to know,
Whose breasts with heavenly rapture glow.

"And say, sweet gale—for thou canst tell—
With lovely Leila was it well,
When last you passed the maiden by,
Of wayward will and witching eye?

"Why, Hafiz, when you feared the day
That tore you from her arms away,
Oh! why so thankless for the hours
You passed in Leila's lovely bowers?"

[1] See Vol. V., p. 228.

CICERO DE OFFICIIS.

A Treatise Concerning the Moral Duties of Mankind.

[**Marcus Tullius Cicero** (born B. C. 106, died B.C. 43), a learned philosopher, and the greatest of Roman orators, honorably descended both by his father's and mother's side. He was instructed in the language and literature of Greece by the orator Crassus, in philosophy by Philo, in law by Mutius Scævola, and acquired his military knowledge under Sylla in the Marsian war. At the age of sixteen he was admitted to the full rights of citizenship. When young, he translated the Greek poem "Phænomena," of Aratus, into Latin, of which some fragments remain. At the age of twenty-six he appeared at the bar and pleaded the cause of Quinctius, and a year afterwards defended Roscius of Ameria in such a manner as won the applause of the Romans. He then travelled into Greece and Asia, and spent some time at Athens with his friend Atticus in studying the best models of Grecian oratory. On his return to Rome he became distinguished above all other pleaders. After passing through the offices of ædile and prætor, he offered himself as a candidate for the consulship; and, though powerfully opposed, was successful. One of his competitors was the famous Catiline, whose conspiracy against the state he was afterwards the great means of unveiling; for which he was called by the citizens "the father of his country, and the second founder of the republic." His vehemence, however, against Clodius, who was accused of having violated the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, brought upon him a train of evils, which finally forced him into voluntary exile; but his banishment was of short duration, for the Clodian faction becoming odious, the Senate and people unanimously recalled him. In the quarrel between Cæsar and Pompey he espoused the side of the latter, and followed him into Greece; but, after the battle of Pharsalia, returned into Italy, and obtained the friendship of Cæsar. He now retired from the arena of politics, and devoted himself to the calmer elegancies of literary pursuits; but the assassination of the dictator once more called him upon the political stage. He advised the Senate to grant a general amnesty; but when he saw Antony gaining the ascendancy, he removed to Athens, to escape the effects of the enmity of that general. In a short time, however, he returned to Rome, and seemed to enjoy the friendship of Octavius, who nevertheless was induced to sacrifice him to the malice of Antony. Cicero was at Tusculum when he received the news of his proscription. In order to escape the vengeance of his enemies, he set out in a litter for the sea-coast, but was overtaken and slain. His head and hands were carried in triumph to Antony, who was mean enough to place them on the rostra in the Forum, where Cicero had so often defended the lives, fortunes and liberties of the Roman people. The talents of this great man have been the subject of universal admiration, and he possessed eminent public and private virtues, although they were, in some degree, obscured by his excessive vanity, and his want of courage and resolution led him into many acts of meanness. He married Terentia, whom he afterwards divorced, and by whom he had a son and daughter. His second wife was a young woman to whom he was guardian.]

BOOK I.

My Son, Marcus:

I. Although, as you have for a year been studying under Cratippus, and that, too, at Athens, you ought to be well furnished with the rules and principles of philosophy, on account of the pre-eminent reputation both of the master and the city, the one of which can improve you by his learning, the other by its examples; yet as I, for my own advantage, have always combined the Latin with the Greek, not only in philosophy, but even in the practice of speaking, I recommend to you the same method, that you may excel equally in both kinds of composition. In this respect, indeed, if I mistake not, I was of great service to our countrymen; so that not only such of them as are ignorant of Greek learning, but even men of letters, think they have profited somewhat by me both in speaking and reasoning.

Wherefore you shall study, nay, study as long as you desire, under the best philosopher of this age—and you ought to desire it, as long as you are not dissatisfied with the degree of your improvement; but in reading my works, which are not very different from the Peripatetic—because we profess in common to be followers both of Socrates and Plato—as to the subject matter itself, use your own judgment; but be assured you will, by reading my writings, render your Latin style more copious. I would not have it supposed that this is said in ostentation; for, while I yield the superiority in philosophy to many, if I claim to myself the province peculiar to an orator—that of speaking with propriety, perspicuity, and elegance—I seem, since I have spent my life in that pursuit, to lay claim to it with a certain degree of right.

Wherefore, my dear Cicero, I most earnestly recommend that you carefully pursue not only my orations, but even my philosophical works, which have now nearly equalled them in extent; for there is in the former the greater force of language, but you ought to cultivate, at

the same time, the equable and sober style of the latter. And, indeed, I find that it has not happened in the case of any of the Greeks, that the same man has labored in both departments, and pursued both the former—that of forensic speaking—and the latter quiet mode of argumentation; unless, perhaps, Demetrius Phalereus may be reckoned in that number—a refined reasoner, a not very animated speaker, yet of so much sweetness, that you might recognize the pupil of Theophrastus. How far I have succeeded in both, others must determine; certain it is that I have attempted both. Indeed, I am of opinion that Plato, had he attempted forensic oratory, would have spoken with copiousness and power; and that had Demosthenes retained and repeated the lessons of Plato, he would have delivered them with gracefulness and beauty. I form the same judgment of Aristotle and Isocrates, each of whom was so pleased with his own pursuit that he neglected that of the other.

II. But having resolved at this time to write to you somewhat and a great deal in time to come, I have thought proper to set out with that subject which is best adapted to your years and to my authority. For, while many subjects in philosophy, of great weight and utility, have been accurately and copiously discussed by philosophers, the most extensive seems to be what they have delivered and enjoined concerning the duties of mankind; for there can be no state of life, amidst public or private affairs, abroad or at home—whether you transact anything with yourself or contract anything with another—that is without its obligations. In the due discharge of that consists all the dignity, and in its neglect all the disgrace, of life.

This is an inquiry common to all philosophers; for where is the man who will presume to style himself a philosopher, and lay down no rules of duty? But there are certain schools which pervert all duty by the ultimate objects of good and evil which they propose. For if a man should lay down as the chief good, that which has no connection with virtue, and measure it by his own interests, and not according to its moral merit; if such a man shall act consistently with his own principles, and is not sometimes influenced by the goodness of his heart, he can cultivate neither friendship, justice, nor generosity. In truth, it is impossible for the man to be brave who shall pronounce pain to be the greatest evil, or temperate who shall propose pleasure as the highest good.

Though these truths are so self-evident that they require no philosophical discussion, yet they have been treated by me elsewhere. I say, therefore, that if these schools are self-consistent, they can say nothing of the moral duties. Neither can any firm, permanent, or natural rules of duty be laid down, but by those who esteem virtue to be solely, or by those who deem it to be chiefly, desirable for its own sake. The teaching of duties, therefore, is the peculiar study of the Stoics, of the Academics, and the Peripatetics; because the sentiments of Aristo, Pyrrho, and Herillus have been long exploded. Yet even those professors would have been entitled to have treated upon the duties of men, had they left us any distinction of things, so that there might have been a path open to the discovery of duty. We shall, therefore, upon this occasion, and in this inquiry, chiefly follow the Stoics, not as their expositors, but by drawing, as usual, from their sources, at our own option and judgment, so much and in such manner as we please. I therefore think proper, as my entire argument is on moral obligation, to define what a duty is, a definition which I am surprised has been omitted by Panætius; because every investigation which is rationally undertaken, concerning any subject, ought to set out with a definition, that it may be understood what is the subject of discussion.

III. All questions concerning duty are of two sorts. The first relates to the final good; the second consists of those rules which are to regulate the practice of life in all its relations. Examples of the former are as follows: Whether all duties are perfect in themselves? Whether one duty is of more importance than another? together with other questions of the same nature. Now the rules for moral duties relate, indeed, to the final good; but it is not so perceptible that they do, because they seem chiefly to refer to the regulation of ordinary life, and of them we are to treat in this book.

But there is another division of duty: for one is called a mean duty, the other a perfect duty. If I mistake not, the com-

plete or perfect duty is the same with what we call a direct one, and by the Greeks is called κατόρθωμα. As to that duty which is mean they call it καθῆκον, and they thus define those terms. Whatever duty is absolute, that they call a perfect duty; and they call that duty, for the performance of which a probable reason can be assigned, a mean duty.

In the opinion, therefore, of Panætius, there is a threefold consideration for determining our resolution; for men doubt whether the thing which falls under their consideration be of itself virtuous or disgraceful, and in this deliberation minds are often distracted into opposite sentiments. They then examine and deliberate whether or not the subject of their consideration conduces to the convenience or enjoyment of life, to the improvement of their estate and wealth, to their interest and power, by which they may profit themselves or their relations; all which deliberation falls under the category of utility. The third kind of doubtful deliberation is, when an apparent utility seems to clash with moral rectitude; for when utility hurries us to itself, and virtue, on the other hand, seems to call us back, it happens that the mind is distracted in the choice, and these occasion a double anxiety in deliberation. In this division (although an omission is of the worst consequence in divisions of this kind), two things are omitted; for we are accustomed to deliberate not only whether a thing be virtuous or shameful in itself, but, of two things that are virtuous, which is the most excellent? And, in like manner, of two things which are profitable, which is the more profitable? Thus, it is found that the deliberation, which he considered to be threefold, ought to be distributed into five divisions. We must, therefore, first treat of what is virtuous in itself, and that under two heads; in like manner, of what is profitable; and we shall next treat of them comparatively.

IV. In the first place, a disposition has been planted by nature in every species of living creatures to cherish themselves, their life, and body; to avoid those things that appear hurtful to them; and to look out for and procure whatever is necessary for their living, such as food, shelter, and the like. Now the desire of union for the purpose of procreating their own species is common to all animals, as well as a certain degree of concern about what is procreated. But the greatest distinction between a man and a brute lies in this, that the latter is impelled only by instinct, and applies itself solely to that object which is present, and before it, with very little sensibility to what is past or to come; but man, because endowed with reason, by which he discerns consequences, looks into the causes of things, and their progress, and being acquainted, as it were, with precedents, he compares their analogies and adapts and connects the present with what is to come. It is easy for him to foresee the future direction of all his life, and therefore he prepares whatever is necessary for passing through it.

Nature, likewise, by the same force of reason, conciliates man to man, in order to a community both of language and of life: above all it implants in them a strong love for their offspring; it impels them to desire that companies and societies should be formed, and that they should mingle in them; and that for those reasons man should take care to provide for the supply of clothing and food; and that not only for himself, but for his wife and his children, and for all which rouses the spirit and makes it more strenuous for action.

The distinguishing property of man is to search for and to follow after truth. Therefore, when relaxed from our necessary cares and concerns, we then covet to see, to hear, and to learn somewhat; and we esteem knowledge of things either obscure or wonderful to be the indispensable means of living happily. From this we understand that truth, simplicity, and candor, are most agreeable to the nature of mankind. To this passion for discovering truth is added a desire to direct; for a mind well formed by nature is unwilling to obey any man but him who lays down rules and instructions to it, or who, for the general advantage, exercises equitable and lawful government. From this proceeds loftiness of mind and contempt for worldly interests.

Neither is it a mean privilege of nature and reason, that man is the only animal who is sensible of order, of decency, and of propriety, both in acting and speaking. In like manner, no other creature perceives the beauty, the gracefulness, and the harmony of parts in those objects which are discerned by the sight. An analogous perception to which nature and

reason convey from the sight to the mind; and consider that beauty, regularity, and order in counsels and actions should be still more preserved. She is cautious not to do aught that is indecent or effeminate, or to act or think wantonly in any of our deliberations or deeds. The effect and result of all this produces that *honestum* which we are now in search of; that virtue which is honorable even without being ennobled; and of which we may truly say, that even were it praised by none it would be commendable in itself.

V. My son, Marcus, you here perceive at least a sketch, and, as it were, the outline of virtue; which, could we perceive her with our eyes, would, as Plato says, kindle a wonderful love of wisdom. But whatever is virtuous arises from some one of those four divisions; for it consists either in sagacity and the perception of truth; or in the preservation of human society, by giving to every man his due, and by observing the faith of contracts; or in the greatness and firmness of an elevated and unsubdued mind; or in observing order and regularity and temperance.

Though these four divisions are connected and interwoven with one another, yet certain kinds of duties arise from each of them. As, for instance, in that part which I first described, and under which I comprehend sagacity or wisdom, consists the search after and discovery of truth; and this is the characteristic function of that virtue for the man who is most sagacious in discovering the real truth in any subject, and who can, with the greatest perspicacity and quickness both see and explain the grounds of it, is justly esteemed a man of the greatest understanding and discernment. From hence it follows that truth is, as it were, the subject matter which this faculty handles, and on which it employs itself. As to the other three virtues, they necessarily consist in acquiring and preserving those things with which the conduct of life is connected, in order to preserve the community and relations of mankind, and to display that excellence and greatness of soul, which exhibits itself as well in acquiring resources and advantages both for ourselves and for our friends, as, still more conspicuously, in properly disregarding them. As to order, resolution, moderation, and the like, they come into that rank of virtues which require not only an operation of the mind, but a certain degree of personal activity; for it is in observing order and moderation in those things which constitute the objects of active life, that we shall preserve virtue and decency.

VI. Now, of the four divisions under which I have ranged the nature and essence of virtue, that which consists in the knowledge of truth principally affects the nature of man. For all of us are impelled and carried along to the love of knowledge and learning, in which we account it glorious to excel, but consider every slip, mistake, ignorance, and deception in it, to be hurtful and shameful. In this pursuit, which is both natural and virtuous, two faults are to be avoided. The first is, the regarding things which we do not know as if they were understood by us, and thence rashly giving them our assent. And he that wishes, as every man ought to wish, to avoid this error, must devote both his time and his industry to the study of things. The other fault is, that some people bestow too much study and pains upon things that are obscure, difficult, and even immaterial in themselves. When those faults are avoided, all the pains and care a man bestows upon studies that are virtuous in themselves, and worthy of his knowledge, will be deservedly commended. Thus we have heard how Caius Sulpicius excelled in astronomy, and Sextus Pompeius, to my own knowledge, in mathematics; many also in logic, and more in the civil law, all which are arts that serve to investigate truth, in the pursuit of which our duty forbids us to be diverted from transacting our business, because the whole glory of virtue consists in activity. Yet this is often intermitted, and frequent are our returns to our studies. Then there is an incessant working of the mind, which, without our taking pains, is sufficient to keep us in the practice of thinking. Now, all our thoughts, and every motion of the mind, should be devoted either to the forming of plans for virtuous actions, and such as belong to a good and a happy life, or else to the pursuits of science and knowledge. I have now treated of at least the first source of duty.

VII. Now, as to the other three, the most extensive system is that by which the mutual society of mankind, and, as it were, the intercourse of life, is preserved. Of this there are two parts; justice, in which virtue displays itself with the most

distinguished lustre, and from which men are termed good; and allied to this, beneficence, which may likewise be termed benevolence, or liberality. Now, the chief province of justice is, that no person injure another, unless he is provoked by suffering wrong; next, that public property be appropriated to public, and private to individual, use.

Now, by nature no property is private, but dependent either on ancient possession (as when men formerly came into unoccupied territories); or victory (as when they have taken possession of it in war); or public constitution, contract, terms, or lot. By those, the land of Arpinum is regarded as belonging to the Arpinates; the Tusculan, to the Tusculans. The like division holds with regard to matters of private property. Thus, as every man holds his own, each should possess that portion which fell to his share of those things that by nature were common; and it follows, that no man can covet another's property without violating the laws of human society.

But (as has been strikingly said by Plato) we are not born for ourselves alone, and our country claims her share, and our friends their share of us; and, as the Stoics hold, all that the earth produces is created for the use of man, so men are created for the sake of men, that they may mutually do good to one another; in this we ought to take nature for our guide, to throw into the public stock of offices of general utility by a reciprocation of duties; sometimes by receiving, sometimes by giving, and sometimes to cement human society by arts, by industry, and by our resources.

Now the foundation of justice is faithfulness, which is a perseverance and truth in all our declarations, and in all our promises. Let us therefore (though some people may think it over nice) imitate the Stoics, who curiously examine whence terms are derived, and consider that the word *fides*, or faithfulness, is no other than a performance of what we have promised. But there are two kinds of injustice; the first is of those who offer an injury, the second of those who have it in their power to avert an injury from those to whom it is offered, and yet do it not. For if a man, prompted either by anger or any sudden perturbation, unjustly assaults another man, such a one seems as it were to lay violent hands on one's ally: and the man who does not repel or withstand the injury, if he can, is as much to blame as if he deserted the cause of his parents, his friends, or his country.

Those wrongs, however, which are inflicted for the very purpose of doing an injury, often proceed from fear; as for instance, when a man who is contriving to injure another is afraid, unless he executes what he is meditating, that he may himself sustain some disadvantage; but the great inceptive to doing wrong is to obtain what one desires, and in this crime avarice is the most pervading motive.

VIII. Now riches are sought after, both for the necessary purposes of life and for the enjoyment of pleasure. But in men of greater minds the coveting of money is with a view to power and to the means of giving gratification. As M. Crassus lately used to declare, that no man who wanted to have a direction in the government had money enough, unless by the interest of it he could maintain an army. Magnificent equipages, likewise, and a style of living made up of elegance and abundance give delight, and hence the desire for money becomes boundless. Nor indeed is the mere desire to improve one's private fortune, without injury to another, deserving of blame; but injustice must ever be avoided.

But the main cause why most men are led to a forgetfulness of justice is their falling into a violent ambition after empire, honors, and glory. For what Ennius observes, that

> "No social bonds, no public faith remains
> Inviolate;"—

has a still more extensive application; for where the object of ambition is of such a nature as that several cannot obtain pre-eminence, the contest for it is generally so violent, that nothing can be more difficult than to preserve the sacred ties of society. This was shown lately in the presumption of C. Cæsar, who, in order to obtain that direction in the government which the wildness of his imagination had planned out, violated all laws, divine and human. But what is deplorable in this matter is, that the desire after honor, empire, power, and glory, is generally most prevalent in the greatest souls and the most exalted genius; for which reason every crime of that sort is the more carefully to be guarded

against. But in every species of injustice it is a very material question, whether it is committed through some agitation of passion, which commonly is short-lived and temporary, or from deliberate, prepense, malice; for those things which proceed from a short, sudden fit, are of slighter moment than those which are inflicted by forethought and preparation. But enough has been said concerning inflicting injury.

IX. Various are the causes of men omitting the defence of others, or neglecting their duty towards them. They are either unwilling to encounter enmity, toil, or expense; or, perhaps, they do it through negligence, listlessness, or laziness; or they are so embarrassed in certain studies and pursuits, that they suffer those they ought to protect to be neglected. Hence we must take care lest Plato's observation with respect to philosophers should be falsified: "That they are men of integrity, because they are solely engaged in the pursuit of truth, and despise and neglect those considerations which others value, and which mankind are wont to contend for amongst themselves." For, while they abstain from hurting any by the infliction of injury they indeed assert one species of honesty or justice, but they fail in another; because, being entangled in the pursuits of learning, they abandoned those they ought to protect. Some, therefore, think that they would have no concern with the government unless they were forced to it; but still, it would be more just that it should be done voluntarily; for an action which is intrinsically right is only morally good in so far as it is voluntary. There are others who, either from a desire to improve their private fortunes, or from some personal resentments, pretend that they mind their own affairs only that they may appear not to do wrong to another. Now such persons are free from one kind of injustice, but fall into another; because they abandon the fellowship of life by employing in it none of their zeal, none of their labor, none of their abilities. Having thus stated the two kinds of dishonesty or injustice, and assigned the motives for each kind, and settled previously the considerations by which justice is limited, we shall easily (unless we are extremely selfish) be able to form a judgment of our duty on every occasion.

For, to concern ourselves in other people's affairs is a delicate matter. Yet Chremes, a character in Terence, thinks that there is nothing which has a relation to mankind in which he has not a concern. Meanwhile, because we have the quicker perception and sensation of whatever happens favorably or untowardly to ourselves than to others, which we see as it were at a greater distance, the judgment we form of them is very different from what we form of ourselves. Those therefore are wise monitors who teach us to do nothing of which we are doubtful, whether it is honest or unjust; for whatever is honest manifests itself by its own lustre, but doubt implies the entertainment of injustice.

X. But occasions frequently happen in which those duties which are most worthy of an honest, and of such as we call a worthy man, are altered and changed to their contraries. For example, to return a deposit, to perform a promise, and other matters that are relative to truth and honesty, sometimes alter so that it is just they should not be observed; for which it is proper to have recourse to those fundamentals of honesty which I laid down in the commencement: in the first place, that of injuring no person; and, secondly, that of being subservient to the public good. When these conditions are altered by circumstances, the moral obligation, not being invariably identical, is similarly altered.

A promise, as a practice, may happen to be made, the performance of which may be prejudicial either to the party promising, or to the party to whom the promise is made. For (as we see in the play), had not Neptune performed his promise to Theseus, the latter would not have been bereaved of his son Hippolytus; for it is recorded, that of three wishes to be granted him, the third, which he made in a passion, was the death of Hippolytus, which, having been granted, he sunk into the most dreadful distress. Therefore, you are not to perform those promises which may be prejudicial to the party to whom you promise, nor if they may be more hurtful to you than they can be serviceable to him. It is inconsistent with our duty that the greater obligation should be postponed to the less. For instance, suppose you should promise to appear as the advocate

of another person while his cause is depending: now, if your son was to be seized violently ill in the meantime, it would be no breach of duty in you not to perform what you promise; the other person would rather depart from his duty if he should complain that he had been abandoned. Who, then, does not see that a man is not bound by those promises which he makes either when coerced by fear, or seduced by deceit? Many such promises are cancelled by the edict of the prætor's court, some by the laws; for very often wrongs arise through a quirk, and through a too artful but fraudulent construction of the law. Hence, "the rigor of law is the rigor of injustice" is a saying that has now passed into a proverb. Many injuries of this kind happen even in state affairs: thus, when a general had concluded a truce with his enemy for thirty days, yet ravaged that enemy's territories every night, because the truce was only for so many days, not for the nights. Nor, indeed, if it is true, is the conduct of our countryman, Quintus Fabius Labeo, to be approved of, or whoever he was (for I have the story only by report) who, being appointed an arbiter by the Senate to settle a boundary between the people of Nola and those of Naples, counselled each of those people separately to do nothing covetously, and that each ought rather to draw back than advance. Both of them taking this advice, a space of unoccupied ground was left in the middle. He, therefore, adjudged to each people the boundary to which they had confined themselves, and all that was in the middle to the people of Rome. This was not to give judgment, but to cheat; wherefore we ought to avoid all chicane of that kind in every transaction.

XI. Certain duties are also to be observed, even towards those who have wronged you; for there is a mean even in revenge and punishments. Nay, I am not certain whether it is not sufficient for the person who has injured you to repent of the wrong done, so that he may never be guilty of the like in future, and that others may not be so forward to offend in the same manner. Now, in government the laws of war are to be most especially observed; for, since there are two manners of disputing, one by debating, the other by fighting, though the former characterizes men, the latter, brutes, if the former cannot be adopted, recourse must be had to the latter. Wars, therefore, are to be undertaken for this end, that we may live in peace without being injured; but when we obtain the victory, we must preserve those enemies who behaved without cruelty or inhumanity during the war; for example, our forefathers received, even as members of their state, the Tuscans, the Æqui, the Volscians, the Sabines, and the Hernici, but utterly destroyed Carthage and Numantia. I am unwilling to mention Corinth, but I believe they had some object in it, and particularly they were induced to destroy it, lest the advantage of its situation should invite the inhabitants to make war in future times. In my opinion, we ought always to consult for peace, which should have in it nothing of perfidy. Had my voice been followed on this head, we might still have had some form of government (if not the best), whereas now we have none. And, while we are bound to exercise consideration toward those whom we have conquered by force, so those should be received into our protection who throw themselves upon the honor of our general and lay down their arms, even though the battering rams should have struck their walls. In which matter justice was cultivated with so much care among our countrymen, that it was a custom among our ancestors that they who received under their protection cities, or nations conquered in war, became their patrons.

Now, the justice of war was most religiously pointed out by the fecial law of the Romans. From this it may be understood that no war is just unless it is undertaken to reclaim property, or unless it is solemnly denounced and proclaimed beforehand. Popilius, as general, held a province where Cato's son served in his army. It happened that Popilius thought proper to disband one legion; he dismissed, at the same time, Cato's son, who was serving in that legion. When, however, through love of a military life, he remained in the army, his father wrote to Popilius that if he suffered him to continue in the service, he should for a second time bind him by the military oath; because the obligation of the former having been annulled, he could not lawfully fight with the enemy.

So very strict was their observance of

laws in making war. There is extant a letter of old Cato to his son on this occasion, in which he writes that he heard he had got his discharge from the consul while he was serving as a soldier in Macedonia, during the war with Perseus. He, therefore, enjoins him to take care not to enter upon action; for he declares that it is not lawful for a man who is not a soldier to fight with an enemy.

XII. And, indeed, there is another thing that I should observe, that he who ought properly to be termed *perduellis*, that is, a stubborn foe, is called a *hostis*, and thereby the softness of the appellation lessens the horror of the thing; for by our ancestors he was called *hostis* whom we now call a stranger. This the twelve tables demonstrate: as in the words, "a day appointed for the *hostis* to plead;" and again, "a Roman's right of property, as against a *hostis*, never terminates." What can exceed the gentleness of this, to call those with whom you were at war by so soft an appellation? It is true that length of time has affixed a harsher signification to this word, which has now ceased to be applied to the stranger, and remains peculiar to him who carries arms against us.

Meanwhile, when we fight for empire, and when we seek glory in arms, all those grounds of war which I have already enumerated to be just ones, must absolutely be in force. But wars that are founded upon the glory of conquest alone, are to be carried on with less rancor; for, as we treat a fellow-citizen in a different manner as a foe than we do as an antagonist—as with the latter the struggle is for glory and power, as the former for life and reputation—thus we fought against the Celtiberians and the Cimbrians as against enemies, the question being not who should command, but who should exist; but we fought for empire against the Latines, the Sabines, the Samnites, the Carthaginians, and Pyrrhus. The Carthaginians, 'tis true, were faithless, and Hannibal was cruel, but the others were better principled. The speech of Pyrrhus about ransoming the captives is a noble one:

> In war not crafty, but in battle bold,
> No wealth I value, and I spurn at gold
> Be steel the only metal shall decree
> The fate of empire, or to you or me.
> The gen'rous conquest be by courage tried,
> And all the captives on the Roman side,
> I swear, by all the gods of open war,
> As fate their lives, their freedom I will spare.

This sentiment is a truly noble one, and worthy the descendant of the Æacidæ.

XIII. Nay, if even private persons should, induced by circumstances, make a promise to the enemy, even in this fidelity should be observed. Thus Regulus, when he was made a prisoner by the Carthaginians in the first Punic war, being sent to Rome to treat of an exchange of prisoners, he swore that he would return. The first thing he did when he came to Rome was to deliver his opinion in the Senate that the prisoners should not be restored; and after that, when he was detained by his relations and friends, he chose to deliver himself up to a cruel death rather than to falsify his word to the enemy.

But in the second Punic war, after the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal sent ten Romans to Rome under an oath that they would return to him unless they procured the prisoners to be ransomed; but the censors disfranchised, as long as they lived, all of them that were perjured, as well as him who had devised a fraudulent evasion of his oath. For when, by the leave of Hannibal, he had left the camp, he returned soon after to say that he had forgotten something; and then again leaving the camp he considered himself free from the obligations of his oath, which he was with regard to the words, but not the meaning of them; for in a promise what you thought, and not what you said, is always to be considered. But our forefathers set us a most eminent example of justice towards an enemy; for when a deserter from Pyrrhus offered to the Senate to despatch that prince by poison, the Senate and C. Fabricius delivered the traitor up to Pyrrhus. Thus they disapproved of taking off by treachery an enemy who was powerful and was carrying on against them an aggressive war.

Enough has now been said respecting the duties connected with warfare; but we must bear in mind that justice is due even to the lowest of mankind; and nothing can be lower than the condition and fortune of a slave. And yet those prescribe wisely who enjoin us to put them upon the same footing as hired laborers, obliging them to do their work, but giv-

ing them their dues. Now, as injustice may be done in two ways—by force or fraud, fraud being the property of a fox, force that of a lion—both are utterly repugnant to society, but fraud is the more detestable. But in the whole system of villainy, none is more capital than that of the men who, when they most deceive, so manage as that they may seem to be virtuous men. Thus much, then, on the subject of justice.

XIV. Let me now, as I proposed, speak of beneficence and liberality, virtues that are the most agreeable to the nature of man, but which involve many precautionary considerations. For, in the first place, we are to take care lest our kindness should hurt both those whom it is meant to assist, and others. In the next place, it ought not to exceed our abilities; and it ought to be rendered to each in proportion to his worth. This is the fundamental standard of justice to which all these things should be referred. And they who do kindnesses which prove of disservice to the person they pretend to oblige, should not be esteemed beneficent nor generous, but injurious sycophants. And they who injure one party in order to be liberal to another, are guilty of the same dishonesty as if they should appropriate to themselves what belongs to another.

Now many, and they especially who are the most ambitious after grandeur and glory, rob one party to enrich another; and account themselves generous to their friends if they enrich them by whatever means. This is so far from being consistent with, that nothing can be more contrary to, our duty. We should therefore take care to practice that kind of generosity that is serviceable to our friends, but hurtful to none. Upon this principle, when Lucius Sylla and Caius Cæsar took property from its just owners and transferred it to strangers, in so doing they ought not to be accounted generous; for nothing can be generous that is not at the same time just.

Our next part of circumspection is, that our generosity never should excel our abilities. For they who are more generous than their circumstances admit of are, first, guilty in this, that they wrong their relations; because they bestow upon strangers those means which they might, with greater justice, give or leave to those who are nearest to them. Now a generosity of this kind is generally attended with a lust to ravish and to plunder, in order to be furnished with the means to give away. For it is easy to observe, that most of them are not so much by nature generous, as they are misled by a kind of pride to do a great many things in order that they may seem to be generous; which things seem to spring not so much from good will as from ostentation. Now such a simulation is more nearly allied to duplicity than to generosity or virtue.

The third head proposed was, that in our generosity we should have no regard to merit; and, consequently, examine both the morals of the party to whom we are generous, and his disposition towards us, together with the general good of society, and how he may have already contributed to our own interest. Could all those considerations be united, it were the more desirable; but the object in whom is united the most generous and the most important of them, ought to have the greatest weight with us.

XV. But as we live not with men who are absolutely perfect and completely wise, but with men who have great merit if they possess the outlines of worth, we are, I think, from thence to infer, that man is to be neglected in whom there appears any indication of virtue; and that each should be regarded in proportion as he is adorned with the milder virtues of modesty, temperance, and that very justice of which I have so largely treated. For fortitude and greatness of spirit is commonly too violent in a man who is not completely wise and perfect; but the aforesaid virtues seem to belong more to a good man.

Having said thus much of morals; with regard to the kindness which a person expresses for us, our first duty is, to perform the most for him by whom we are most beloved. Now we are to judge of kindness, not like children, by a sort of ardor of affection, but by its stability and constancy. But if its merits are such, that we are not to court but to requite the kindness, the greater ought our care to be; for there is no duty more indispensable than that of returning a kindness. Now if, as Hesiod enjoins, we ought, if it is in our power, to repay what we have received for mere use with interest, how ought we to act when called upon by kind-

ness? Are we not to imitate those fertile fields which yield far more than they have received? For, if we readily oblige those who we are in hopes will serve us, how ought we to behave towards those who have served us already? For as generosity is of two kinds, the one conferring a favor, the other repaying it, whether we confer it or not is at our own option, provided he can do so without injury to any. Now there are distinctions to be made as to the benefits received; and it is clear that the greatest return is due in each case to the greatest obligation. Meanwhile, we are above all things to consider the spirit, the zeal, and the meaning with which a favor is conferred. For many confer numerous favors with a sort of recklessness, without any judgment or principle, upon all mankind, promiscuously, or influenced by sudden perturbation of mind, as if by a hurricane; such favors are not to be esteemed so highly as those which result from judgment, consideration, and consistency. But in conferring or requiting kindness, the chief rule of our duty ought to be, if all other circumstances are equal, to confer most upon the man who stands in the greatest need of assistance. The reverse of this is practiced by the generality, who direct their greatest services to the man from whom they hope the most, though he may stand in no need of them.

XVI. Now society and alliances amongst men would be best preserved if the greatest kindness should be manifested where there is the nearest relation. But we ought to go higher, if we are to investigate the natural principles of intercourse and community amongst men. The first is, that which is perceived in the society of the whole human race, and of this the bond is speech and reason, which by teaching, learning, communicating, debating, and judging, conciliate men together, and bind them into a kind of natural society. There is nothing in which we differ more from the nature of brutes than in this; for we very often allow them to have courage, as for instance, horses and lions; but we never admit that they possess justice, equity and goodness; because they are void of reason and speech. Now this is the kind of society that is most extensive with mankind amongst themselves, and it goes through all; for here a community of all things that nature has produced for the common use of mankind is preserved so as that they may be possessed in the manner prescribed by laws and civil statutes: of which laws themselves some are to be observed in accordance with the Greek proverb, "That all things amongst friends are to be in common." Now this community consists of things which are of that nature which, though placed by Ennius under one head, may be applied to many. "He," says the author, "who kindly shows the bewildered traveller the right road, does as it were light his lamp by his own; which affords none the less light to himself after it has lighted the other."

By this single example he sufficiently enjoins on us to perform, even to a stranger, all the service we can do without detriment to ourselves. Of which service the following are common illustrations: "That we are to debar no man from the running stream;" "That we are to suffer any who desire it to kindle fire at our fire;" "That we are to give faithful counsel to a person who is in doubt;" all which are particulars that are serviceable to the receiver without being detrimental to the bestower. We are therefore to practice them, and be constantly contributing somewhat to the common good. As the means, however, of each particular person are very confined and the numbers of the indigent are boundless, our distributive generosity ought still to be bounded by the principle of Ennius, "It nevertheless gives light to one's self," that we may still be possessed of the means to be generous to our friends.

XVII. Now the degrees of human society are many. For, to quit the foregoing unbounded kind, there is one more confined, which consists of men of the same race, nation, and language, by which people are more intimately connected among themselves. A more contracted society than that consists of men inhabiting the same city; for many things are in common among fellow-citizens, such as their forum, their temples, their porticoes, their streets, their laws, their rites, their courts of justice, their trials, not to mention their customs, and intimacies, with a great number of particular dealings and intercourses of numbers with numbers. There is a still more contracted degree of society, which is that of relatives; and this closes, in a narrow point, the un-

bounded general association of the human race.

For as it is a common natural principle among all animated beings that they have a desire to propagate their own species, the first principle of society consists in the marriage tie, the next in children, the next in a family within one roof, where everything is in common. This society gives rise to the city, and is, as it were, the nursery of the commonwealth. Next follows the connexion of brotherhood, next that of cousins, in their different degrees; and, when they are transplanted to different dwellings, as it were to so many colonies. Then follow marriages, and alliances, whence spring more numerous relationships. The descendants, by this propagation, form the origin of commonwealths; but the ties and affections of blood bind mankind by affection.

For there is something very powerful in having the monuments of our ancestors the same, in practising the same religious rites, and in having the same places of interment. But amongst all the degrees of society, none is more excellent, none more stable, than when worthy men, through a similarity of manners, are intimately connected together; for, as I have often said, even when we discern the *honestum* in another it touches us, and makes us friends to the man in whom it resides.

Now, though virtue of every kind attracts and charms us to the love of those who possess it, yet that love is strongest that is effected by justice and generosity. For nothing is more lovely, nothing is more binding than a similarity of good dispositions; because amongst those whose pursuits and pleasures are the same, every man is pleased as much with another as he is with himself, and that is effected which Pythagoras chiefly contemplates in friendship, "that many become one." A strong community is likewise effected by good offices mutually conferred and received; and, provided these be reciprocal and agreeable, those amongst whom they happen are bound together in close association.

But when you view everything with reason and reflection, of all connections none is more weighty, none is more dear, than that between every individual and his country. Our parents are dear to us; our children, our kinsmen, our friends, are dear to us; but our country comprehends alone all the endearments of us all. For which what good man would hesitate to die if he could do her service? The more execrably unnatural, therefore, are they who wound their country by every species of guilt, and who are now, and have been, employed in her utter destruction. But were a computation or comparison set up, of those objects to which our chief duty should be paid, the principal are our country and our parents, by whose services we are laid under the strongest obligations; the next are our children and entire family, who depend upon us alone, without having any other refuge; the next our agreeable kinsmen, who generally share our fortune in common. The necessary supports of life, therefore, are due chiefly to those I have already mentioned; but the mutual intercourses of life, counsels, discourses, exhortations, consultations, and even sometimes reproofs, flourish chiefly in friendships, and those friendships are the most agreeable that are cemented by a similarity of manners.

XVIII. But in performing all those duties we are carefully to consider what is most necessary to each, and what every one of them could or could not attain even without us. Thus the relative claims of relationship and of circumstances will not always be identical. Some duties are owing to some more than to others. For instance, you are sooner to help your neighbor to house his corn, than your brother or your friend; but if a cause be on trial, you are to take part with your kinsman, or your friend, rather than with your neighbor. These considerations, therefore, and the like, ought to be carefully observed in every duty; and custom and practice should be attained, that we may be able to be correct assessors of our duties, and, by adding or subtracting, to strike the balance, by which we may see the proportion to which every party is entitled.

But as neither physicians, nor generals, nor orators, however perfect they may be in the theory of their art, can ever perform anything that is highly praiseworthy, without experience and practice, so rules have indeed been laid down for the observation of duties, as I myself am doing; but the importance of the matter demands experience and practice. I have now, I think, sufficiently treated of the manner in which the *honestum*, which gives the fitness to our duties, arises from those

matters that come within the rights of human society.

It must be understood, however, at the same time, that when the four springs from which virtue and honesty arise are laid open, that which is done with a lofty spirit, and one which scorns ordinary interests, appears the most noble. Therefore the most natural of all reproaches is somewhat of the following kind :—

Young men, ye carry but the souls of women;
That woman of a man.

Or somewhat of the following kind :—

Salmacis, give me spoils without toil or danger.

On the other hand, in our praises, I know not how it is, but actions performed with magnanimity, with fortitude, and virtue, we eulogize in a loftier style. From hence Marathon, Salamis, Platæa, Thermopylæ, Leuctra, have become the field of rhetoricians; and amongst ourselves Cocles, the Decii, the two Scipios, Cneius and Publius, Marcus Marcellus, and a great many others. Indeed, the Roman people in general are distinguished above all by elevation of spirit; and their fondness for military glory is shown by the fact that we generally see their statues dressed in warlike habits.

XIX. But that magnanimity which is discovered in toils and dangers, if it be devoid of justice, and contend not for the public good but for selfish interest, is blamable; for, so far from being a mark of virtue, it is rather that of a barbarity which is repulsive to all humanity. By the Stoics, therefore, fortitude is rightly defined, when they call it "valor fighting on the side of justice." No man, therefore, who has acquired the reputation of fortitude, attained his glory by deceit and malice; for nothing that is devoid of justice can be a virtue.

It is, therefore, finely said by Plato, that not only the knowledge that is apart from justice deserves the appellation of cunning rather than wisdom, but also a mind that is ready to encounter danger, if it is animated by private interest, and not public utility, deserves the character of audaciousness rather than of fortitude. We, therefore, require that all men of courage and magnanimity should be at the same time men of virtue and of simplicity, lovers of truth and by no means deceitful; for these qualities are the main glory of justice.

But there is one painful consideration, that obstinacy, and an undue ambition for power, naturally spring up from this elevation and greatness of spirit; for, as Plato tells us, the entire character of the Lacedemonians was inflamed with the desire of conquest. Thus the man who is most distinguished by his magnanimity, is most desirous of being the leading, or rather the only potentate of all. Now, it is a difficult matter, when you desire to be superior to all others, to preserve that equability which is the characteristic of justice. Hence it is that such men will not suffer themselves to be thwarted in a debate, nor by any public and lawful authority; and in public matters they are commonly guilty of corruption and faction, in order to grasp at as great power as possible; and they choose to be superior by means of force, rather than equals by justice. But the more difficult the matter is, it is the more glorious; for there is no conjuncture which ought to be unconnected with justice.

They, therefore, who oppose, not they who commit, injustice are to be deemed brave and magnanimous. Now, genuine and well-considered magnanimity judges that the *honestum*, which is nature's chief aim, consists in realities and not in mere glory, and rather chooses to be than to seem pre-eminent: for the man who is swayed by the prejudice of an ignorant rabble is not to be reckoned among the great; but the man of a spirit the most elevated, through the desire of glory, is the most easily impelled into acts of injustice. This is, indeed, a slippery situation; for scarcely can there be found a man who, after enduring trials and encountering dangers, does not pant for popularity as the reward of his exploits.

XX. A spirit altogether brave and elevated is chiefly discernible by two characters. The first consists in a low estimate of mere outward circumstances, since it is convinced that a man ought to admire, desire, or court nothing but what is virtuous and becoming; and that he ought to succumb to no man, nor to any perturbation either of spirit or fortune. The other thing is, that possessed of such a spirit as I have just mentioned, you should perform actions which are great and of the greatest utility, but extremely arduous,

full of difficulties and danger both to life and the many things which pertain to life.

In the latter of those two characters consist all the glory, the majesty, and, I add, the utility; but the causes and the efficient means that form great men is in the former, which contains the principles that elevate the soul, and gives it a contempt for temporary considerations. Now, this very excellence consists in two particulars: you are to deem that only to be good that is virtuous; and that you be free from all mental irregularity. For we are to look upon it as the character of a noble and elevated soul, to slight all those considerations that the generality of mankind account great and glorious and to despise them upon firm and durable principles; while strength of mind, and greatness of resolution, are discerned in bearing those calamities, which in the course of man's life are many and various, so as not to be driven from your natural disposition, nor from the dignity of a wise man: for it is not consistent, that he who is not subdued by fear should be subjugated by passion; nor that he who has shown himself invincible by toil, should be conquered by pleasure. Wherefore, we ought to watch, and avoid the love of money; for nothing so truly characterizes a narrow, grovelling disposition as to love riches; and nothing is more noble and more exalted than to despise riches if you have them not, and if you have them, to employ them in beneficence and liberality.

An inordinate passion for glory, as I have already observed, is likewise to be guarded against; for it deprives us of liberty, the only prize for which men of elevated sentiments ought to contend. Power is so far from being desirable in itself, that it sometimes ought to be refused, and sometimes to be resigned. We should likewise be free from all disorders of the mind, from all violent passion, and fear, as well as languor, voluptuousness, and anger, that we may possess that tranquillity and security which confer alike consistency and dignity. Now, many there are, and have been, who, courting that tranquillity which I have mentioned here, have withdrawn themselves from public affairs and taken refuge in retirement. Amongst these, some of the noblest and most leading of our philosophers; and some persons, of strict and grave dispositions, were unable to bear with the manners either of the people or their rulers; and some have lived in the country, amusing themselves with the management of their private affairs. Their aim was the same as that of the powerful, that they might enjoy their liberty, without wanting anything or obeying any person; for the essence of liberty is to live just as you please.

XXI. Therefore, as the object of those who are ambitious for power, and of those who court retirement, and whom I have just now described, is the same, the former imagine they can attain it if they are possessed of great resources, and the latter, if they can be contented with their own, and with little. In this matter the sentiments of neither are to be absolutely rejected. But a life of retirement is more easy, more safe, less tiresome, and less troublesome than any other; while the life of those who apply themselves to the affairs of government, and to the management of a state, is more beneficial to mankind, and more conducive to glory and renown.

Allowances, therefore, are to be made for those who having no management in public matters, with an excellent genius, give themselves up to learning; and to those who being hindered by feebleness of health, or for some very weighty reason, retire from affairs of government; and leave to others the power and the honor of the administration; but when men, who have no such excuses, say that they despise that power and those offices which most admire, such men are so far from deserving praise that they incur censure. It is difficult to condemn their judgment in despising and undervaluing popularity; but then they seem to dread the toils and troubles of affronts and repulses as involving ignominy and infamy. For some there are who, in opposite matters, are very inconsistent with themselves; they spurn most rigidly at pleasure, but they droop in pain; they despise glory, but sink under unpopularity; and that, too, with no little inconsistency.

But the men who inherit from nature the appliances for government ought, laying aside all excuses, to undertake the discharge of all public offices and the management of state affairs; for neither can a state be governed, nor can magnanimity display itself, by any other means. I am not, however, sure whether those who undertake the management of public affairs ought to be equally distinguished by mag-

nanimity as philosophers, if not more so, and impressed with a contempt of common affairs and to possess that tranquillity, that calm of mind, I have so much recommended; I mean, if they wish to live without anxiety, with dignity and consistency.

This may be the more easily practiced by philosophers, because in their lives there is less exposed for fortune to strike at; because their necessities are more contracted; and because, if anything adverse should happen, they cannot fall so heavily. It is not, therefore, without reason, that in the mind of those who undertake the management of public affairs, more violent passions are excited, and mightier matters are to be attempted, than by those who are retired; they, therefore, ought to possess greater elevation of spirit, and freedom from disquiets. But, whoever enters upon public life ought to take care that the question, how far the measure is virtuous, be not his sole consideration, but also how far he may have the means of carrying it into execution. In this he is chiefly to take care that through indolence he do not meanly despond, nor through eagerness too much presume. Thus, in all affairs, before you undertake them, a diligent preparation should be entered into.

XXII. But, since most persons are of opinion that the achievements of war are more glorious than civil affairs, this judgment needs to be restricted: for many, as generally is the case with high minds and enterprising spirits, especially if they are adapted to military life and are fond of warlike achievements, have often sought opportunities of war from their fondness for glory; but if we are willing to judge truly, many are the civil employments of greater importance, and of more renown, than the military.

For though Themistocles is justly praised—his name is now more illustrious than that of Solon, and his glorious victory at Salamis is mentioned preferably to the policy of Solon, by which he first confirmed the power of the Areopagus—the one should not be considered more illustrious than the other; for the one availed his country only for once—the other is lastingly advantageous; because, by it the laws of the Athenians, and the institutions of their ancestors, are preserved. Now, Themistocles could not have stated any respect in which he benefited the Areopagus, but the former might with truth declare that Themistocles had been advantaged by him; for the war was carried on by the counsels of that senate which was constituted by Solon.

We may make the same observation with regard to Pausanias and Lysander amongst the Lacedemonians; for all the addition of empire which their conquests are supposed to have brought to their country is not to be compared to the laws and economy of Lycurgus; for indeed, owing to these very causes they had armies more subordinate and courageous. In my eyes, Marcus Scaurus (who flourished when I was but a boy) was not inferior to Caius Marius; nor, after I came to have a concern in the government, Quintus Catulus to Cneius Pompey. An army abroad is but of small service, unless there be a wise administration at home. Nor did that good man and great general, Africanus, perform a more important service to his country when he razed Numantia than did that private citizen, P. Nasica, when at the same period he killed Tiberius Gracchus. An action which it is true was not merely of a civil nature; for it approaches to a military character, as being the result of force and courage; but it was an action performed without an army, and from political considerations.

That state described by the following line is best for a country, for which I understand that I am abused by the wicked and malicious:

Arms to the gown, and laurels yield to lore.

For, not to mention other persons, when I was at the helm of government did not "arms yield to the gown?" For never did our country know a time of more threatening danger or more profound tranquillity; so quickly, through my counsel and my diligence, did the arms of our most profligate fellow citizens drop of themselves out of their hands. What so great exploit as this was ever performed in war, or what triumph can be compared with it?

The inheritance of my glory and the imitation of my actions are to descend to you, my son Marcus, therefore it is allowable for me to boast in writing to you. It is, however, certain that Pompey, who was possessed of much military glory,

paid this tribute to me, in the hearing of many, that in vain would he have returned to his third triumph, had not my public services preserved the place in which he was to celebrate it. The examples of civil courage are therefore no less meritorious than those of military; and they require a greater share of zeal and labor than the latter.

NORMAN ABBEY.*

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,—
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder stroke,
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art;
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
With her son in her blessed arms look'd round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colorings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings

*This is a description of Byron's ancestral home, Newstead Abbey.

The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall:

Others, that some original shape, or form
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this gray ruin, with a voice to charm
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower;
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact: I've heard it,—once, perhaps, too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined,
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts;
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

Steel barons, molten the next generation
To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation:
And lady Marys blooming into girls,
With fair long locks, had also kept their station:
And countesses mature in robes and pearls;
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.

Judges in very formidable ermine
Were there, with brows that did not much invite
The accused to think their lordships would determine
His cause by leaning much from might to right:
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;
Attorneys-general, awful to the sight,
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas Corpus."

Generals, some all in armor, of the old
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead;
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed;
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold:
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed;
And here and there some stern high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's:[1]
Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—
But, lo! a Teniers wooes, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish[2]
Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho! a flask of Rhenish.

BYRON'S *Don Juan.*

FIRDAUSÍ'S INVOCATION.

(*Written when friendly with Máhmúd.*)

[**Firdausi,** the greatest of the Persian poets, was born at Tus (the modern Mashad), in Khurasan, about the year A. D. 940, and died about 1021. His name and fame will forever be coupled with the *Sháh Námeh*, or Book of the Kings of Persia, composed in verse and giving a national history of Persia from the earliest King, Kaiúmers, to the death of Yezdjird in A. D. 650.

The story of the Sháh Námeh is briefly this: It appears that King Yezdjird had collected all the chronicles, histories, and traditions connected with Persia and her sovereigns, and had put them together, and these formed the book known by the name of *Syur-al-Múluk*, or the *Bastan-Námeh*. In the tenth century a Persian history was ordered to be prepared by the Samanian King Mansûr, and Almori wrote it in prose, while Qakiki began the same in verse, but was assassinated by a slave after he had written only two thousand verses.

Nothing further was done in the matter till the reign of Sultan Máhmúd of Ghazire, who first entrusted the work to the poet Unsari, and finally to Firdausí to do the whole in verse. Firdausí worked at it for many years, and being discontented with the sum (silver for gold pieces) paid to him by Máhmúd on its completion, finished the work with a satire on the Sultan's meanness, the bitterness of which was such that the poet was obliged to fly for his life. The work, then, which had opened with verses in praise and adulation to Sultan Máhmúd to the extent of flattery, ended in satire. Firdausi's "Invocation," on commencing his work, we give below, and following it his "Satire on Máhmúd" written after his refusal to reward the poet as he had agreed to do. But begin or end as it may, Sháh Námeh will ever remain as one of the great masterpieces of human genius.

Thee I invoke, the Lord of Life and Light!
Beyond imagination pure and bright!
To thee, sufficing praise no tongue can give,
We are thy creatures, and in thee we live!
Thou art the summit, depth, the all in all,
Creator, Guardian of this earthly ball;
Whatever is, thou art—Protector, King,
From thee all goodness, truth, and mercy spring.
O pardon the misdeeds of him who now
Bends in thy presence with a suppliant brow.
Teach him to tread the path thy Prophet trod;
To wash his heart from sin, to know his God;
And gently lead him to that home of rest,
Where filled with holiest rapture dwell the blest.

Saith not that book divine, from Heaven supplied,
"Mustafa is the true, the unerring guide,
The purest, greatest Prophet!" Next him came
Wise Abú Buker, of unblemished name;
Then Omer taught the faith, unknown to guile,
And made the world with vernal freshness smile;
Then Othmán brave th' imperial priesthood graced;
All, led by him, the Prophet's faith embraced.
The fourth was Alí; he, the spouse adored
Of Fatima, then spread the saving word.
Alí, of whom Mahommed spoke elate,
"I am the city of knowledge—he my gate."
Alí the blest. Whoever shall recline
A supplicant at his all-powerful shrine,
Enjoys both this life and the next; in this,
All earthly good, in that, eternal bliss!

From records true my legends I rehearse,
And string the pearls of wisdom in my verse,
That in the glimmering days of life's decline,
Its fruits, in wealth and honor, may be mine.
My verse, a structure pointing to the skies;
Whose solid strength destroying time defies.

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[1] Salvator Rosa.

[2] If I err not, "your Dane" is one of Iago's catalogue of nations "exquisite in their drinking."

All praise the noble work, save only those
Of impious life, or base malignant foes;
All blest with learning read, and read again,
The sovereign smiles, and thus approves my strain:
"Richer by far, Firdausí, than a mine
Of precious gems, is this bright lay of thine."
Centuries may pass away, but still my page
Will be the boast of each succeeding age.

Praise, praise to Máhmúd, who of like renown,
In battle or the banquet, fills the throne;
Lord of the realms of Chín and Hindústan,
Sovereign and Lord of Persia and Túrán,
With his loud voice he rends the flintiest ear;
On land a tiger fierce, untouched by fear,
And on the wave, he seems the crocodile
That prowls amidst the waters of the Nile.
Generous and brave, his equal is unknown;
In deeds of princely worth he stands alone.
The infant in the cradle lisps his name;
The world exults in Máhmúd's spotless fame.
In festive hours Heaven smiles upon his truth;
In combat deadly as the dragon's tooth;
Bounteous in all things, his exhaustless hand
Diffuses blessings through the grateful land;
And, of the noblest thoughts and actions, lord;
The soul of Gabriel breathes in every word.
May Heaven with added glory crown his days;
Praise, praise to mighty Máhmúd—everlasting praise!

SATIRE ON MÁHMÚD.

(*Written after his refusal to pay the poet, as he had agreed.*)

Know, tyrant as thou art, this earthly state
Is not eternal, but of transient date;
Fear God, then, and afflict not human-kind;
To merit Heaven, be thou to Heaven resigned.
Afflict not even the Ant; though weak and small,
It breathes and lives, and life is sweet to all.
Knowing my temper, firm, and stern, and bold,
Did'st thou not, tyrant, tremble to behold
My sword blood-dropping? Had'st thou not the sense
To shrink from giving man like me offence?
What could impel thee to an act so base?
What, but to earn and prove thy own disgrace?
Why was I sentenced to be trod upon,
And crushed to death by elephants? By one
Whose power I scorn! Could'st thou presume that I
Would be appalled by thee, whom I defy?
I am the lion, I, inured to blood,
And make the impious and the base my food;
And I could grind thy limbs, and spread them far
As Nile's dark waters their rich treasures bear.
Fear thee! I fear not man, but God alone,
I only bow to His Almighty throne.
Inspired by Him my ready numbers flow;
Guarded by Him I dread no earthly foe.
Thus in the pride of song I pass my days,
Offering to Heaven my gratitude and praise.

From every trace of sense and feeling free,
When thou art dead, what will become of thee?
If thou shouldst tear me limb from limb, and cast
My dust and ashes to the angry blast,
Firdausí still would live, since on thy name,
Máhmúd, I did not rest my hopes of fame
In the bright page of my heroic song,
But on the God of Heaven, to whom belong
Boundless thanksgivings, and on Him whose love
Supports the Faithful in the realms above,
The mighty Prophet! none who e'er reposed
On Him, existence without hope has closed.

And thou would'st hurl me underneath the tread
Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!
Dead! by that insult roused, I should become
An elephant in power, and seal thy doom—
Máhmúd! if fear of man hath never awed
Thy heart, at least fear thy Creator, God.
Full many a warrior of illustrious worth,
Full many of humble, of imperial birth:
Túr, Selím, Jemshíd, Minúchihr the brave,
Have died; for nothing had the power to save
These mighty monarchs from the common doom;
They died, but blest in memory still they bloom.
Thus kings too perish—none on earth remain,
Since all things human seek the dust again.

O, had thy father graced a kingly throne,
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,

A different fate the poet then had shared,
Honors and wealth had been his just reward;
But how remote from thee a glorious line!
No high, ennobling ancestry is thine;
From a vile stock thy bold career began,
A Blacksmith was thy sire of Isfahán.
Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?
Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?
Can water wash the Ethiopian white?
Can we remove the darkness from the night?
The tree to which a bitter fruit is given,
Would still be bitter in the bowers of Heaven;
And a bad heart keeps on its vicious course;
Or if it changes,—changes for the worse;
Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flowrets blow,
Acquire more honied sweetness as they flow.
The reckless king who grinds the poor like thee,
Must ever be consigned to infamy!

Now mark Firdausí's strain, his Book of Kings
Will ever soar upon triumphant wings.
All who have listened to its various lore
Rejoice, the wise grow wiser than before;
Heroes of other times, of ancient days,
Forever flourish in my sounding lays;
Have I not sung of Káús, Tús, and Gíw;
Of matchless Rustem, faithful, still, and true.
Of the great Demon-binder, who could throw
His kamund to the Heavens, and seize his foe!
Of Húsheng, Feridún, and Sám Suwár,
Lohurásp, Kai-khosráu, and Isfendiyár;
Gushtásp, Arjásp, and him of mighty name,
Gúdarz, with eighty sons of martial fame!

The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written midst toil and trouble, but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

FIRDAUSI.

THE STORY OF SOHRÁB.

The following is the translation of the commencement of the story of Sohráb. It forms perhaps one of the most beautiful and interesting episodes in the *Sháh Náméh*. Had the poet been able to depict the nicer varieties of emotion and passion, the more refined workings of the mind under the influence of disappointment, love, and despair, the poem would have been still more deserving of praise. But, as Dr. Johnson observes of Milton, "he knew human nature only in the gross, and had never studied the shades of character, nor the combinations of concurring, or the perplexity of contending passions;" yet is there much to admire.

O ye, who dwell in Youth's inviting bowers,
Waste not, in useless joy, your fleeting hours,
But rather let the tears of sorrow roll,
And sad reflection fill the conscious soul.
For many a jocund spring has passed away,
And many a flower has blossomed, to decay;
And human life, still hastening to a close,
Finds in the worthless dust its last repose.
Still the vain world abounds in strife and hate,
And sire and son provoke each other's fate;
And kindred blood by kindred hands is shed,
And vengeance sleeps not—dies not, with the dead.
All nature fades—the garden's treasures fall,
Young bud, and citron ripe—all perish, all.
And now a tale of sorrow must be told,
A tale of tears, derived from Múbid old,
And thus remembered.—
With the dawn of day,
Rustem arose, and wandering took his way,
Armed for the chase, where sloping to the sky,
Túrán's lone wilds in sullen grandeur lie;
There, to dispel his melancholy mood,
He urged his matchless steed through glen and wood.
Flushed with the noble game which met his view,
He starts the wild-ass o'er the glistening dew;
And, oft exulting, sees his quivering dart,
Plunge through the glossy skin, and pierce the heart.—
Tired of the sport, at length, he sought the shade,
Which near a stream embowering trees displayed.
And with his arrow's point, a fire he raised,
And thorns and grass before him quickly blazed.
The severed parts upon a bough he cast,
To catch the flames; and when the rich repast
Was drest; with flesh and marrow, savory food,
He quelled his hunger; and the sparkling flood

That murmured at his feet, his thirst represt;
Then gentle sleep composed his limbs to rest.
Meanwhile his horse, for speed and form renown'd,
Ranged o'er the plain with flowery herbage crown'd,
Encumbering arms no more his sides oppress,
No folding mail confined his ample chest,[1]
Gallant and free, he left the Champion's side,
And cropp'd the mead, or sought the cooling tide;
When lo! it chanced amid that woodland chase,
A band of horsemen, rambling near the place,
Saw, with surprise, superior game astray,
And rushed at once to seize the noble prey;
But, in the imminent struggle, two beneath
His steel-clad hoofs received the stroke of death;
One proved a sterner fate—for downward borne,
The mangled head was from the shoulders torn.
Still undismayed, again they nimbly sprung,
And round his neck the noose entangling flung:
Now, all in vain, he spurns the smoking ground,
In vain the tumult echoes all around;
They bear him off, and view, with ardent eyes,
His matchless beauty and majestic size;
Then soothe his fury, anxious to obtain,
A bounding steed of his immortal strain.
When Rustem woke, and miss'd his favorite horse,
The loved companion of his glorious course;
Sorrowing he rose, and, hastening thence, began
To shape his dubious way to Samengán;
"Reduced to journey thus, alone!" he said,
"How pierce the gloom which thickens round my head;
Burthen'd, on foot, a dreary waste in view,
Where shall I bend my steps, what path pursue?
The scoffing Turks will cry, 'Behold our might!
We won the trophy from the Champion-knight!
From him who, reckless of his fame and pride,
Thus idly slept, and thus ignobly died.'"
Girding his loins he gathered from the field,
His quivered stores, his beamy sword and shield,
Harness and saddle-gear were o'er him slung,
Bridle and mail across his shoulders hung.[2]
Then looking round, with anxious eye, to meet,
The broad impression of his charger's feet,[3]
The track he hail'd and following onward, prest,
While grief and hope alternate filled his breast.
O'er vale and wild-wood led, he soon descries,
The regal city's shining turrets rise.
And when the Champion's near approach is known,
The usual homage waits him to the throne.
The king, on foot, received his welcome guest
With proffered friendship, and his coming blest:
But Rustem frowned, and with resentment fired,
Spoke of his wrongs, the plundered steed required.
"I've traced his footsteps to your royal town,
Here must he be, protected by your crown;
But if retained, if not from fetters freed,
My vengeance shall o'ertake the felon-deed."
"My honored guest!" the wondering king replied,—
"Shall Rustem's wants or wishes be denied?

[1] The armor called Burgustuwan almost covered the horse, and was usually made of leather and felt-cloth.

[2] In this hunting excursion he is completely armed, being supplied with spear, sword, shield, mace, bow and arrows. Like the knight-errants of after times, he seldom even slept unarmed. Single combat and the romantic enterprises of European Chivalry may indeed be traced to the East. Rustem was a most illustrious example of all that is pious, disinterested, and heroic. The adventure now describing is highly characteristic of a chivalrous age. In the Dissertation prefixed to Richardson's Dictionary, mention is made of a famous Arabian Knight-errant called Abu Mahommud Al batal, "who wandered everywhere in quest of adventures, and redressing grievances. He was killed in the year 738."

[3] See the Story of the Horse in Voltaire's *Zadig*, which is doubtless of Oriental origin. In the upper parts of Hindustan, it is said that the people are exceedingly expert in discovering robbers by tracing the marks of their horses' feet. These mounted robbers are called Kussaks. The Russian *Cossack* is probably derived from the same word.

But let not anger, headlong, fierce, and blind,
O'ercloud the virtues of a generous mind.
If still within the limits of my reign,
The well-known courser shall be thine again:
For Rakush never can remain concealed,
No more than Rustem in the battle-field!
Then cease to nourish useless rage, and share
With joyous heart my hospitable fare."
The son of Zál now felt his wrath subdued,
And glad sensations in his soul renewed.
The ready herald by the King's command,
Convened the Chiefs and Warriors of the land;[1]
And soon the banquet social glee restored,
And China wine-cups glittered on the board;
And cheerful song, and music's magic power,
And sparkling wine beguiled the festive hour.[2]
The dulcet draughts o'er Rustem's senses stole,
And melting strains absorbed his softened soul,
But when approached the period of repose,
All, prompt and mindful, from the banquet rose;
A couch was spread well worthy such a guest,
Perfumed with rose and musk; and whilst at rest,
In deep sound sleep, the wearied Champion lay,
Forgot were all the sorrows of the way.
One watch had passed, and still sweet slumber shed
Its magic power around the hero's head—
When forth Tahmíneh came—a damsel held
An amber taper, which the gloom dispelled,
And near his pillow stood; in beauty bright,
The monarch's daughter struck his wondering sight.
Clear as the moon, in glowing charms arrayed,
Her winning eyes the light of heaven displayed;
Her cypress form entranced the gazer's view,[3]
Her waving curls the heart, resistless, drew,
Her eyebrows like the archer's bended bow;
Her ringlets, snares; her cheek, the rose's glow,[4]
Mixed with the lily; from her ear-tips hung
Rings rich and glittering, star-like; and her tongue
And lips, all sugared sweetness; pearls the while
Sparkled within a mouth formed to beguile.
Her presence dimmed the stars, and breathing round
Fragrance and joy, she scarcely touched the ground,[5]
So light her step, so graceful—every part
Perfect, and suited to her spotless heart.
Rustem, surprised, the gentle maid addressed,
And asked what lovely stranger broke his rest.
"What is thy name," he said; "what dost thou seek
Amidst the gloom of night? Fair vision, speak!"
"O thou," she softly sigh'd, "of matchless fame!
With pity hear—Tahmíneh is my name!
The pangs of love my anxious heart employ,
And flattering promise long-expected joy;
No curious eye has yet these features seen,
My voice unheard, beyond the sacred screen.[6]

[1] Thus Alcinous convenes the chiefs of Phæacia in honor of Ulysses.

[2] The original gives to the singers black eyes and cheeks like roses. These women are generally known by the term Lúlian, perhaps referring to their beauty, as Lúlú signifies a pearl, a gem, a jewel; though Lúlú is also the name of a people or tribe of Persia.

Thus Hafiz:

"Oh, these wanton damsels, flatterers, and disturbers of the city."

The guests drank "grief-removing wine." The Nepenthe of Homer.—*Odyssey*, iv. 221.

[3] Theocritus in Idyllium, xviii. 30, compares Helen to the Cypress, but with us the Cypress is uniformly consecrated to sorrow, amongst the Asiatics to joy and gladness.

[4] "Ensnaring ringlets." Thus Shakespeare:

Here in her hairs,
The painter plays the Spider—and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes!
Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

[5] Beauty and fragrance are amongst the poets inseparable. The Persians exceed even the Greeks in their love of perfume, though Anacreon thought it so indispensable a part of beauty, that in directing the Rhodian Artist to paint the mistress of his heart, he wishes even her fragrance to be portrayed.

[6] As a proof of her innocence Tahmíneh declares to Rustem, "No person has ever seen me out of my private chamber, or even heard the sound of my voice." It is but just to remark, that the seclusion in which women of rank continue in Persia, and other parts of the East, is not, by them, considered intolerable, or

How often have I listened with amaze,
To thy great deeds, enamored of thy praise;
How oft from every tongue I've heard the strain,
And thought of thee, and sighed, and sighed again.
The ravenous eagle, hovering o'er his prey,
Starts at thy gleaming sword and flies away:
Thou art the slayer of the Demon brood,
And the fierce monsters of the echoing wood.
Where'er thy mace is seen shrink back the bold,
Thy javelin's flash all tremble to behold.
Enchanted with the stories of thy fame,
My fluttering heart responded to thy name;
And whilst their magic influence I felt,
In prayer for thee devotedly I knelt;
And fervent vowed, thus powerful glory charms,
No other spouse should bless my longing arms.[1]
Indulgent heaven propitious to my prayer,
Now brings thee hither to reward my care.
Túrán's dominions thou hast sought, alone,
By night, in darkness—thou, the mighty one!
O claim my hand, and grant my soul's desire;
Ask me in marriage of my royal sire;
Perhaps a boy our wedded love may crown,
Whose strength like thine may gain the world's renown.

even a hardship. Custom has not only rendered it familiar, but happy. It has nothing of the unprofitable severity of the cloister. The Zenanas are supplied with everything that can please and gratify a reasonable wish, and it is well known that the women of the East have influence and power, more flattering and solid, than the free unsecluded beauties of the Western world.

[1] Distinguished valor and achievements in war have always commanded admiration, and there are many instances in which women have, like Tahmíneh, fallen in love with a hero's glory. Josephus has recorded that the King's daughter betrayed the city of Saba, in Ethiopia, into the hands of Moses, having become enamored of him by seeing from the walls the valor and bravery which he displayed at the head of the Egyptian army. Dido was won by the celebrity of Æneas. Kotzebue has drawn Elvira enamored of the fame and glory of Pizarro. Her passion is described with great strength and feeling. When at last she discovers the savage, the merciless disposition of the conqueror, she thus addresses him: "Thinkest thou that *my* love will survive *thy* fame? No! *thy* glory is *my* idol! I *now* find thee a deception, and Elvira is lost to thee forever!"

Nay more—for Samengán will keep my word,—
Rakush to thee again shall be restored."
The damsel thus her ardent thought expressed,
And Rustem's heart beat joyous in his breast,
Hearing her passion—not a word was lost,
And Rakush safe, by him still valued most;
He called her near; with graceful step she came,
And marked with throbbing pulse his kindled flame.
And now a Múbid, from the Champion-knight,
Requests the royal sanction to the rite;[2]
O'erjoyed, the king the honored suit approves,
O'erjoyed to bless the doting child he loves,
And happier still, in showering smiles around,
To be allied to warrior so renowned.
When the delighted father, doubly blest,
Resigned his daughter to his glorious guest,
The people shared the gladness which it gave,
The union of the beauteous and the brave.
To grace their nuptial day—both old and young,
The hymeneal gratulations sung:
"May this young moon bring happiness and joy,
And every source of enmity destroy."
The marriage-bower received the happy pair,
And love and transport shower'd their blessings there.
Ere from his lofty sphere the morn had thrown
His glittering radiance, and in splendor shone,
The mindful Champion, from his sinewy arm,
His bracelet drew, the soul-ennobling charm;
And, as he held the wondrous gift with pride,
He thus address'd his love-devoted bride!
"Take this," he said, "and if, by gracious heaven,
A daughter for thy solace should be given,
Let it among her ringlets be displayed,
And joy and honor will await the maid;
But should kind fate increase the nuptial-joy,
And make thee mother of a blooming boy,

[2] The marriage ceremony was performed conformably to the laws of the country. There was nothing of,

Conjugium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam.
Virgil, *Æneid* iv. 172.

Around his arm this magic bracelet bind,
To fire with virtuous deeds his ripening mind;
The strength of Sám will nerve his manly form,
In temper mild, in valor like the storm;
His not the dastard fate to shrink, or turn
From where the lions of the battle burn;
To him the soaring eagle from the sky
Will stoop, the bravest yield to him, or fly;
Thus shall his bright career imperious claim
The well-won honors of immortal fame!"
Ardent he said, and kissed her eyes and face,
And lingering held her in a fond embrace.
When the bright sun his radiant brow displayed,
And earth in all its loveliest hues arrayed,
The Champion rose to leave his spouse's side,
The warm affections of his weeping bride.
For her, too soon the winged moments flew,
Too soon, alas! the parting hour she knew;
Clasped in his arms, with many a streaming tear,
She tried, in vain, to win his deafen'd ear;
Still tried, ah fruitless struggle! to impart,
The swelling anguish of her bursting heart.
The father now with gratulations due
Rustem approaches, and displays to view
The fiery war-horse,—welcome as the light
Of heaven, to one immersed in deepest night;
The Champion, wild with joy, fits on the rein,
And girds the saddle on his back again;
Then mounts, and leaving sire and wife behind,
Onward to Sístán rushes like the wind.
But when returned to Zábul's friendly shade,
None knew what joys the Warrior had delayed;
Still, fond remembrance, with endearing thought,
Oft to his mind the scene of rapture brought.[1]
When nine slow-circling months had roll'd away,
Sweet-smiling pleasure hailed the brightening day—
A wondrous boy Tahmíneh's tears suppress,
And lull'd the sorrows of her heart to rest;
To him, predestined to be great and brave,
The name Sohráb his tender mother gave;
And as he grew, amazed, the gathering throng,
Viewed his large limbs, his sinews firm and strong;
His infant years no soft endearment claimed:
Athletic sports his eager soul inflamed;
Broad at the chest and taper round the loins,
Where to the rising hip the body joins;
Hunter and wrestler; and so great his speed,
He could o'ertake, and hold the swiftest steed.
His noble aspect, and majestic grace,
Betrayed the offspring of a glorious race.
How, with a mother's ever anxious love,
Still to retain him near her heart she strove!
For when the father's fond inquiry came,
Cautious, she still concealed his birth and name,
And feign'd a daughter born, the evil fraught
With misery to avert—but vain the thought;
Not many years had passed, with downy flight,
Ere he, Tahmíneh's wonder and delight,
With glistening eye, and youthful ardor warm,
Filled her foreboding bosom with alarm.
"O now relieve my heart!" he said, "declare,
From whom I sprung and breathe the vital air.
Since, from my childhood I have ever been,
Amidst my play-mates of superior mien;
Should friend or foe demand my father's name,
Let not my silence testify my shame!
If still concealed, you falter, still delay,
A mother's blood shall wash the crime away."
"This wrath forego," the mother answering cried,
"And joyful hear to whom thou art allied.
A glorious line precedes thy destined birth,
The mightest heroes of the sons of earth.
The deeds of Sám remotest realms admire,
And Zál, and Rustem thy illustrious sire!"
In private, then, she Rustem's letter placed
Before his view, and brought with eager haste
Three sparkling rubies, wedges three of gold,
From Persia sent—"Behold," she said, "behold
Thy father's gifts, will these thy doubts remove,
The costly pledges of paternal love!
Behold this bracelet charm, of sovereign power
To baffle fate in danger's awful hour;
But thou must still the perilous secret keep,
Nor ask the harvest of renown to reap;
For when, by this peculiar signet known,
Thy glorious father shall demand his son,

[1] In the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, the tender parting of Jason and Hypsipyle is very similar to that of Rustem and Tahmíneh.

Doomed from her only joy in life to part,
O think what pangs will rend thy mother's heart!—
Seek not the fame which only teems with woe;
Afrásiyáb is Rustem's deadliest foe!
And if by him discovered, him I dread,
Revenge will fall upon thy guiltless head."
The youth replied: "In vain thy sighs and tears,
The secret breathes and mocks thy idle fears.
No human power can fate's decrees control,
Or check the kindled ardor of my soul.
Then why from me the bursting truth conceal?
My father's foes even now my vengeance feel;
Even now in wrath my native legions rise,
And sounds of desolation strike the skies;
Káús himself, hurled from his ivory throne,
Shall yield to Rustem the imperial crown,
And thou, my mother, still in triumph seen,
Of lovely Persia hailed the honored queen!
Then shall Túrán unite beneath my band,
And drive this proud oppressor from the land!
Father and son in virtuous league combined,
No savage despot shall enslave mankind;
When Sun and Moon o'er heaven refulgent blaze,
Shall little Stars obtrude their feeble rays?"[1]
He paused, and then: "O mother, I must now
My father seek, and see his lofty brow;
Be mine a horse, such as a prince demands,
Fit for the dusty field, a warrior's hands;
Strong as an elephant his form should be,
And chested like the stag, in motion free,
And swift as bird, or fish; it would disgrace
A warrior bold on foot to show his face."
The mother, seeing how his heart was bent,
His day-star rising in the firmament,
Commands the stables to be searched to find
Among the steeds one suited to his mind;
Pressing their backs he tries their strength and nerve,
Bent double to the ground their bellies curve;
Not one, from neighboring plain and mountain brought,
Equals the wish with which his soul is fraught;
Fruitless on every side he anxious turns,
Fruitless, his brain with wild impatience burns,
But when at length they bring the destined steed,
From Rakush bred, of lightning's winged speed,
Fleet, as the arrow from the bow-string flies,
Fleet, as the eagle darting through the skies,
Rejoiced he springs, and, with a nimble bound,
Vaults in his seat, and wheels the courser round;
"With such a horse—thus mounted, what remains?
Káús, the Persian King, no longer reigns!"
High flushed he speaks—with youthful pride elate,
Eager to crush the Monarch's glittering state;
He grasps his javelin with a hero's might,
And pants with ardor for the field of fight.
Soon o'er the realm his fame expanding spread,
And gathering thousands hasten'd to his aid.
His Grand-sire, pleased, beheld the warrior-train
Successive throng and darken all the plain;
And bounteously his treasures he supplied,
Camels, and steeds, and gold.—In martial pride,
Sohráb was seen—a Grecian helmet graced
His brow—and costliest mail his limbs embraced.
Afrásiyáb now hears with ardent joy,
The bold ambition of the warrior-boy,
Of him who, perfumed with the milky breath
Of infancy, was threatening war and death,
And bursting sudden from his mother's side,
Had launched his bark upon the perilous tide.
The insidious King sees well the tempting hour,
Favoring his arms against the Persian power,
And thence, in haste, the enterprise to share,
Twelve thousand veterans selects with care;
To Húmán and Bármán the charge consigns,
And thus his force with Samengán combines;
But treacherous first his martial chiefs he prest,
To keep the secret fast within their breast:—

[1] In Percy's Collection, there is an old song which contains a similar idea.

Ye meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
Like common people of the skies,
What are ye when the Moon doth rise?

Thus Lucretius, speaking of Epicurus.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnis
Ræstinxit, stellas exortus ut ætherius Sol.
De Rer. Nat. III. 1056.

"For this bold youth must not his father know,
Each must confront the other as his foe,—
Such is my vengeance! With unhallowed rage,
Father and Son shall dreadful battle wage!
Unknown the youth shall Rustem's force withstand,
And soon o'erwhelm the bulwark of the land.
Rustem removed, the Persian throne is ours,
An easy conquest to confederate powers;
And then, secured by some propitious snare,
Sohráb himself our galling bonds shall wear.
Or should the Son by Rustem's falchion bleed,
The father's horror at that fatal deed,
Will rend his soul, and 'midst his sacred grief,
Káús in vain will supplicate relief."
The tutored chiefs advance with speed, and bring
Imperial presents to the future king;[1]
In stately pomp the embassy proceeds;
Ten loaded camels, ten unrivalled steeds,
A golden crown, and throne, whose jewels bright
Gleam in the sun, and shed a sparkling light.
A letter too the crafty tyrant sends,
And fraudful thus the glorious aim commends.—
"If Persia's spoils invite thee to the field,
Accept the aid my conquering legions yield;
Led by two Chiefs of valor and renown,
Upon thy head to place the kingly crown."
Elate with promised fame, the youth surveys
The regal vest, the throne's irradiant blaze,
The golden crown, the steeds, the sumptuous load
Of ten strong camels, craftily bestowed;

[1] Amongst the nations of the East, nothing can be done without presents between the parties, whether the negotiation be of a political, commercial, or of a domestic nature. Homer speaks of presents, but they are only proffered conditionally, as in the *Iliad*, where Ulysses and Ajax endeavor to conciliate Achilles.

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Twelve steeds unmatched in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course,
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid.
Pope, *Iliad*, ix. 122.

But in the East, the presents *precede* the negotiation.

Salutes the Chiefs, and views on every side,
The lengthening ranks with various arms supplied.
The march begins—the brazen drums resound,[2]
His moving thousands hide the trembling ground;
For Persia's verdant land he wields the spear,
And blood and havoc mark his groaning rear.[3]
To check the Invader's horror-spreading course,
The barrier-fort opposed unequal force;
That fort whose walls, extending wide, contained
The stay of Persia, men to battle trained.
Soon as Hujír the dusky crowd descried,
He on his own presumptuous arm relied,
And left the fort; in mail with shield and spear,
Vaunting he spoke,—"What hostile force is here?
What Chieftain dares our war-like realms invade?"
"And who art thou?" Sohráb indignant said,
Rushing towards him with undaunted look—
"Hast thou, audacious! nerve and soul to brook
The crocodile in fight, that to the strife
Singly thou comest, reckless of thy life?"
To this the foe replied—"A Túrk and I
Have never yet been bound in friendly tie;
And soon thy head shall, severed by my sword,
Gladden the sight of Persia's mighty lord,
While thy torn limbs to vultures shall be given,
Or bleach beneath the parching blast of heaven."
The youthful hero laughing hears the boast,[4]
And now by each continual spears are tost,

[2] Kus is a tymbal, or large brass drum, which is beat in the palaces or camps of Eastern Princes.

[3] It appears throughout the Sháh Námeh that whenever any army was put in motion, the inhabitants and the country, whether hostile or friendly, were equally given up to plunder and devastation.

"Everything in their progress was burnt and destroyed."

[4] The circumstances in Sohráb's first encounter somewhat resemble the first engagement of young Ascanius with the boaster Numanus. Virgil, *Æneid*, ix. 592.

Mingling together; like a flood of fire
The boaster meets his adversary's ire;
The horse on which he rides, with thundering pace,
Seems like a mountain moving from its base;[1]
Sternly he seeks the stripling's loins to wound,
But the lance hurtless drops upon the ground;
Sohráb, advancing, hurls his steady spear
Full in the middle of the vain Hujír,
Who staggers in his seat. With proud disdain
The youth now flings him headlong on the plain,
And quick dismounting, on his heaving breast
Triumphant stands, his Khunjer firmly prest,
To strike the head off,—but the blow was stayed—
Trembling, for life, the craven boaster prayed.
That mercy granted eased his coward mind,
Though, dire disgrace, in captive bonds confined,
And sent to Húmán, who amazed beheld
How soon Sohráb his daring soul had quelled.
When Gúrd-afríd, a peerless warrior-dame,
Heard of the conflict, and the hero's shame,
Groans heaved her breast, and tears of anger flowed,
Her tulip cheek with deeper crimson glowed:
Speedful, in arms magnificent arrayed,
A foaming palfrey bore the martial maid:
The burnished mail her tender limbs embraced,
Beneath her helm her clustering locks she placed;
Poised in her hand an iron javelin gleamed,
And o'er the ground its sparkling lustre streamed:
Accoutred thus in manly guise, no eye
However piercing could her sex descry:
Now, like a lion, from the fort she bends,
And 'midst the foe impetuously descends:
Fearless of soul, demands with haughty tone,
The bravest chief, for warlike valor known,
To try the chance of fight. In shining arms,
Again Sohráb the glow of battle warms:
With scornful smiles, "Another deer!" he cries,
"Come to my victor-toils, another prize!"
The damsel saw his noose insidious spread,
And soon her arrows whizzed around his head;
With steady skill the twanging bow she drew,
And still her pointed darts unerring flew;
For when in forest sports she touched the string,
Never escaped even bird upon the wing;
Furious he burned, and high his buckler held,
To ward the storm, by growing force impell'd;
And tilted forward with augmented wrath,
But Gúrd-afríd aspires to cross his path;
Now o'er her back the slacken'd bow resounds;
She grasps her lance, her goaded courser bounds,
Driven on the youth with persevering might—
Unconquer'd courage still prolongs the fight;
The stripling Chief shields off the threaten'd blow,
Reins in his steed, then rushes on the foe;
With outstretch'd arm, he bending backwards hung,
And, gathering strength, his pointed javelin flung;
Firm through her girdle belt the weapon went,
And glancing down the polish'd armor rent.
Staggering, and stunned by his superior force,
She almost tumbled from her foaming horse,
Yet unsubdued, she cut the spear in two,
And from her side the quivering fragment drew,
Then gain'd her seat, and onward urged her steed,
But strong and fleet Sohráb arrests her speed:
Strikes off her helm, and sees—a woman's face,
Radiant with blushes and commanding grace!
Thus undeceived, in admiration lost,
He cries, "A woman, from the Persian host!
If Persian damsels thus in arms engage,
Who shall repel their warriors' fiercer rage?"
Then from his saddle thong his noose he drew,
And round her waist the twisted loop he threw,—
"Now seek not to escape," he sharply said,
"Such is the fate of war, unthinking maid!
And, as such beauty seldom swells our pride,
Vain thy attempt to cast my toils aside."

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[1] The simile of a moving mountain occurs in the *Iliad*. Hector, with his white plumes, is compared to a moving mountain topt with snow. Book xiii. 754. But Virgil has added considerably to this image. The Trojan hero moves towards Turnus.

Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
Quum fremit ilicibus, quantus, gaudetque nivali
Vertice se adtollens pater Appenninus ad auras.
Æneid, xii. 701.

In this extreme, but one resource remained,
Only one remedy her hope sustained,—
Expert in wiles each siren-art she knew,
And thence exposed her blooming face to view;
Raising her full black orbs, serenely bright,
In all her charms she blazed before his sight;[1]
And thus addressed Sohráb: "O warrior brave,
Hear me, and thy imperiled honor save,
These curling tresses seen by either host,
A woman conquered, whence the glorious boast?[2]
Thy startled troops will know, with inward grief,
A woman's arm resists their towering chief,
Better preserve a warrior's fair renown,
And let our struggle still remain unknown,
For who with wanton folly would expose
A helpless maid, to aggravate her woes;
The fort, the treasure, shall thy toils repay,
The chief, and garrison, thy will obey,
And thine the honors of this dreadful day."
Raptured he gazed, her smiles resistless move
The wildest transports of ungoverned love.
Her face disclosed a paradise to view,
Eyes like the fawn, and cheeks of rosy hue—
Thus vanquished, lost, unconscious of her aim,
And only struggling with his amorous flame,
He rode behind, as if compelled by fate,
And heedless saw her gain the castle-gate.
Safe with her friends, escaped from brand and spear,
Smiling she stands, as if unknown to fear.
—The father now, with tearful pleasure wild,
Clasps to his heart his fondly-foster'd child;
The crowding warriors round her eager bend,
And grateful prayers to favoring heaven ascend.
Now from the walls, she, with majestic air,
Exclaims: "Thou warrior of Túran! forbear,
Why vex thy soul, and useless strife demand!
Go, and in peace enjoy thy native land."
Stern he rejoins: "Thou beauteous tyrant; say,
Though crown'd with charms, devoted to betray,
When these proud walls, in dust and ruins laid,
Yield no defence, and thou a captive maid,
Will not repentance through thy bosom dart,
And sorrow soften that disdainful heart?"
Quick she replied: "O'er Persia's fertile fields
The savage Túrk in vain his falchion wields;
When King Káús this bold invasion hears,
And mighty Rustem clad in arms appears!
Destruction wide will glut the slippery plain,
And not one man of all thy host remain.
Alas! that bravery, high as thine, should meet
Amidst such promise, with a sure defeat,
But not a gleam of hope remains for thee,
Thy wondrous valor cannot keep thee free.
Avert the fate which o'er thy head impends,
Return, return, and save thy martial friends!"
Thus to be scorned, defrauded of his prey,
With victory in his grasp—to lose the day!
Shame and revenge alternate filled his mind;
The suburb-town to pillage he consigned,
And devastation—not a dwelling spared;
The very owl was from her covert scared;
Then thus: "Though luckless in my aim to-day,
To-morrow shall behold a sterner fray;
This fort, in ashes, scattered o'er the plain."
He ceased—and turned towards his troops again;
There, at a distance from the hostile power,
He brooding waits the slaughter-breathing hour.

FIRDAUSI.

[1] Gúrd-afríd, engaging Sohráb, is exactly the Clorinda of Tasso engaging Tancred, in the third Canto of Gerusalemme Liberata.

[2] Namque, etsi nullum memorabile nomen
Feminea in pœna est, nec habet victoria laudem.
Æneid, ii. 583.

DAY AND NIGHT.

[**Asadi**, believed to have been the teacher of Firdausí, was one of the most celebrated poets at the court of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni, lived about A. D. 920. The Sultan often begged him to undertake the work of writing the "Shahnama," or "Book of Kings," afterwards so well done by Firdausí, but Asadi always excused himself on account of his age. Curiously enough, he is said to have outlived Firdausí, and to have written the last four thousand couplets of the "Shahnama" for him. One story is that Firdausí, on his departure from Ghazni, requested Asadi to finish the work, and that Asadi composed that part of his poem between the Arabian conquest of Eastern Persia under the Khalif Omar to the end. Another story, taken from the "Atash Kada," is to the effect that when Firdausí was on his death-bed in Tus, he sent for Asadi, and said, "Master, some of the 'Shahnama' remains unfinished, and I fear that when I am gone

nobody will complete it." Asadi replied, "My son, be not grieved; if I live, I will finish it." Firdausí rejoined, "You are old, and can scarcely do so." Asadi, however, composed in two days four thousand couplets, and showed them to Firdausí, who was much pleased, and praised him greatly for the work.

It is to be inferred from the above that Asadi did assist Firdausí in his great work some time or other, but under what exact circumstances it is impossible to say. The date of this poet's death is unknown.

The following is an extract from his celebrated poem on the dispute between Day and Night, given in *Costello's* "*Rose Garden of Persia*" (London, 1845):]

"Day can but paint the skies with blue,
Night's starry hosts amaze the view;
Man measures time but by the moon,
Night shrouds what day reveals too soon.
Day is with toil and care oppressed;
Night comes, and with her gentle rest.
Day, busy still, no praise can bring;
All night the saints their anthems sing;
Her shade is cast by Gabriel's wing."

LIFE A FLEETING SHOW.[1]

All we see, above, around,
Is but built on fairy ground,
All we trust is empty shade
To deceive our reason made.
Tell me not of Paradise,
Or the beams of houris' eyes;
Who the truth of tales can tell,
Cunning priests invent so well?
He who leaves this mortal shore
Quits it to return no more.

In vast life's unbounded tide
They alone content may gain,
Who can good from ill divide,
Or in ignorance abide;
All between is restless pain.

Before Thy presence, Power Divine,
What is this idle sense of mine?
What all the learning of the schools?
What sages, priests, and pedants? Fools!

The world is Thine, from Thee it rose,
By Thee it ebbs, by Thee it flows.

[1] See page 337, Vol. VII.

Hence, worldly lore! By whom is wisdom shown?
The Eternal knows, knows all, and knows alone.

OMAR KHAYAM, *died* A. D. 1123.

LIFE IN BOHEMIA.

[**Henry Murger,** born in Paris, 1822, died in Paris, 1861. His name is inextricably bound up with the artistic land of Bohemia, of which he constituted himself the historian; the gay, joyous, careless, laughter-loving, youthful region where illusions are at high-water mark, ambitions lofty, and resources low, where dwell the elected of genius as yet unknown to fame. Though not unfamiliar to other countries, Bohemia proper only exists and is only possible in Paris, where life is blithe and bright, where the people by nature possess a light-heartedness gracefully combined with a substratum of sound common sense. Both Murger's life and his writings personify and reflect a certain aspect of French, or, more correctly speaking, Parisian, existence. Born in the lodge of a *concierge*, Murger was nursed on the knees of Malibran, who sang to him and awakened his love of music and verse. He had to work his way uphill along the thorny declivities only too familiar to those who are not aided by money or connection upon this arduous path. He did what he could—all was grist that came to his mill in the shape of work; and when the detached sketches of Bohemian life, which he had published in a daily paper, met with success, and made him an author in request, perhaps no one was more astonished than Murger himself. For some little time he continued in his self-made groove, then he tried to attain the due gravity of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* but this was not his proper sphere, and he finally returned to reproduce the old familiar figures of the Bohemian brotherhood. But though these later sketches were good, a bitter sediment seemed to have settled in Murger's inkstand; he could no longer paint these light-hearted youths and maidens with the gracious *abandon* of his early pen—an ineffable something had vanished from his grasp. Still these other books are by no means to be underrated; only the *Vie de Bohême* remains Murger's masterpiece, wherein he can be seen at his best and worst. It is a book that must not be measured with the narrow Philistine rule. There is no doubt about it, its heroes are somewhat jovial scapegraces, who, when they have money in hand, squander it recklessly; who do not know how to regulate their desires by the demands of their purse-strings; who cannot balance the debit and credit of their accounts. Their every-day existence is in itself a work of genius, a daily problem which they somehow succeed in solving by the most audacious mathematical devices. They have raised borrowing to an art, and would have extracted money from Harpagon himself. Their lodging is uncertain; sometimes

they have a garret to cover their heads, though firing and furniture are often conspicuous by their absence, and the winds of heaven have full play through the broken panes of glass. At other times they are not even so comfortably housed, but live under the starry heavens. One of their number gave his address during a whole summer as the Avenue St. Cloud, the third tree to the left on leaving the Bois de Boulogne, the fifth branch. The future was always embroidering for them a stately academical robe, though it took long to manufacture. Still, in the end, Murger tells us that his heroes became men of more or less repute; for, according to him, the true Bohemians are only those that have the right and real stuff in them. He does not count as such uncomprehended geniuses or idle dogs who adopt art as a cloak for sloth and vice. So that for all their fun and frolic his heroes work seriously.

Bohemia, as depicted by Murger, was a result of the French Revolution of 1830, when the profession of art had been elevated into a worship, whose offspring was the romantic movement. Then these young madcaps existed in flesh and blood in the Quartier Latin on the other side of the Seine. The *Vie de Bohème* has been called the students' Breviary, in which they learnt to love and to forget, to suffer and be healed; from which they extracted the secret of preserving buoyant hearts amid all privations; from which they learnt how to struggle and remain hopeful and courageous. It is a book both gay and sad. It shows the miseries of the human lot when it has to tussle with poverty; but the picture is drawn by a hand that poetised all it touched. It is a poem of merry misery told in prose. Its sombrer aspects are softened by a gentle heart and a charming style, so that an air of unreality pervades the whole: we read, laugh, enjoy, weep, but we take nothing too much *au grand sérieux*. The quintessence of youth is preserved in Murger's writings, and we judge its follies with a tender smile. In the *Vie de Bohème* Murger painted the life he was daily leading: it was written from day to day, and therefore tears, laughter, want, discouragement, success, alternate as they do in daily life. Rodolphe, the man of letters in this Bohemian brotherhood, was Murger himself, under a slight disguise. Each chapter stands alone, and is complete in itself. As a whole, it would not bear translation into English; it is too un-English in thought and feeling, too foreign to English ideas to adapt itself to our tongue. It is full of slang, too, the slang of the Parisian studio and editorial office. Yet a few specimens can be culled from it that will give in turn a notion of Murger's pathos and tenderness, his drollery and ingenuity.] HELEN ZIMMERN.

FRANCINE'S MUFF.

Among the true Bohemians of the true Bohemia, I once knew one named Jacques D——; he was a sculptor, and gave promise of showing talent some day. But misery did not give him time to fulfil these promises; he died of exhaustion in the month of March, 1844, in the Hospital St. Louis, Ward St. Victoire, bed No. 14.

I knew Jacques in the hospital, where I was myself detained by a prolonged illness. Mademoiselle Francine had been Jacques' sole and only sweetheart; he did not, however, die old, for he was scarcely twenty-three years of age. This love-story was told to me by Jacques himself, when he was No. 14 and I No. 16 of the Ward St. Victoire—an ugly spot in which to die.

Jacques and Francine had met in a house in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, where they had both taken lodgings in the same April quarter. The artist and the young girl were a whole week before they entered into those neighborly relations into which dwellers on the same floor are almost always forced; yet, without having ever exchanged a word, they already knew one another. Francine knew that her neighbor was a poor devil of an artist, and Jacques had heard that his neighbor was a little dressmaker, who had left her family to escape the unkind treatment of her stepmother. She performed miracles of economy to make both ends meet, as it is called; and as she had never known any pleasures, she did not covet them. This is how it came about that they broke through the restraint of the partition-wall. One evening in the month of April Jacques returned home worn out with fatigue, having fasted since the morning, and intensely sad with that vague sadness which has no exact cause, which comes over us anywhere, at any time—a sort of apoplexy of the heart, to which those unfortunate beings who live alone are particularly subject. Jacques, feeling stifled in his narrow cell, opened the window to breathe a little. The evening was fine, and the setting sun was displaying its melancholy enchantments on the hills of Montmartre. Jacques remained pensively at his casement, listening to the winged choir of springtime harmonies singing in the quiet of eve, and that increased his sadness. Seeing a croaking raven fly before him, he thought of the time when ravens brought bread to Elijah; and he said to himself that ravens are not so charitable now. Then, able to endure this no longer, he closed the window, drew the curtain, and, since he had no money to buy oil for his lamp, he lighted a candle of resin that he had brought back with

him from an excursion to the Grande Chartreuse. Growing sadder and sadder, he filled his pipe.

"Fortunately I have still tobacco enough to hide the pistol," he muttered, and began to smoke.

My friend Jacques must have been very sad that evening to think of hiding the pistol. It was his last resource in extreme cases, and it was generally successful. This is how it was done: Jacques smoked tobacco on which he had poured a few drops of laudanum, and he smoked until the cloud of smoke from his pipe had become so thick as to hide from him all the objects in the little room, and especially a pistol that hung on the wall. It needed some ten pipes to do this. When the pistol had become quite invisible, it almost always happened that the smoke and the laudanum combined sent Jacques to sleep; and it happened just as often that his sadness left him on the threshold of his dreams.

But this evening he had used up his tobacco, the pistol was completely hidden, and still Jacques was grievously sad. This evening Mademoiselle Francine, on the contrary, was particularly cheerful on returning home; and there was no cause for her cheerfulness any more than for Jacques' sadness. Hers was the sort of gayety that drops from heaven, and that God puts into good hearts. Thus Mademoiselle Francine was in a joyous humor, and she sang as she mounted the staircase. But just as she was about to open her door, a gust of wind from the open landing-window suddenly extinguished her light.

"Dear me, how tiresome!" exclaimed the young girl. "Now I shall have to go down and up six flights of stairs again."

Then, perceiving a light beneath Jacques' door, an impulse of laziness, combined with a feeling of curiosity, suggested to her to go and beg a light of the artist. "It is a service that neighbors render one another daily," thought she, "and cannot be misconstrued." She therefore gave two little taps at Jacques' door, which he opened, a little surprised at this late visit. But hardly had she made a step into the room, when the smoke with which it was filled suffocated her; and, without being able to speak a word, she fell fainting into a chair, and let her candle and key fall to the ground. It was midnight, and every one in the house was fast asleep. Jacques did not think it advisable to call for help, for he feared to bring his neighbor into an uncomfortable situation. He therefore merely opened the window to let in a little fresh air; and when he had thrown a few drops of water into the young girl's face, he saw her open her eyes and gradually come to herself.

When, at the end of five minutes, she had entirely recovered consciousness, Francine explained her motive for having come to the artist, and apologized much for what had happened.

"Now I am well again," added she, "I can return to my own room."

And he had already opened the door before she perceived that she had forgotten to light her candle, and had not the key of her room.

"Silly that I am," said she, applying her candle to the resin-taper. "I came in here to fetch a light, and I was going away without it."

But at that very moment the draught in the room, caused by the open door and window, suddenly put out the light, and the two young people were in the dark.

"One might think it was done on purpose," said Francine. "Forgive me, sir, for all the trouble I am giving you; and be so good as to strike a light, so that I may find my key."

"Certainly, mademoiselle," answered Jacques, as he felt about for his matches.

He very soon found them; but a strange idea crossed his mind. He slipped the matches into his pocket, exclaiming,

"Alas, mademoiselle, here is a new difficulty. I have not a single match by me; I used the last when I came in."

"This is an audaciously well-planned artifice," thought he to himself.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Francine. "I could easily get back to my room without a light; the room is not so large that I could lose my way in it. But I must have my key. I beg of you, sir, help me to look for it; it must be on the floor."

"Let us look, mademoiselle," said Jacques.

And there were they both in the dark hunting for the object of their search; but, as though they were both guided by the same instinct, it happened that during this search their hands, which were feeling about in the same place, met each other ten times a minute. And as they were

both equally clumsy, they did not find the key.

"The moon, which is now hidden by the clouds, shines full on my room," said Jacques. "Let us wait a little: presently it may illuminate our search."

And so, while they awaited the rising of the moon, they began to chat. A chat in the midst of darkness, in a narrow chamber, on a spring night; a chat, which, at first frivolous and insignificant, gradually touches on the chapter of confidences—well, you know to what that leads. Sentences after a while become confused, full of reticence; the voice low; words alternate with sighs; hands meet and complete the thought which mounts from the heart to the lips, and—Seek the conclusion in your own memory, O young couples! Recall it, young man; recall it, young woman, who walk to-day hand-in-hand, and who had never seen each other two days ago.

At last the moon unveiled, and its clear light poured into the room. Mademoiselle Francine started from her musings with a little cry.

"What ails you?" asked Jacques, putting his arm round her waist.

"Nothing," murmured Francine. "I thought I heard some one knock." And, without Jacques observing it, she kicked under a piece of furniture the key she had just perceived.

She did not want to find it.

. . . . . .

I have promised you a muff; and I will give it you presently, as my friend Jacques did to his poor friend Francine, who had become his mistress, as I explained to you in the blank lines above. She was fair, was Francine—fair and lively, which is not usual. She met with Jacques, and she loved him. Their union lasted six months. They had met in the spring; they parted in the autumn. Francine was consumptive; she knew it, and her friend knew it too. A fortnight after he became intimate with the young girl he had heard it from one of his friends, who was a doctor. "She will leave you when the leaves are yellow," he had said.

Francine had heard this verdict, and perceived the despair that it caused her friend.

"What matter the yellow leaves?" she said to him, throwing all her love into a smile. "What matters the autumn? We are in summer now, and the leaves are green; let us make use of it, my friend. When you see me ready to leave this life, you will take me in your arms and kiss me, and you will forbid me to go. I am obedient, you know, and I shall stay."

And thus this charming creature encountered, during five months, the troubles of Bohemian life, with a song and a smile on her lips. As for Jacques, he let himself be blinded. His friend often said to him, "Francine is getting worse; she needs care." Then Jacques ran about all over Paris, trying to obtain the needful means for carrying out the doctor's directions; but Francine would not have him speak of it, and threw the medicines out of the window. In the night, when her cough seized her, she would leave the room and go out on to the landing, so that Jacques might not hear her.

One day, when they had both gone to the country, Jacques perceived a tree whose foliage was turning yellow. He looked sadly at Francine, who walked slowly and somewhat musingly.

Francine saw Jacques turn pale, and she guessed the cause of his pallor.

"Go along with you, you are foolish!" said she, kissing him. "We are only in July; there are three months still to October; and by loving each other night and day, as we do, we shall double the time we have to spend together. And besides, if I should feel worse when the leaves turn yellow, we will go and live together in a pine-wood: there the leaves are always green."

. . . . . .

In the month of October Francine was obliged to keep her bed. Jacques' friend attended her. The little chamber in which they lodged was situated at the very top of the house, and looked out into a yard, whence uprose a tree which daily lost more and more leaves. Jacques had put a curtain before the window to hide this tree from the invalid; but Francine insisted on his drawing back the curtain.

"O my friend," said she to Jacques, "I will give you a hundred times as many kisses as it has leaves." And she would add, "Besides, I am a great deal better. I shall soon go out; but as it will be cold, and I do not want to have red hands, you shall buy me a muff."

During her whole illness this muff was her only dream.

On All-Saints-eve, seeing Jacques more distressed than usual, she wanted to cheer him; and to show him that she was better, she got up. The doctor arrived at that moment, and forced her to go back to bed.

"Jacques," he whispered to the artist, "be brave. All is over; Francine is dying."

Jacques burst into tears.

"You may give her anything she asks for now," added the doctor; "there is no more hope."

Francine heard with her eyes what the doctor had said to her lover.

"Do not listen to him!" exclaimed she, stretching out her arms to Jacques; "do not listen to him, he lies! We will go out together to-morrow; it is All-Saints-day. It will be cold; go and buy me a muff, I beg of you, for I am afraid of getting chilblains this winter."

Jacques was going out with his friend, but Francine detained the doctor.

"Go and get my muff," said she to Jacques; "get the best, so that it may last a long time." But when she was alone with the doctor, she said, "O sir, I am going to die, and I know it! But before you go, find me something that will give me strength for one night. I beg of you, make me beautiful for one more night; and after that let me die, since the Lord does not wish me to live any longer."

As the doctor was consoling her to the best of his power, a north-easterly blast blew into the room, and threw upon the sick-bed a yellow leaf, torn from the tree in the little yard. Francine drew back the curtain, and saw that the tree was now quite bare.

"It is the last," she said, as she placed the leaf under her pillow.

"You will not die till to-morrow," said the doctor; "you have one night more."

"O, what happiness!" cried the young girl. "A winter's night! It shall be long."

Jacques came back: he brought a muff.

"It is very pretty," said Francine; "I shall wear it for going out."

Next day, All-Saints-day, while the Angelus bell was ringing, her last agony seized her, and her whole body began to tremble.

"My hands are cold," she murmured; "give me my muff." And she plunged her poor hands into the fur.

"It is over," said the doctor; "go and kiss her."

Jacques pressed his lips on those of his love.

At the last moment they wanted to remove the muff, but she clutched it in her hands.

"No, no," she said; "leave it me; it is winter, and so cold. Ah, my poor Jacques! ah, my poor Jacques! what will become of you? O my God!"

And the next day Jacques was alone.

. . . . . .

After some silent prayers the procession moved towards the cemetery. When it had come to the appointed grave the Bohemian brotherhood, with bared heads, grouped themselves around it. Jacques stood at the brink; his friend, the doctor, supported his arm. In the midst of his sobs the doctor heard this cry of egotism escape from his lips,

"O my youth! it is you that they bury."

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Marcel had been working for the last five or six years at that famous picture, which he stated was to represent the Passage of the Red Sea; and for the last five or six years this masterpiece of color had been obstinately rejected by the jury. Indeed, what with going backwards and forwards between the artist's studio and the museum, the museum and the artist's studio, the picture knew its way so well that, had it been put on castors, it could easily have made its way alone to the Louvre. Marcel, who had ten times altered and retouched this canvas from top to bottom, attributed to personal enmity on the part of the members of the jury the ostracism which annually turned it away from the Salon Carré; and in abandoned moments he had composed, in honor of the Cerberus of the Academy, a little dictionary of abusive terms, adorned with ferociously bitter illustrations.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by the cruel rebuffs which greeted him at every exhibition. He rested comfortably in the opinion that his picture was, in smaller dimensions, the proper pendant to the "Marriage at Cana," that gigantic masterpiece whose eminent beauty even the dust of three centuries has not

effaced. Therefore every year, at the time of the Salon, he sent his picture to be examined by the jury. Only to lead the committee astray, and to make them fail in the determination they seemed to have of rejecting the "Passage of the Red Sea," he, without altering anything in the general composition, would modify some detail and change the title of the picture.

Thus it once appeared before the jury under the title of "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, badly disguised by Cæsar's cloak, was recognized and rejected with all the honor due to him.

Next year Marcel spread over the foreground of his canvas a stratum of white to represent snow, planted a fir-tree in a corner, and dressing up an Egyptian as a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture "Passage of the Beresina." The jury, who had that day scrubbed their spectacles on the palm-leaf-embroidered cuffs of their academicians' robes, were not taken in by this new artifice. They perfectly recognized the obstinate canvas, especially by help of a great devil of a particolored horse, who was rearing at sight of one of the Red-Sea waves. This horse's coat served for all Marcel's experiments in color; and in familiar conversation he spoke of it as a synoptical table of low tones, because it reproduced, with all their play of light and shade, all the most varied combinations of color. Yet once again, regardless of this fact, the jury could not find black balls enough to refuse the "Passage of the Beresina."

"How can they refuse it without all the vermilion of my Red Sea mounting into their faces, and covering them with shame?" muttered Marcel, as he contemplated his picture. "When one remembers that there is a hundred crowns' worth of color in it, and a million of genius, to say nothing of all my fair youth, which has become as bald as my felt hat. A serious work like this, which opens out a new horizon to military science! But they have not had the last of it: to my last breath, I will send them my picture. I wish it to be graven in their memory.

"Ah, they are determined not to have me!" said Marcel. "Ah, the Government pays them, lodges them, and gives them their cross only for the sole object of refusing once a year, on the 1st of March, my canvas a yard in height on a stretcher. I see their idea plainly, I see it quite plainly—they want me to destroy my brushes. Perhaps they hope that by refusing my 'Red Sea' they will make me throw myself into it out of despair. But they quite misunderstand my human heart, if they expect me to yield to so gross an artifice. I will not even await the time of the opening of the Salon. From this day forth, my work shall be the Damocles picture suspended over their existence. Henceforth I mean once a week to send it to each of them, to their own homes, to the bosom of their families, to the very heart of private life. It shall disturb their domestic joys, it shall make them think their wine sour, their meat burnt, and their wives unkind. They will very soon become mad, and they will have to wear strait-waistcoats when they are to go to the Academy on committee-days. This idea smiles on me."

A few days later, when Marcel had already forgotten his terrible designs of vengeance against his persecutors, he received a visit from Father Médicis. This was the name given among the brotherhood to a Jew called Solomon, who at that time was well known by the whole of artistic and literary Bohemia, since he was in constant relations with them. Father Médicis traded in all sorts of *bric-à-brac*. He sold complete sets of furniture at prices varying from 12 francs to 1000 crowns. He bought everything, and knew how to sell it again at a profit. His business was concerned with everything, absolutely everything that exists. Médicis even dealt in the ideal. Médicis purchased ideas to make use of himself, or to sell again. Known by all the literary men and artists, intimate with the palette and familiar with the writing-desk, he was the Asmodeus of the arts. He would sell you cigars for a sketch of a *feuilleton* article, slippers for a sonnet, fresh sea-fish for paradoxes; he would chat by the hour together with writers whose business it was to send to the papers the scandals of society; he could procure you a seat in the gallery of the Parliament, and invitations to private parties; he could get your plays accepted at the theatre.

A few extracts from the chaos of his account-books will give a better idea than the most detailed statements of the universality of his business:

"Sold to M. L., antiquary, the com-

passes used by Archimedes during the siege of Syracuse, 75 fr.

"Bought of M. V., journalist, the complete works, uncut, of M. ——, Member of the Academy, 10 fr.

"Sold to the above, a review of the complete works of M. ——, Member of the Academy, 30 fr.

"Bought of M. B., one lot of social articles and the last three spelling-mistakes made by the Prefect of the Seine, 6 fr., plus two pairs of Neapolitan slippers.

"Sold to Mdlle. O., a set of fair hair, 120 fr.

"Procured for Madame ——, modiste, the custom of Mdlle. R. (Received for this 3 yards of velvet and 6 ells of lace).

"Sold to M. Ferdinand, two love-letters, 12 fr.

"Bought of M. ——, 75 kilog. of his work entitled *Submarine Revolutions*, 15 fr."

Coming among the Bohemians with that intelligent air for which he was so much distinguished, the Jew had guessed that he arrived at a propitious moment. In fact the four friends were at that instant assembled in council, and, under the presidency of a ferocious appetite, were discussing the serious question of bread-and-meat. It was a Sunday, and the end of the month. Fatal day and sinister date!

The entrance of Médicis was therefore greeted by a joyous chorus, for it was well known that the Jew was too sparing of his time to spend it on visits of politeness, so that his presence always promised some business to be settled.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the Jew; "how are you?"

"Colline," said Rudolphe, who was lying on his bed, and lazy with the pleasures of the horizontal line, "exercise the duties of hospitality, offer our guest a chair, a guest is sacred. I greet you in Abraham," added the poet.

Colline took hold of an armchair possessing the elasticity of bronze, and moved it towards the Jew, saying, in hospitable tones:

"Suppose for a moment that you are Cinna, and take this seat."

Médicis slipped into the arm-chair, and was just about to complain of its hardness, when he remembered that he himself had once exchanged it with Colline for a profession of faith, sold to a deputy who had not the gift of improvisation. As he sat down the Jew's pockets resounded with a silvery noise; and this melodious symphony threw the four Bohemians into a pleasant muse.

"This is my business," began Médicis. "A rich amateur, who is arranging a gallery destined to make the tour of Europe, has commissioned me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. I come to offer to admit you to this museum. In a word, I come to buy your 'Passage of the Red Sea.'"

"For ready money?" asked Marcel.

"For ready money," answered the Jew, playing on the orchestra of his pockets.

"Go on, Médicis," said Marcel, showing his picture. "I will leave you the honor of yourself fixing the price of this work, which is priceless."

The Jew placed on the table fifty crowns in beautiful new money.

"Go on," said Marcel; "this is only the vanguard."

"M. Marcel," said Médicis, "you well know that my first word is always my last. I will add nothing—reflect, fifty crowns, that makes one hundred and fifty francs. That is a sum, that."

"An insignificant sum," replied the artist. "In the dress of my Pharaoh alone there is fifty crowns' worth of cobalt."

"This is my last word," replied Médicis. "I do not add one penny more; but I offer dinner to every one, as many different wines as you please; and at dessert I pay in gold."

A week after this festival, Marcel learnt in which gallery his picture had been placed. Passing through the Faubourg St. Honoré, he stepped into the midst of a group, who seemed to be watching with curiosity the hanging of a signboard over a shop-door. This signboard was no other than Marcel's picture. Only the "Passage of the Red Sea" had undergone one more modification, and bore a new title. A steamboat had been introduced into it, and it was called "At the Harbor of Marseilles." A flattering ovation had commenced among the curious when the picture was revealed. And so Marcel returned home delighted with his triumph, murmuring to himself, "Vox populi, vox Dei."

["Economy," says one of Murger's characters,—"economy is a science that is only within reach of the rich. You and I are ignorant of its first principles." To the end of his days Murger remained in Bohemia.

and lived in an atmosphere of duns, debts, and shifts. Work could have been his in plenty; but he would not work unless obliged or in the mood; he would enjoy existence, not labor it away. By and by he began to withdraw from Paris to the lovely village of Marlotte, that stands on the skirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Here he wrote, and relished life, and with this spot his image has become associated.

Murger had laid it down as an axiom that Bohemia is the preface to the Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue. He was never allowed to pass the threshold of the first institution; probably his gambols would have disturbed the grave slumbers of that stately body. He was saved from the third; he was successful, and was not driven to the last terrible resource of the unfortunate artist; but the second claimed him as her own. An irregular life, an abuse of coffee, late hours, privations, did their work surely and swiftly. At the early age of thirty-nine, Henry Murger breathed his last in the hospital.

His faithful Bohemian brethren buried him at Marlotte under the trees he had loved so well.]

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

[**John Gardiner Calkin Brainard,** an early American poet, was born Oct. 21, 1796, at New London, Conn., and died there in 1828. Graduating at Yale College in 1815, he was fitted for the bar, but after practicing a little, removed to Hartford, editing the *Connecticut Mirror* in 1822, in which he published ballads and other poems. His delicate health terminated his editorship in 1827, and he died of consumption the following year. Brainard's collected *Poems* appeared in New York, 1825, and his *Literary Remains*, edited by Whittier, in 1832 and in 1842, at Hartford.]

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand;
Had hung his bow upon thy awful front;
Had spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler! what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—A light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

J. G. C. BRAINARD.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

[**Hugh Blair, D. D.,** born in Edinburgh, 1718, minister of Colessie, Fifeshire, 1742–1743, of the Canongate of Edinburgh, 1743–1754, and of the High Church of Edinburgh, 1758, until his death in 1800, was the author of some famous Sermons, Edin. and Lond., 1788–1801, 5 vols., 8vo.]

Such studies have this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry or abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science, and while they keep the mind bent in some degree and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labor to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition or the investigation of abstract truth.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it

naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of anxious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How, then, shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labors of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favorable to many virtues. Whereas, to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of earth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.—*Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres.*

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

[**Sir Matthew Hale,** born 1609, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1660, Lord Chief Justice of England, 1671, died 1676, was alike distinguished for legal learning and private virtues.]

LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN.

Dear Children: I thank God I came well to Farrington this day about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction, and your benefit, than, by letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity, which you might otherwise have had, to gain

knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate people do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with, and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare an opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man whose integrity you do not very well know makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived or abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing or jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved: but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches: they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or

of Christ, or repeat any words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain."

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practice them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you, as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honor your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honor that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with His grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving Him; and that His blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all. I am your ever loving father.

RULES FOR IMPROVING THE MEMORY.

[**Thomas Fuller,** born 1608, died 1661, was the author of *The Historie of the Holy Warre,* Camb., 1639, fol., *The Holy and Profane State,* Camb., 1642, fol., *The Church History of Britain,* from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year MDCXLVIII., Lond., 1655, fol., *The History of the Worthies of England,* Lond., 1662, fol., and other works.]

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? Whereas those notions which get in by "violenta possessio" will abide there till "ejectio firma," sickness, or extreme age dispossess them. It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave! Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St. Paul's epistles, or anything else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St. Augustine tells of his friend Simplicius, who, being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward, and yet the same party avowed to God that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy note-books. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some

have a commonplace against commonplace books, and yet, perchance, will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A commonplace book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.

CONVERSATION.

The study of books is a languishing and feeble motion that heats not; whereas conference teaches and exercises at once. If I confer with an understanding man and a rude jester, he presses hard upon me on both sides; his imaginations raise up mine in more than ordinary pitch. Jealousy, glory, and contention stimulate and raise me up to something above myself; and a consent of judgment is a quality totally offensive in conference. But, as our minds fortify themselves by the communication of vigorous and able understandings, 'tis not to be expressed how much they lose and degenerate by the continual commerce and frequentation we have with those that are mean and low. There is no contagion that spreads like that. I know sufficiently, by experience, what 'tis worth a yard. I love to discourse and dispute, but it is with few men, and for myself; for to do it as a spectacle and entertainment to great persons, and to vaunt of a man's wit and eloquence, is in my opinion very unbecoming a man of honor. Impertinency is a scurvy quality; but not to be able to endure it, to fret and vex at it, as I do, is another sort of disease, little inferior to impertinence itself, and is the thing that I will now accuse in myself. I enter into conference and dispute with great liberty and facility, forasmuch as opinion meets in me with a soil very unfit for penetration, and wherein to take any deep root: no propositions astonish me, no belief offends me, though never so contrary to my own. There is no frivolous and extravagant fancy that does not seem to me suitable to the product of human wit. . . . The contradictions of judgments, then, do neither offend nor alter, they only rouse and exercise me. We evade correction, whereas we ought to offer and present ourselves to it, especially when it appears in the form of conference, and not of authority. At every opposition, we do not consider whether or no it be just, but right or wrong how to disengage ourselves; instead of extending the arms, we thrust out our claws. I could suffer myself to be rudely handled by my friend, so much as to tell me that I am a fool, and talk I know not of what. I love stout expressions amongst brave men, and to have them speak as they think. We must fortify and harden our hearing against this tenderness of the ceremonious sound of words. I love a strong and manly familiarity in conversation; a friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of communication, like love in biting and scratching. It is not vigorous and generous enough if it be not quarrelsome; if civilized and artificial, if it treads nicely, and fears the shock. When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger; I advance towards him that controverts, that instructs me. The cause of truth ought to be the common cause both of one and the other. . . . I embrace and caress truth in what hand soever I find it, and cheerfully surrender myself and my conquered arms, as far off as I can discover it; and, provided it be not too imperiously, take a pleasure in being reproved; and accommodate myself to my accusers, very often more by way of civility than amendment, loving to gratify and nourish the liberty of admonition by my facility of submitting to it. . . . In earnest, I rather choose the frequentation of those that ruffle me than those that fear me. 'Tis a dull and hurtful pleasure to have to do with people who admire us and approve of all we say. THOMAS FULLER.

THE LANGUAGES OF BRITAIN.

[**William Harrison,** rector of Radwinter, died 1592 (?), wrote a "Historical Description of the Island of Britain," prefixed to *The Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Irelande,* by Raphaell Holinshed, Lond., 1577, 2 vols. fol.]

The British tongue called Cymric doth yet remain in that part of the island which is now called Wales, whither the Britons were driven after the Saxons had made a full conquest of the other, which we now call England, although the pristine integrity thereof be not a little diminished by mixture of the Latin and Saxon speeches withal. Howbeit, many

poesies and writings (in making whereof that nation hath evermore delighted) are yet extant in my time, whereby some difference between the ancient and present language may easily be discerned, notwithstanding that among all these there is nothing to be found which can set down any sound and full testimony of their own original, in remembrance whereof their bards and cunning men have been most slack and negligent. . . . Next unto the British speech, the Latin tongue was brought in by the Romans, and in manner generally planted through the whole region, as the French was after by the Normans. Of this tongue I will not say much, because there are few which be not skilful in the same. Howbeit, as the speech itself is easy and delectable, so hath it perverted the names of the ancient rivers, regions, and cities of Britain, in such wise, that in these our days their old British denominations are quite grown out of memory, and yet those of the new Latin left at most uncertain. This remaineth, also, unto my time, borrowed from the Romans, that all our deeds, evidences, charters, and writings of record are set down in the Latin tongue, though now very barbarous, and thereunto the copies and court-rolls, and processes of courts and leets registered in the same.

The third language apparently known is the Scythian, or High Dutch, induced at the first by the Saxons (which the Britons call Saysonace, as they do the speakers Sayson), a hard and rough kind of speech, God wot, when our nation was brought first into acquaintance withal, but now changed with us into a far more fine and easy kind of utterance, and so polished and helped with new and milder words, that it is to be avouched how there is no one speech under the sun spoken in our time that hath or can have more variety of words, copiousness of phrases, or figures and flowers of eloquence, than hath our English tongue, although some have affirmed us rather to bark as dogs than talk like men, because the most of our words (as they do indeed) incline unto one syllable. This, also, is to be noted as a testimony remaining still of our language, derived from the Saxons, that the general name, for the most part, of every skilful artificer in his trade endeth in *here* with us, albeit the *h* be left out and *er* only inserted, as scrivenhere, writehere, shiphere, etc., for scrivener, writer, and shipper, etc.; besides many other relics of that speech, never to be abolished.

After the Saxon tongue came the Norman or French language over into our country, and therein were our laws written for a long time. Our children, also, were, by an especial decree, taught first to speak the same, and thereunto enforced to learn their constructions in the French, whensoever they were sent to the grammar-school. In like sort, few bishops, abbots, or other clergymen were admitted unto any ecclesiastical function here among us, but such as came out of religious houses from beyond the seas, to the end they should not use the English tongue in their sermons to the people. In the court, also, it grew into such contempt, that most men thought it no small dishonor to speak any English there; which bravery took his hold at the last likewise in the country with every ploughman that even the very carters began to wax weary of their mother-tongue, and labored to speak French, which as then was counted no small token of gentility. And no marvel; for every French rascal, when he came once hither, was taken for a gentleman, only because he was proud, and could use his own language. And all this (I say) to exile the English and British speeches quite out of the country. But in vain: for in the time of King Edward I., to wit, toward the latter end of his reign, the French itself ceased to be spoken generally, but most of all and by law in the midst of Edward III., and then began the English to recover and grow in more estimation than before; notwithstanding that, among our artificers, the most part of their implements, tools, and words of art retain still their French denominations even to these our days, as the language itself is used likewise in sundry courts, books of record, and matters of law; whereof here is no place to make any particular rehearsal. Afterward, also, by diligent travail of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower, in the time of Richard II., and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monk of Bury, our said tongue was brought to an excellent pass, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection, until the time of Queen Elizabeth, wherein John Jewel, bishop of Sarum, John Fox, and sundry learned and excellent writers,

have fully accomplished the ornature of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation; although not a few other do greatly seek to stain the same by fond affectation of foreign and strange words, presuming that to be the best English which is most corrupted with external terms of eloquence and sound of many syllables.

But as this excellency of the English tongue is found in one, and the south part of this island, so in Wales the greatest number (as I said) retain still their own ancient language, that of the north part of the said country being less corrupted than the other, and therefore reputed for the better in their own estimation and judgment. This, also, is proper to us Englishmen, that since ours is a middle or intermediate language, and neither too rough nor too smooth in utterance, we may with much facility learn any other language, beside Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and speak it naturally, as if we were home-born in those countries; and yet on the other side it falleth out, I wot not by what other means, that few foreign nations can rightly pronounce ours, without some and that great note of imperfection, especially the Frenchmen, who also seldom write anything that savoreth of English truly. But this of all the rest doth breed most admiration with me, that if any stranger do hit upon some likely pronunciation of our tongue, yet in age he swerveth so much from the same, that he is worse therein than ever he was, and thereto, peradventure, halteth not a little also in his own, as I have seen by experience in Reginald Wolfe, and others, whereof I have justly marvelled.

The Cornish and Devonshire men, whose country the Britons call Cerniw, have a speech in like sort of their own, and such as hath indeed more affinity with the American tongue than I can well discuss of. Yet in mine opinion they are both but a corrupted kind of British, albeit so far degenerating in these days from the old, that if either of them do meet with a Welshman, they are not able at the first to understand one another, except here and there in some odd words, without the help of interpreters. And no marvel, in mine opinion, that the British of Cornwall is thus corrupted, since the Welsh tongue that is spoken in the north and south part of Wales doth differ so much in itself as the English used in Scotland doth from that which is spoken among us here in this side of the island, as I have said already.

The Scottish-English hath been much broader and less pleasant in utterance than ours, because that nation hath not, till of late, endeavored to bring the same to any perfect order, and yet it was such in manner as Englishmen themselves did speak for the most part beyond the Trent, whither any great amendment of our language, had not, as then, extended itself. Howbeit, in our time the Scottish language endeavoreth to come near, if not altogether to match, our tongue in fineness of praise and copiousness of words, and this may in part appear by a history of the Apocrypha translated into Scottish verse by Hudson, dedicated to the king of that country, and containing six books, except my memory do fail me.

GROUNDS TO EXPECT A FUTURE STATE PROVED.

[**George Berkeley, D. D.,** born in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, 1684, died at London, 1753. In 1709 published *An Essay towards a New Theory of Vision,* Dublin, 8vo. (and a *Vindication of this Theory*, in 1733); in 1710, *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, Dublin, 8vo.; in 1713, *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philolonous;* made Dean of Derry, 1724; in 1728 emigrated to America to carry out his "scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermudas" (Berkeley), and at Newport, Rhode Island, awaited for a long time in vain the receipt of a parliamentary grant to enable him to complete his project; in 1732 published *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher,* in seven Dialogues, containing an Apology for the Christian Religion against Free-Thinkers, Lond., 2 vols. 8vo.; in 1734 was made Bishop of Cloyne, and refused to exchange his see for that of Clogher, of double its value; in 1747 published *Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries respecting the Virtues of Tar Water in the Plague*, Lond., 8vo., and in 1752 *Farther Thoughts on Tar Water*, Lond., 8vo.; and died in the next year.]

Let the most steadfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, and adjustment, and exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look

into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible, then, that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures, and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations be answered by the ends we proposed, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, Shall the corporeal world be order and harmony: the intellectual, discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things must bid adieu to that natural rule, "of reasoning from analogy;" must run counter to that maxim of common sense, "that men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced from what they have experienced."

If anything looks like a recompense of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favor and protection of heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a just return, or else that applause and reputation which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of these our free-thinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavor to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. . . . Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to men's estate, is by the dead palsy, or some other cause, deprived of his feeling, tasteing, and smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste, and smell were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception, as in a modern free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us farther suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music. Behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.—*The Guardian*, *No.* 27, *Saturday*, *April* 11, 1713.

ON PLEASURES, NATURAL AND FANTASTICAL.

It is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. . . .

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is this alone that

makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield.

Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near the court. . . .

When I walk the streets I use the foregoing natural maxim (viz., That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it), to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gayly attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary, pleasure from their exterior embellishments Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birthnight, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others. . . .

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures laboring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles: one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of riband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul: about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyment of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavors here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.—*The Guardian*, *No.* 49, *Thursday*, *May* 7, 1713.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

BUYING BOOKS.

[**Henry Ward Beecher, D. D.**, a son of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., 1813, died at Brooklyn, 1885, graduated at Amherst College, 1834, was settled as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, 1837–39, and at Indianapolis, 1839 to 1847, when he became pastor of the Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, New York, an organization of Orthodox Congregational believers, which post he occupied till his death.]

How easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if

they were little children! How tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding: the leather,—Russia, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it, and shuts it, he holds it off, and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book-magnetism. He walks up and down, in amaze at the mysterious allotments of Providence that gives so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence, or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to the house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar, or fancy and variety store, how many conveniences he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforetime. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted at a book-store of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one cannot live without!

Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy! No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. He promises himself marvels of retrenchment, he will eat less, or less costly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yea, he will write books, that he may buy books. He will lecture, teach, trade,—he will do any honest thing for money to buy books!

The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases, and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same longing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on both heels of his industry; and then, besides all this, he will *somehow* get along when the time for payment comes! Ah! this SOMEHOW! That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope.

And yet, is there not some comfort in buying books *to be* paid for? We have heard of a sot who wished his neck as long as the worm of a still, that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavor of the draught! Thus, it is a prolonged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "*Do not let me be taken from you.*"

Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them promotes caution. You do not feel at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you cannot afford. She has no "speculation" in her eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "*somehows.*" It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home, and into their proper places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening. "What is it, my dear?" she says to you. "Oh! nothing,—a few books that I cannot do without."

That smile! A true housewife that loves her husband can smile a whole arithmetic at him in one look! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the string of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of costly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt. You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the

twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been, lately! I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without." After a while, you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, *what* a beautiful book! Where *did* you borrow it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command. "*That!* oh! that is *mine*. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of: but it all will not do; you cannot rub out that roguish, arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

Another method, which will be found peculiarly effective, is to make a *present* of some fine work to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection and be yours to all intents and purposes. But it stops remarks in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four more works which have come home with the gift-book, —they will pass through the favor of the other.

These are pleasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one cannot imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books, if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whole relish of delight, only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They sit down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!—*Star Papers.*

FAULTS.

A man has a large emerald, but it is "feathered," and he knows an expert would say, "What a pity that it has such a feather!" it will not bring a quarter as much as it otherwise would, and he cannot take any satisfaction in it. A man has a diamond, but there is a flaw in it, and it is not the diamond that he wants. A man has an opal, but it is imperfect, and he is dissatisfied with it. An opal is covered with little seams, but they must be the right kind of seams. If it has a crack running clear across, it is marred, no matter how large it is, and no matter how wonderful its reflections are. And this man is worried all the time because he knows his opal is imperfect; and it would worry him even if he knew that nobody else noticed it.

So it is in respect to dispositions, and in respect to character at large. Little cracks, little flaws, little featherings in them take away their exquisiteness and beauty, and take away that fine finish which makes moral art. How many noble men there are who are diminished, who are almost wasted, in their moral influence! How many men are like the red maple! It is one of the most gorgeous trees, both in spring, blossoming, and in autumn, with its crimson foliage. But it stands knee-deep in swamp-water, usually. To get to it, you must wade, or leap from bog to bog, tearing your raiment, and soiling yourself. I see a great many noble men, but they stand in a swamp of faults. They bear fruit that you fain would pluck, but there are briers and thistles and thorns all about it, and to get it you must make your way through all these hindrances.—*Plymouth Pulpit, Third Series.*

H. W. Beecher.

WASHINGTON APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Washington was then (June 15, 1775) forty-three years of age. In stature he a little exceeded six feet, his limbs were sinewy and well proportioned, his chest broad, his figure stately, blending dignity of presence with ease. His robust constitution had been tried and invigorated

by his early life in the wilderness, his habit of occupation out of doors, and his rigid temperance; so that few equalled him in strength of arm or power of endurance. His complexion was florid; his hair dark brown; his head in its shape perfectly round. His broad nostrils seemed formed to give expression to scornful anger. His dark blue eyes, which were deeply set, had an expression of resignation, and an earnestness that was almost sadness.

At eleven years old, left an orphan to the care of an excellent but unlettered mother, he grew up without learning. Of arithmetic and geometry he acquired just knowledge enough to be able to practise measuring land; but all his instruction at school taught him not so much as the orthography or rules of grammar of his own tongue. His culture was altogether his own work, and he was in the strictest sense a self-made man; yet from his early life he never seemed uneducated. At sixteen he went into the wilderness as a surveyor, and for three years continued the pursuit, where the forest trained him, in meditative solitude, to freedom and largeness of mind; and nature revealed to him her obedience to serene and silent laws. In his intervals from toil he seemed always to be attracted to the best men, and to be cherished by them. Fairfax, his employer, an Oxford scholar, already aged, became his fast friend. He read little, but with close attention. Whatever he took in hand he applied himself to with care; and his papers, which have been prepared, show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly: always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity of language and grace.

When the frontiers on the west became disturbed he, at nineteen, was commissioned an adjutant-general, with the rank of major. At twenty-one he went as the envoy of Virginia to the council of Indian chiefs on the Ohio and to the French officers near Lake Erie. Fame waited upon him from his youth; and no one of his colony was so much spoken of. He conducted the first military expedition from Virginia that crossed the Alleghanies. Braddock selected him as an aide, and he was the only man who came out of the disastrous defeat near the Monongahela with increased reputation, which extended to England. The next year, when he was but four-and-twenty, "the great esteem" in which he was held in Virginia, and his "real merit," led the lieutenant-governor of Maryland to request that he might be "commissioned and appointed second in command" of the army designed to march to the Ohio; and Shirley, the commander-in-chief, heard the proposal "with great satisfaction and pleasure," for "he knew no provincial officer upon the continent to whom he would so readily give it as to Washington." In 1758 he acted under Forbes as a brigadier, and but for him that general would never have been able to cross the mountains.

Courage was so natural to him that it was hardly spoken of to his praise; no one ever at any moment of his life discovered in him the least shrinking in danger, and he had a hardihood of daring which escaped notice, because it was so enveloped by superior calmness and wisdom.

He was as cheerful as he was spirited, frank and communicative in the society of friends, fond of the fox-chase and the dance, often sportive in his letters, and liked a hearty laugh. This joyousness of disposition remained to the last, though the vastness of his responsibilities was soon to take from him the right of displaying the impulsive qualities of his nature, and the weight which he was to bear up was to overlay and repress his gayety and openness.

His hand was liberal: giving quietly and without observation, as though he was ashamed of nothing but being discovered in doing good. He was kindly and compassionate, and of lively sensibility to the sorrows of others; so that if his country had only needed a victim for its relief, he would have willingly offered himself as a sacrifice. But while he was prodigal of himself, he was considerate for others—ever parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen.

He was prudent in the management of his private affairs, purchased rich lands from the Mohawk Valley to the flats of the Kanawha, and improved his fortune by the correctness of his judgment; but as a public man he knew no other aim than the good of his country, and in the hour of his country's poverty he refused personal emolument for his service.

His faculties were so well balanced and

combined that his constitution, free from excess, was tempered evenly with all the elements of activity, and his mind resembled a well-ordered commonwealth; his passions, which had all the intensest vigor, owed allegiance to reason; and, with all the fiery quickness of his spirit, his impetuous and massive will was held in check by consummate judgment. He had in his composition a calm which gave him in moments of highest excitement the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel in patience even when he had most cause for disgust. Washington was offered a command when there was little to bring out the unorganized resources of the continent but his own influence, and authority was connected with the people by the most frail, most attenuated, scarcely discernible threads; yet, vehement as was his nature, impassioned as was his courage, he so restrained his ardor that he never failed continuously to exert the attracting power of that influence, and never exerted it so sharply as to break its force.

In secresy he was unsurpassed; but his secresy had the character of prudent reserve, not of cunning or concealment.

His understanding was lucid and his judgment accurate, so that his conduct never betrayed hurry or confusion. No detail was too minute for his personal inquiry and continued supervision, and at the same time he comprehended events in their widest aspects and relations. He never seemed above the object that engaged his attention, and he was always equal, without an effort, to the solution of the highest questions, even when there existed no precedents to guide his decision.

In this way he never drew to himself admiration for the possession of any one quality to excess, never made in council any one suggestion that was sublime but impracticable, never in action took to himself the praise or the blame of undertakings astonishing in conception, but beyond his means of execution.

It was the most wonderful accomplishment of this man that, placed upon the largest theatre of events, at the head of the greatest revolution in human affairs, he never failed to observe all that was possible, and at the same time to bound his aspirations by that which was possible.

A slight tinge in his character, perceptible only to the close observer, revealed the region from which he sprung, and he might be described as the best specimen of manhood as developed in the South; but his qualities were so faultlessly proportioned that his whole country rather claimed him as its choicest representative, the most complete expression of all its attainments and aspirations. He studied his country and conformed to it. His countrymen felt that he was the best type of America, and rejoiced in it and were proud of it. They lived in his life, and made his success and his praise their own.

Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's Providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion; none more tolerant or more remote from bigotry; but belief in God and trust in His overruling power formed the essence of his character. Divine wisdom not only illumines the spirit, it inspires the will. Washington was a man of action, and not of theory or words; his creed appears in his life, not in his professions, which burst from him very rarely, and only at those great moments of crisis in the fortunes of his country when earth and heaven seemed actually to meet, and his emotions became too strong for suppression; but his whole being was one continued act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the universe. Integrity was so completely the law of his nature that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere than he have departed from his uprightness, which was so constant that it often seemed to be almost impersonal.

They say of Giotto that he introduced goodness into the art of painting; Washington carried it with him to the camp and the cabinet, and established a new criterion of human greatness. The purity of his will confirmed his fortitude; and as he never faltered in his faith in virtue, he stood fast by that which he knew to be just; free from illusions; never dejected by the apprehension of the difficulties and perils that went before him, and drawing the promise of success from the justice of his cause. Hence he was persevering, leaving nothing unfinished; free from all taint of obstinacy in his firmness; seeking and gladly receiving advice, but immovable in his devotedness to right.

Of a "retiring modesty and habitual reserve," his ambition was no more than the consciousness of his power, and was subordinate to his sense of duty; he took the foremost place, for he knew from inborn magnanimity that it belonged to him, and he dared not withhold the service required of him: so that, with all his humility, he was by necessity the first, though never for himself or for private ends. He loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his own time, and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes; but not fear of censure, nor the prospect of applause could tempt him to swerve from rectitude, and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which exists in every human breast, and goes forth only to the welcome of virtue.

There have been soldiers who have achieved mightier victories in the field, and made conquests more nearly corresponding to the boundlessness of selfish ambition; statesmen who have been connected with more startling upheavals of society; but it is the greatness of Washington, that in public trusts he used power solely for the public good; that he was the life, and moderator, and stay, of the most momentous revolution in human affairs, its moving impulse and its restraining power. Combining the centripetal and the centrifugal forces in their utmost strength and in perfect relations, with creative grandeur of instinct he held ruin in check, and renewed and perfected the institutions of his country. Finding the colonies disconnected and dependent, he left them such a united and well-ordered commonwealth as no visionary had believed to be possible. So that it has been truly said, "he was as fortunate as great and good." ["Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate."—M. GUIZOT: *Essay on Washington, Hillard's translation.*]

This also is the praise of Washington: that never in the tide of time has any man lived who had in so great a degree the almost divine faculty to command the confidence of his fellow-men and rule the willing. Wherever he became known, in his family, his neighborhood, his country, his native State, the continent, the camp, civil life, the United States, among the common people, in foreign courts, throughout the civilized world of the human race, and even among the savages, he, beyond all other men, had the confidence of his kind. . . . Washington knew that he must depend for success on a steady continuance of purpose in an imperfectly united continent, and on his personal influence over separate and half-formed governments, with most of whom he was wholly unacquainted; he foresaw a long and arduous struggle; but a secret consciousness of his power bade him not to fear; and whatever might be the backwardness of others, he never admitted for a moment the thought of sheathing his sword or resigning his command, till his work of vindicating American liberty should be done. To his wife he unbosomed his inmost mind: "I hope my undertaking this service is designed to answer some good purpose. I rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me."

His acceptance at once changed the aspect of affairs. John Adams, looking with complacency upon "the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave general," as the choice of Massachusetts, said: "This appointment will have a great effect in cementing the union of these colonies." "The general is one of the most important characters of the world; upon him depend the liberties of America." All hearts turned with affection towards Washington. This is he who was raised up to be not the head of a party, but the father of his country.—*Hist. of the United States*, Vol. vii., Chap. xxxvii.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

EXTRACTS FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

[**Esaias Tegner**, the greatest poet of Sweden, was born in By, in the parish of Wärmland, 1782; died at Stockholm, 1846. After pursuing a brilliant course at the University of Lund he became professor of Greek and librarian in that seat of learning, and, on taking orders, was appointed pastor to a congregation at Stafje. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexiö. His poems of *Frithiof*, *Axel*, and *The Children of the Lord's Supper* have been translated into English, the last by Professor Longfellow. In 1853 a colossal statue was erected to his memory at Lund.]

CANTO I.—FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

Two plants, for fostering nurture placed,
The rural Hilding's hamlet graced;
And, peerless since the birth of time,
Exulted in North's vigorous clime.

One rose to seek the bright expanse,
An Oak, its stem a warrior's lance;
Its wreath, which every gale unbound,
A warrior's helmet, vaulted round.

The other reared its blushing head,
A Rose, when wintry storms are fled;
Yet spring, which stores its richer dyes,
Still in the rosebud dreaming lies.

When earth's bright face rude blasts deform,
That Oak shall wrestle with the storm;
When May's sun tints the heaven with gold,
That Rose its ruddy lips unfold.

Jocund they grew, in guileless glee,
Young Frithiof was the sapling tree;
In budding beauty by his side,
Sweet Ingeborg, the garden's pride.

The noontide beam which gilt their sport,
Say, showed it not like Freya's court;
Where bride-guests flit in spriteful rings,
With glistening locks and roseate wings?

Whilst, 'neath the moon-lit silver spray,
They wheeled in evening roundelay,
Say, showed it not a fairy scene,
Where elf-king danced with elfin-queen?

. . . . . .

Her pilot soon he joyed to glide,
In Viking-guise, o'er stream and tide:
Sure, hands so gentle, hearts so gay,
Ne'er 'plauded rover's young essay!

No beetling lair, no pine-rocked nest,
Might 'scape the love-urged spoiler's quest:
Oft, ere an eaglet-wing had soared,
The eyry mourned its parted hoard.

He sought each brook of rudest force,
To bear his Ing'borg o'er its source:
So thrilling, 'midst the wild alarm,
The tendril-twining of her arm.

The earliest flower, spring's infant birth,
The earliest fruit that gemmed the earth,
The ear that earliest graced the plain,
Oft told his love, nor told in vain.

But years of childhood smiling fled,
Youth came with light advancing tread;
New hopes the stripling's glance betrayed.
Maturing charms adorned the maid.

A hunter grown, through den and dale,
Such chase might see the stoutest quail:
For, waging desperate stake of life,
The spearless met in equal strife.

Breast closed to breast, they struggling stood:
Those savage teeth are wet with blood!
Yet laden home the victor hies,
And could the nymph his boon despise?

Since dear to beauty valorous deed,
The fair one e'er the hero's meed:
Assorted for the mutual vow,
As martial helm to softer brow.

When clustering near the social blaze,
A tale beguiled the icy days,
Of mystic names, supernal all,
Rife in Valhalla's beaming hall;

He mused: "Though Freya's braid is bright
As corn-land waving amber light,
My Ing'borg's meshy tresses throw
O'er rose and lily rival glow.

"Iduna! mortal vision fails,
Dazed by the orbs thy mantle veils;
And, ah! what venturous look may dare,
Where light-elves move, a bud-crowned pair?

"O! blue and clear is Frigga's eye,
Dazzling as heaven's unclouded sky;
But hers the eye whose sparkling ray
Eclipses e'en spring's sapphire day.

"What, Gerda, though thy cheeks may glow
Like Northern-light on drifted snow?
The cheeks I see, whene'er they dawn,
Blush forth at once a twofold morn.

"I know a heart whose truth might claim
A portion, Nanna, in thy fame!
Well, Balder, may each poet's song
The gratulating strain prolong!

"Ah! by one Nanna might my bier
Be watered with as true a tear,
The proofs of tenderness she gave
Would bid me hail an early grave."

The feats of many a storied king
The royal maid would sit and sing;
And, broidering, paint the blood-stained scene
'Midst wave of blue and grove of green.

In snow-white wool is seen to spread
The ample shield of gilded thread;
Red lances pierce the mascled side,
In burnished mail the champions ride.

Yet, though she proves her various skill,
Each face bears Frithiof's semblance still:
And forth the tissue as they gaze,
She blushes, but with pleased amaze.

His steel imprints with runic mark
The living rolls of birchen bark;
Where blent initials frequent show
The hearts that thus together grow.

When Day's bright train invests the air,
King of the world with splendent hair,
And men in noiseful courses move,
Their only thoughts are thoughts of love.

When Night's dark train invests the air,
Queen of the world, with raven hair,
And stars in silent courses move,
Their only dreams are dreams of love.

"Thou earth, which, bathed in April showers,
Weav'st thy green locks with wreathy flowers!
Culled from the fairest of the spring,
A garland for my Frithiof bring."

"Thou sea, which, in thy caves below,
Strew'st lucid pearls in countless row!
Here bear the treasures of the main,
That love may thread a silken chain."

"Brilliant on Odin's seat of state,
Heaven's eye, whose glance no years abate!
If thou wert mine, thy orb should yield
My Frithiof a golden shield."

"All-father's lamp, whose evening beam
Illumes his dome with softened gleam!
If thou wert mine my maid should bow
Thy silver crescent o'er her brow."

But Hilding's sager counsel came,
To damp the youth's presumptuous flame:
"Fan not," he warned, "forbidden fire;
The virgin boasts a royal sire.

"To Odin, throned in starry space,
Ascends the lineage of her race:
Let Thorsten's son the prize resign,
Best thrive whom equal lots combine."

"My race," young Frithiof gayly said,
"Descends to regions of the dead:
My sway the forest-king confessed,
His lineage mine, and bristling vest.

"The world his realm, what daunts the free?
He heeds not partial fate's decree:
Smiles may dispel stern fortune's frown,
'Tis hope's to wear and point a crown.

"In pedigree all might excels,
Its parent, Thor, in Thrudvang dwells;
Valor by him, not birth, is weighed,
A potent wooer is the blade.

"In combat for my youthful bride
Were thunder's-god himself defied:
Grow blithe, my flower, in sure defence,
Woe to the hand would pluck thee hence!"

CANTO III.—FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead; on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch-woods crowned the summits, but over the down-sloping hillsides
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys, full widely around, there fed on the greensward
Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for the milkpail.
'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast, countless number
Of white-woolled sheep, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.
Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fettered storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder,

Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened with steel shoes.
The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)[1]
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule-tide.
Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the high-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;
Odin[2] with lordly look, and Frey[3] with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin, it was coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon among the night clouds flew, related the old man
Wonders from far distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings[4]
Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North Sea.
Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of Bragé,[5]
Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated
Under the leafy beach, and tells a tradition by Mimer's[6]
Ever murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
Mid-way the floor (with thatch was it strewn), burned forever the fire-flame
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and through the wide-mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there in among them
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots.
More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-hall glistened,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board and filled up the drink-horns;
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her reflection
Blushed too, even as she;—this gladdened the hard-drinking champions.

[1] An old fashion of reckoning in the North.

[2] Odin, the All-father; the Jupiter of Scandinavian mythology.

[3] Frey, the god of Liberty; the Bacchus of the North. He represents the sun at the winter solstice.

[4] The old pirates of the North were called Vikingar, Kings of the Gulf.

[5] Bragé, the god of Song; the Scandinavian Apollo.

[6] Mimer, the god of Eloquence. He sat by the wave of Urds, the Destiny of the Past.

CANTO XIX.—FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport;
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor is assembled all the court;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white,
Half of Freya,[7] half of Rota,[8] yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

. . . . . .

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.

[7] The goddess of Love and Beauty.

[8] One of the Valkyries.

All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear
their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her, after
them Valkyria[1] comes.

. . . . . .

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and
upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Fri-
thiof's knee his head;
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after
war's alarms
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in
its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-
black bird upon a bough:
"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, close
your quarrel at a blow;
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the
bridal kiss she gave;
Now no human eye beholds thee; deep and
silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-
white bird upon the bough:
"Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's
eye beholds thee now.
Coward, wilt thou murder slumber? a de-
fenceless old man slay?
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a
hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble; Frithiof
took his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurled it from him, far into
the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand;[2] but
on light unfolded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding
towards the sun upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet
has been my sleep," he said;
"Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded
by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Light-
ning's brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from
each other parted be?"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in the
North are other swords;
Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and
it speaks not peaceful words,
Murky spirits dwell in steel-blades, spirits
from the Niffelhem,
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks
but anger them."

[1] The Valkyries are celestial virgins, who bear off the souls of the slain in battle.

[2] The Strand of Corpses; a region in the Niffelhem, or Scandinavian Hell.

ODE ON THE DESIRE OF DEATHLESS FAME.

[**Carl Gustaf Af Leopold.** This distinguished champion of the French school in Swedish poetry was born in Stockholm in 1756. He was educated at Upsala; became private tutor in the family of Count Douglas; afterwards, private secretary of King Gustavus the Third; and finally, Secretary of State. He died in 1829.

Vainly, amidst the headlong course
Of centuries, centuries on that urge,
Earth's self, despite her weight and force,
Becomes the prey of Time's wild surge;
Vainly Oblivion's depths profound
Bury of former names the sound,
With manners, arts, and deeds gone by;
Born amidst ruins, we survey
Sixty long centuries' decay,
And dare Time's sovereignty defy.
Even when by Fame's impetuous car
Our glory round the world is spread,
A breath from Eastern caves afar
Comes poison-fraught,—the hero's dead!—
A worm, condemned in dust to crawl,
Concealed in grass from thy foot-fall,
Thy soaring flight for ever stays;—
A splinter starts; thy race is run;—
Shines on thy pride the rising sun,
Thine ashes meet his setting rays.

And thou, the insect of an hour,
O'er Time to triumph wouldst pretend;
With nerves of grass wouldst brave the power
Beneath which pyramids must bend!
A slave, by everything controlled,
Thou canst not for an instant mould
Thine actions' course, thy destiny;
In want of all, of all the sport,
Thou, against all who need'st support,
Boastest o'er Death the mastery!

Recall'st, as they would prove thy right
To honors but to few assigned,
Our Wasa sovereign's annals bright,
The triumphs of a Newton's mind.
Whilst round the globe thy glances rove
On works and deeds that amply prove
Man's strength of intellect, they fall:
Their mysteries Time and Space unfold,
New worlds are added to the old,
Beauty and light adorning all.

Strange creature! go, fulfil thy fate,
Govern the earth, subdue the waves,
Measure the stars' paths, regulate
Time's clock, seek gold in Chile's graves,
Raise towns that lava-buried sleep,
Harvest the rocks, build on the deep,
Force Nature, journey in the sky,
Surpass in height each monument,
On mountains mountains pile,—content,
Beneath their mass then putrefy!

Yes, fruits there are that we enjoy,
Produce of by-gone centuries' toil;
The gifts remain, though time destroy
The givers, long ago Death's spoil
And whilst deluded crowds believe
Their guerdon they shall straight receive
In Admiration's empty cries,
Their whitening and forgotten bones
Repose, unconscious as the stones
Where burns the atoning sacrifice.

. . . . . .

The poet's, hero's golden dream,
Olympus' heaven, Memory's days,
Valor enthroned in Earth's esteem,
And Genius' never-fading bays!
Proud names, the solace of our woes,
That often Vanity bestows
Or empty shadows, nothing worth;—
O, have ye given in Memory's shrine
To Virtue honors more divine
Than Vice and Folly gain on earth?

But grant we that for victory's prize
The hero brave fierce war's alarms;
His deeds are noble, if unwise,
His valor overawes and charms;
And pardon him, created strong
For energy in right or wrong:—
Who darkling with the crowd remains,
A son of Ruin's night is he,
Immersed in dreams of memory,
That sound philosophy disdains.

Go, shake the Neva's banks with dread,
With liberal arts our Northland grace;
With Genius' torch, or War's, blood-red,
Enlighten or destroy thy race;
A deathless name by arms be won
For Ingo or for Marathon;
Establish thrones, or overturn;
Our Europe's tottering liberty
Down trample, or exalt on high;—
Then crown thyself, and danger spurn.

But when a soul of vulgarer mood,
For shadows, fancies, such as these,
Abandons life's substantial good,
Life's humbler duties that displease;
But when, seduced by dreams of praise
From unborn worlds, idiots would raise
A monument of baseless fame,
Who, with false arrogance elate,
May guilty prove, but never great,—
I blush in human nature's name.

Still may this thirst for men's esteem
Spur Merit forward on his course!
Deprive not Earth of that fair dream,
Her culture's and her honor's source.
Woe worth the day, when Reason's hand,
Unloosing Prejudice's last band,
From the world's eye the veil shall tear,
Shall with her blazing torch reveal
The *nothing* that rewards our zeal,
The errors that our steps ensnare!

Young son of Art, thy bosom's flame
With hopes of centuries' wonder cheer!
Shrink, Monarch, from the voice of blame,
Whose sound shall never reach thine ear!
And Virtue, thou, in life betrayed,
Forgotten, proudly through death's shade
Thy memory see with honors graced!
A god, befriending our weak kind,
Illusion, as our balm assigned,
By the entrance to life's desert placed.

To Genius, in his kindling mood,
Statues are promised by her breath;
She purchases the warrior's blood
With garlands in the hand of Death;
She animates the poet's song
With all the raptures that belong
To immortality divine;
The student, o'er his night-lamp bent,
Sees through her glass, though poor, content,
His light o'er distant ages shine.

Break but her witchery's golden wand;—
No longer Genius flashes bright;
Rome shrinks from the Barbarian's brand;
Athens and Science fade from sight;
Europe's old dread, our Northern ground,
No more with heroes shall abound,
When threaten danger, blood, and broil;
And, paid by thanklessness, no more
Shall birth-crowned monarchs, as of yore,
Exchange their joys for duty's toil.

LAW STUDIES.

[**George Sharswood, LL. D.,** born in Philadelphia, 1810, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, 1828, admitted to the Philadelphia bar, 1831, Judge of the District Court of Pennsylvania, 1845, and President Judge from 1851 until December, 1867, when he took his seat as an Associate Justice in the Supreme Court of the State; Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania, 1850 *et seq.*; for three years a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. *Professional Ethics*, Philadelphia, 1854, 8vo., 3d edit., 1869, 12mo.; *Popular Lectures on Common Law*, 1856, 12mo. Edited: *Blackstone's Commentaries, Byles on Bills of Exchange, Coote on Mortgages, English Common Law Reports, Laws of the United States*, vols. iv. and v. (in continuation of Story), *Leigh's Nisi Prius, Roscoe on Criminal Evidence, Russell on Crimes, Smith (J. W.) on Contracts, Starkie on Evidence, Stephens' Nisi Prius.* He died in 1883.]

It is proposed to present a few considerations upon the proper mode of training for the practice of the profession of the law in this country. They will be altogether of a practical character.

The bar in the United States is open to all who wish to enter it. It is mostly under the regulation of the various courts, and their rules have been framed upon the most liberal principles. Generally a certain period of study has been prescribed, never, it is believed, exceeding three years. In some States, however, even this restriction is not found. The applicant for admission is examined, as to his knowledge and qualifications, either by the courts or by a committee of members of the bar.

The profession is the avenue to political honors and influence. Those who attain eminence in it are largely rewarded, and, with ordinary prudence, cannot fail to accumulate a handsome competence. Hence the young and ambitious are found crowding into it.

There is a great—perhaps an overdue—haste in American youth to enter upon the active and stirring scenes of life. Hence it is undoubtedly true that many men are to be found in the ranks of the profession without adequate preparation. Very often the difficulties presented by the want of a suitable education are overcome by native energy, application, and perseverance; but more commonly they prevent permanent success, and confine the unlettered advocate to the lower walks of the profession, which promise neither profit nor honor. Unless in cases of extraordinary enthusiasm and where there are evident marks of bright, natural talents, a young man without the advantages of education should be discouraged from commencing the study of the law. Not that a collegiate or classical course of training should be insisted on as essential—although it is doubtless of the highest importance. Classical studies are especially calculated to exercise the mental faculties in habits of close investigation and searching analysis, as well as to form the taste upon models of the purest eloquence. The orators and historians of Greece and of Rome are a school in which exalted patriotism, high-toned moral feeling, and a generous enthusiasm can be most successfully cultivated. With a good English education, however, many a man has made a respectable figure at the bar.

Lord Campbell has said that "he who is not a good lawyer before he comes to the bar will never be a good one after it." It is, no doubt, highly necessary that the years of preparation should be years of earnest, diligent study; but it is entirely too much to say, with us, that a course of three years' reading, at so early a stage, will make a good lawyer. In truth, the most important part of every lawyer's education begins with his admission to practice. He that ceases then to follow a close and systematical course of reading, although he may succeed in acquiring a considerable amount of practical knowledge, from the necessity he will be under of investigating different questions, yet it will not be of that deep-laid character necessary to sustain him in every emergency. It may be safe, then, to divide the period of a lawyer's preparation into first, a course of two or three years' reading before his admission, and, second, one of five or seven years' close and continued application after that event.

At the commencement of his studies in the office of his legal preceptor, the cardinal maxim by which he should be governed in his reading should be *non multa, sed multum.* Indeed, it was an observation of Lord Mansfield, that the quantity of professional reading absolutely necessary, or even useful, to a lawyer, was not so great as was usually imagined. The Commentaries of Blackstone and of Chancellor Kent should be read, and read again and again. The elementary principles so well and elegantly presented and illustrated in these two justly celebrated works should be rendered familiar. They form, too, a general plan or outline of the science, by which the student will be able to arrange and systematize all his subsequent acquisitions. To these may be added a few books of a more practical cast; such as *Tidd's Practice*, *Stephen on Pleading*, *Greenleaf's Evidence*, *Stephens's* or *Leigh's Nisi Prius*, *Mitford's* or *Story's Equity Pleading*, which, with such reading of the local law of the State in which he purposes to settle, may be necessary to make up the best part of office-reading. It will be better to have well mastered thus much than to have run over three times as many books hastily and superficially. Let the student often stop and examine himself upon what he has read. It would be an excellent mode of proceeding for him, after having read a lecture or chapter, to lay aside the book and endeavor to commit the substance of it to writing, trusting entirely to his memory for the matter, and using his own language. After having done this, let him reperuse the section, by which he will not only discern what parts have escaped his memory, but the whole will be more certainly impressed upon his mind, and become incorporated with it as if it had been originally his own work. Let him cultivate intercourse with others pursuing the same studies, and converse frequently upon the subject of their reading. The biographer of Lord Keeper North has recorded of him that "he fell into the way of putting cases (as they call it), which much improved him, and he was most sensible of the benefit of discourse: for I have observed him often say that (after his day's reading) at his night's congress with his professional friends, whatever the subject was, he made it the subject of discourse in the company; for, said he, I read many things which I am sensible I forget; but I found, withal, that if I had once talked over what I had read, I never forgot that."

Much, of course, will depend upon what may be termed the mental temperament of the student himself, which no one can so well observe as his immediate preceptor; and he will be governed accordingly in the selection of the works to be placed in his hands and his general course of training. No lawyer does his duty who does not frequently examine his student—not merely as an important means of exciting him to attention and application, but in order to acquire such an acquaintance with the character of his pupil's mind—its quickness or slowness, its concentrativeness or discursiveness—as to be able to form a judgment as to whether he requires the curb or the spur. It is an inestimable advantage to a young man to have a judicious and experienced friend watching anxiously his progress, and competent to direct him when, if he is left to himself, he will most probably wander in darkness and danger.

In regard to the more thorough and extended course of reading which may and ought to be prosecuted after admission to the bar, the remarks of one of the most distinguished men who have ever graced the American bar, whose own example has enforced and illustrated their value, may be commended to the serious consideration of the student. "There are two very different methods of acquiring a knowledge of the laws of England," says Horace Binney (art. Edward Tilghman, *Encyclopedia Americana*, vol. xiv.), "and by each of them men have succeeded in public estimation to an almost equal extent. One of them, which may be called the old way, is a methodical study of the general system of law, and of its grounds and reasons, beginning with the fundamental law of estates and tenures, and pursuing the derivative branches in logical succession, and the collateral subjects in due order, by which the student acquires a knowledge of principles that rule in all departments of the science, and learns to feel, as much as to know, what is in harmony with the system and what not. The other is to get an outline of the system by the aid of commentaries, and to fill it up by desultory reading of treatises and reports, according to the bent of the student, without much shape or certainty in the

knowledge so acquired, until it is given by investigation in the courts of practice. A good deal of law may be put together by a facile or flexible man in the second of these modes, and the public are often satisfied; but the profession itself knows the first, by its fruits, to be the most effectual way of making a great lawyer."

Under this view, the following course of reading may be pursued. The whole subject is divided into heads, and the order of proceeding is suggested. All the books named may not be within the student's reach: some may be omitted, or others may be substituted. It may, however, be somewhat irksome to pursue any one branch for too long a period unvaried. When that is found to be the case, the last five heads may be adopted as collateral studies, and pursued simultaneously with the first three.

I. Real Estate and Equity.—Hale's History of the Common Law. Reeves's History of the English Law. Robertson's Charles V. Hallam's Middle Ages. Dalrymple on Feudal Property. Wright on Tenures. Finch's Law. Doctor and Student. Littleton's Tenures. Coke upon Littleton. Preston on Estates. Fearne on Contingent Remainders. Sheppard's Touchstone. Preston on Abstracts. Preston on Conveyancing. Jeremy on Equity. Story's Equity Jurisprudence. Powell on Mortgages. Bacon on Uses. Sanders on Uses and Trusts. Sugden on Powers. Sugden on Vendors and Purchasers. Powell on Devises. Jarman on Wills.

II. Practice, Pleading, and Evidence.—Sellon's Practice. Tidd's Practice. Stephen on Pleading. Williams's Saunders. Greenleaf on Evidence. Mitford's Equity Pleading. Barton's Suit in Equity. Newland's Chancery. Gresley on Equity Evidence.

III. Crimes and Forfeitures.—Hale's Pleas of the Crown. Foster's Crown Law. Yorke on Forfeiture. Coke's Institutes, Part III. Russell on Crimes and Misdemeanors. Roscoe on Criminal Evidence. Chitty on Criminal Law.

IV. Natural and International Law.—Burlamaqui's Natural and Political Law. Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis. Rutherforth's Institutes. Vattel's Law of Nations. Bynkershoeck's Questiones Publici Juris. Wicquefort's Ambassador. Bynkershoeck de Foro Legatorum. Mackintosh's Discourse. Wheaton's History of International Law. Robinson's Admiralty Reports. Cases in the Supreme Court U. S. Dunlap's Admiralty Practice.

V. Constitutional Law.—Coke's Institutes, Part II. Hallam's Constitutional History. Wynne's Eunomus. De Lolme, with Stephens's Introduction. The Federalist. Rawle on the Constitution. Story on the Constitution. Baldwin's Constitutional Views. Upshur's Brief Enquiry. Calhoun's Works, vol. i. All the Cases on the Subject in the S. C. U. S.

VI. Civil Law.—Butler's Horæ Juridicæ. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall, chap. 44. Justinian's Institutes. Taylor's Elements. Mackeldy's Compendium. Colquhoun's Summary. Domat's Civil Law. Savigny's Histoire du Droit Romain. Savigny's Traité du Droit Romain.

VII. Persons and Personal Property.—Reeves on Domestic Relations. Bingham on Infancy and Coverture. Roper on Husband and Wife. Angell and Ames on Corporations. Pothier's Works. Smith on Contracts. Jones on Bailments. Story on Bailments. Story on Partnerships. Byles on Bills. Abbot on Shipping. Duer on Insurance. Emerigon Traité des Assurances. Boulay-Paty Cours de Droit Commercial. Story on the Conflict of Laws.

VIII. Executors and Administrators.—Roper on Legacies. Toller on Executors. Williams on Executors. Lovelass's Law Disposal.

Very few Report books are set down in this list as to be read in course. In his regular reading, the student should constantly, where it is in his power, resort to and examine the leading cases referred to and commented upon by his authors. In this way he will read them more intelligently, and they will be better impressed upon his memory.

It is believed that the course thus sketched, if steadily and laboriously pursued, will make a very thorough lawyer. There is certainly nothing in the plan beyond the reach of any young man with industry and application, in a period of from five to seven years, with a considerable allowance for the interruptions of business and relaxation. He must have, however, certain fixed and regular hours for his law-studies, and he must not suffer the charms of a light literature to allure

him aside. The fruits of study cannot be gathered without its toil. In the law, a young man must be the architect of his own character, as well as of his fortune. "The profession of the law," says Mr. Ritso, "is that, of all others, which imposes the most extensive obligations upon those who have had the confidence to make choice of it; and, indeed, there is no other path of life in which the unassumed superiority of individual merit is more conspicuously distinguished according to the respective abilities of the parties. The laurels that grow within these precincts are to be gathered with no vulgar hands: they resist the unhallowed grasp, like the golden branch with which the hero of the Æneid threw open the adamantine gates that led to Elysium."—*Sharswood's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries*, Vol. i., Introd., Sect. I., *On the Study of the Law*, p. 37, Phila., 1859.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

[**Elihu Burritt,** best known as "The Learned Blacksmith," born in New Britain, Connecticut, 1811, and apprenticed to a blacksmith about 1827, varied the labors of the forge by learning languages; in 1846 went to England, where he formed "The League of Universal Brotherhood," whose object was "to employ all legitimate means for the abolition of war throughout the world," and was proprietor and editor of *The Peace Advocate;* labored zealously for the promotion of temperance, cheap ocean-postage, the abolition of American slavery, and in peace congresses, returning to America, after serving for some years as United States Consul at Birmingham, in 1853; died 1879.]

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that "there is no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field he had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag he cuts again into the limestome, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough: heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that

moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below! What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below! How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain that he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stands his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shout of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his devoted heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off! he is reeling, trembling,—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity. —*Sparks from the Anvil.*

THE SIEGE OF BERWICK, 1296.

[**George Buchanan,** one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, and a distinguished poet and historian, was born of poor parents, in Killearn, in the county of Sterling, in February, 1506. During his residence on the continent he embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and was employed by James V. as a tutor to his natural son, the Earl of Moray. At the same king's command he attacked the Franciscans in a satirical poem, for which his life being threatened, he fled to England, and thence to France, where he obtained a professorship in the College of Guienne, in Bordeaux, and subsequently held the regency in the college of Cardinal Le Moin, from 1544 to 1547. He next went to Portugal, and became a teacher of philosophy in the University of Coimbra, but expressing some free opinions, he was confined in a monastery, in which he translated the *Psalms of David* into Latin. This is generally considered to be the finest Latin version of the book of Psalms. In 1551 he obtained his liberty, and after residing some time in France and England, returned to his native country, where he was appointed the principal of the College of St. Leonard, in the University of St. Andrew's. This favor he obtained from Queen Mary, which he ill requited by writing a book called a *Detection of her Doings*, designed to prejudice the minds of her subjects against her. The Scottish nobility now nominated him tutor to James VI. In this capacity he labored to imbue the Scottish Solomon with wisdom, but succeeded only in making him a pedant, because, as he said, he could make nothing else of him. In 1570 he was made keeper of the privy seal. The last years of his life were employed in the composition of a history of Scotland, in elegant and powerful Latin. He died at Edinburgh in 1582.]

This answer being returned by the Scottish council, the King [Edward I.] of England, who sought not peace but victory, commenced the siege of Berwick by sea and land, with a powerful army of his own subjects; increased likewise by foreign auxiliaries; nor did he omit anything which might contribute to the capture of the city; and trusting to his numbers, he gave the besieged no respite, never intermitting his attacks by day nor night. . . . But when the siege, which began on the 13th of April, had now lasted three months, and the besieged, besides their fatigue and watching, beginning to be in want of provisions, appeared incapable of longer resisting the power of the enemy, it was agreed with the English, that unless they were relieved by the 30th of July, they would surrender the city to them, Thomas, the eldest son of Alexander Seton, the governor of the garrison, being given as an hostage.

Whilst these transactions were going forward at Berwick, the Scottish parliament assembled to deliberate on the state of the nation; and the regent being taken at Roxburgh, that they might not be without a leader, they chose Archibald Douglas as their chief, and determined that he should have an army to march into England, and waste the neighboring districts, in order to draw away the King from the siege. According to this determination, Douglas proceeded for England; but hearing of the agreement of Alexander Seton, he altered his design, and in opposition to the more prudent counsels of the wisest of his officers, marched directly towards the English, and on St. Magdalen's eve was descried both by friends and enemies. The King of England, although the day had not arrived for the surrender of the town, when he saw the Scottish forces so near, sent a herald to the commander of the garrison, who announced to him that unless he immediately delivered up the place, he would put his son Thomas to death. In vain did the governor contend that the day for surrendering the city had not arrived; in vain did he appeal to Edward's pledged faith; for while affection, tenderness, anxiety, and his duty to his country variously agitated his paternal bosom, the King of England, thinking he would be moved were the terrible object brought nearer, ordered a gallows to be erected on a situation where it could be easily seen from the town, and the two sons of the governor, the one a hostage, the other a prisoner of war, to be brought thither for execution. At this dreadfully disturbing spectacle, when the mind of the father wavered, his wife, the mother of the youths, a woman of masculine fortitude, by various arguments encouraged and strengthened his resolution. She placed before him his fidelity to his king, his love to his country, and the dignity of a most noble family. She reminded him that they had other children still remaining, neither did his age or her own preclude the hope of having more; and these, although now they should escape, yet, in a short time either a fortuitous death, or, at best, old age would sweep them away; but if any spot should stain the family of Seton, it would remain forever, and the infamy would attach to their innocent descendants; that she had often heard praised in the speeches of the wise, those

who had devoted themselves and their children as victims for the safety of their country; but he, if he delivered up the city intrusted to him, would betray his country, without securing the safety of his children; for how could he hope that a tyrant who now violated his faith would afterwards observe his promises. She therefore entreated him not to purchase an uncertain, and even if procured, a momentary advantage, by certain and perpetual disgrace. When she had by such reasoning, in some measure tranquillized the mind of her husband, lest he might not be able to avert his eyes from the detestable execution, she led him to another quarter of the city, from whence it could not be observed.—*Regum Scoti Historia, transl. of* AIKMAN.

TRUE AND FALSE EDUCATION.

And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been more industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. . . .

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics: so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and court shifts, and tyrannous aphorisms, appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which, indeed, is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at the schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and

entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

For their studies, first they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better: and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but we are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward, so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French. Next to make them expert in the usefullest points of grammar and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labor, ere any flattering seducement, or vain principle seized them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education would be read to them; whereof the Greeks have store, as Cetes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quintilian, and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. —*Letter to Master Hartlib on Education.*

JOHN MILTON.

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fit essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . . When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends: after all which is done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the

back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. . . . And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching; how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whereas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction, of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humor which he calls his judgment?—*Areopagitica.*

JOHN MILTON.

FROM LADY RUSSELL TO DOCTOR FITZWILLIAM.

[**Lady Rachel Russell,** the wife of Lord William Russell, who was unjustly executed for alleged treason, 1683, was born 1636, and died 1723. Her constancy to her husband in his misfortunes, her services in court as his amanuensis, and her efforts to save him from the fatal block, together with her *Letters*, first published fifty years after her death, have embalmed her memory in the hearts of thousands. They are marked by touching eloquence and a fine religious spirit.]

SOUTHAMPTON HOUSE, 17*th July*, 1685.

Never shall I, good doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labor and love: so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time when I have read any of your papers I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from all engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here, I would have it as it is; and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward: and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But, sure, doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it: then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had: yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God, and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus: that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectation of my soul, I may go through honor and dishonor, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind.

The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature, for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl; the surgeon says she will do well. . . . Sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself, yet how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me.

MADRIGAL.

(*From the Greek Anthologies.*)

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth as well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.

[**Count Leo Tolstoi,** perhaps the most celebrated of the living authors of Russia, was born 1829. Having finished his studies at a military college, he entered the army, served in the ranks at Sebastopol, and wrote a narrative of that famous siege. His first romances date from 1853, and his *Infancy, Adolescence and Youth* met with great success. Among his later novels are *The Cossacks*, *War and Peace* (Moscow, 1868), *Anna Karenina* (1874). Count Tolstoi has also written copiously on political, social, ethical and religious questions. Although at one time a reformer in the most radical sense of the term, he has embraced the Christian precept of non-resistance in its most literal sense, and has opposed Russian Nihilism with all his powers. His writings, like his life, are full of the spirit of charity and human brotherhood. A brilliant, powerful, and often paradoxical writer, he depicts scenery and manners with a pen full of vigor and versatility. His masterpiece is his great historical romance, *War and Peace*, which some have termed the finest creation of Russian literature. In this work he has sketched admirable portraits of the Russian aristocracy, the common people, the French invaders, the character of Napoleon, etc. These characters possess a striking originality, and are drawn from nature with a rare and masterly touch. We cite from his novel, *War and Peace*, the striking sketch of the Emperor Napoleon.]

The fight at Schevardino had taken place on the 5th of September; on the 6th not a gun was fired on either side; the 7th was the fearful day of Borodino. Why and how were these battles fought? we ask in amazement, for no great advantage could result either to the Russians or the French. For the Russians they were a step farther towards the loss of Moscow, which was the catastrophe they most dreaded; and for the French a step nearer to the loss of their army, which no doubt filled them with equal apprehension. However, though both these consequences were self-evident, Napoleon offered battle, and Koutouzow accepted the challenge. If any really good reasons had ruled the strategy of the rival commanders, neither ought to have fought then and there; for Napoleon ran the risk of losing a quarter of his men at 2000 versts inside the frontier—the straight road to ruin—and Koutouzow, while exposing his army to the same danger, would lay Moscow open.

Before the fight at Borodino the proportion of Russians to French in the respective armies was as 5 to 6; after it as 1 to 2; or as 100,000 to 120,000 before, and as 50,000 to 100,000 after; and yet Koutouzow, an intelligent and experienced veteran, made up his mind to the struggle, in which Napoleon, an acknowledged military genius, sacrificed a quarter of his men. Though some writers have tried to prove that he believed he should close the campaign by taking Moscow as he had taken Vienna, it would be easy to demonstrate the contrary. Contemporary historians tell us that as soon as he had reached Smolensk he was anxious to find an opportunity of stopping; for while, on one hand, he was fully aware of the danger of extending his line over too wide an extent of country, on the other he foresaw that the occupation of Moscow would not give him a favorable position. He could judge of that by the state in which he found the evacuated towns, and by the silence which met his repeated attempts to reopen negotiations for peace. Thus both commanders—one in offering battle and the other in accepting it—acted absurdly and on no preconceived plan. Historians, reasoning from accomplished facts, have drawn plausible conclusions in favor of the genius and foresight of the two leaders, while, of all instruments ever employed by the Almighty to work out events, they were certainly the most blind.

The battle of Borodino was fought in a way quite unlike the descriptions given of it, which were written merely to cover the faults of the Russian generals; and this imaginary picture in fact only dimmed the glory of the army and the nation. It was not fought on a spot carefully selected and strengthened, nor with a small numerical difference: it was forced upon them on an exposed plain, after the redoubt had been taken, against forces twice as great as their own, and under conditions which did not even give them a hope of struggling for ten hours and leaving the day undecided; for it was obviously certain that they could not hold their own for three hours before they would be utterly defeated.

Pierre left Mojaïsk on the morning of the 6th. At the bottom of the steep street that leads to the suburbs he left his carriage on a rise to the right, by the church where mass was being performed. A regiment of cavalry, led by its singers, was following close behind him, and meeting these came a long row of carts bringing in the men wounded in the fray of the

5th. The peasants leading them were storming at their horses, cracking their whips, and running from one side to the other; the wagons, each carrying three or four men, were desperately shaken over the stones flung down at random to represent a pavement. The wounded men, with limbs tied up in rags, pale, pinching their lips and knitting their brows, held on to the bars, jostling each other; almost all stared curiously at Pierre's white hat and green coat.

His coachman roughly ordered the peasants to keep on one side of the road; the regiment coming down the hill occupied the whole of it and drove the carriage to the very edge; Pierre himself had to stop and stand aside. At this spot, just above a bend in the road, the hill formed a brow which screened it from the sun. In the shade it was damp and chill, though it was a fine, bright morning. One of the carts, full of wounded, drew up within a few steps of Pierre. The driver in his bast shoes ran up out of breath, picked up a stone to scotch the hind wheel, and arranged the harness; an old soldier with his arm in a sling, who was following on foot, helped with his sound hand, and turning to Pierre said,

"I say, mate, are we to be left to die here, or to be dragged on to Moscow?"

Pierre, lost in thought, did not hear the question; he looked first at the cavalry regiment, checked by the carts, and then at the wagon that was standing near him. In it were three soldiers. One of them was wounded in the face; his head was wrapped in rags, leaving one cheek bare, swelled to the size of a child's head; his eyes were fixed on the church, and he was crossing himself fervently. The second was a fair raw recruit, so pale that he seemed not to have a drop of blood left in his thin face; he looked down at Pierre with a pleasant, gentle smile. The third was half lying down, and his face was invisible. At this moment the singers of the marching regiment came close to the wagon, their cheering strains mingling with the noisy ringing of bells. The bright sun shone on the platform at the top of the hill and brightened all the landscape; but where the wagon had drawn up, the wounded men and the panting horse, and Pierre standing by them, were in shadow and mist and gloom! The soldier with the swelled cheek looked at the singers out of the corner of his eye.

"Well, what a lot of dandies!" he murmured, reproachfully.

"I have seen something besides soldiers to-day—I have seen peasants driven to the front," said the man who was leaning against the cart, with a melancholy smile. "They are not so particular now; they are going to throw the whole nation at their head. It has got to be done somehow."

In spite of the incoherence of this statement Pierre gathered the sense of it and nodded affirmation.

The road presently cleared; Pierre went down the hill and got into his carriage again. As he drove on he looked out on both sides of the road for some one he knew, but he saw none but strangers, and all stared in astonishment at his white hat and green coat. After travelling about four versts he at last saw a face he recognized, and at once hailed it: it was one of the physicians to the commander-in-chief, accompanied by an aide-de-camp: his britzska met Pierre's; he knew him at once, and signed to the Cossack who was seated on the box by the side of the coachman to desire him to stop.

"Monsieur le Comte! What brings you here, excellency?"

"A wish to see what is going on, that is all."

"Ay, ay! Well, you will see plenty to satisfy your curiosity."

Pierre got out to talk more at his ease, and expressed his intention of taking part in the battle. The doctor recommended him to speak to the commander-in-chief. "Otherwise you will not be recognized, and get lost God knows where. . . . His highness knows you and will receive you gladly. Take my advice; you will find it to your advantage." The doctor looked weary and hurried.

"Do you think so?" said Pierre. "Tell me how our position lies."

"Our position? Oh! that is not in my line; when you have passed Tatarinovo you will see; they are carrying loads of earth; go up the hill and you will have a view of the whole plain."

"Indeed; but if you—"

The doctor broke off and went towards his carriage. "I would have shown you the way with pleasure, I assure you," he said. "But," he added, with an energetic

gesture, "I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels. . . . I am on my way now to the general of the corps, for do you know how we stand? To-morrow we fight a pitched battle; out of 100,000 men we must look for 20,000 wounded, let us say. Well, we have neither stretchers, nor hammocks, nor officers of health, nor surgeons even for 6000; we have 10,000 wagons, to be sure, but, as you may suppose, we require something besides that; and we are told to manage as we can."

Pierre stood thinking; out of those hundred thousand healthy men, young and old, some of whom at that moment were gazing in wonder at his white hat, twenty thousand were doomed irrevocably to death or suffering; the thought was acutely painful. "They may be dead to-morrow? How can they think of anything but that?" said he to himself, and a natural association of ideas brought up the picture of the steep street of Mojaïsk, the carts full of wounded, the jangling of bells, the flood of sunshine, and the soldiers' marching chorus. "And the cavalry regiment met all those wounded as it rode on to battle? Each man salutes and goes on, and never thinks of himself or of what is awaiting him? It is strange!" And he went on his way towards Tatarinovo.

On the left stood a handsome country-house, with sentries on guard, and a crowd of carriages, fourgons, and military servants waiting in front. This was the residence of the commander-in-chief; he was absent at the present moment, and had left no representative at home; he and his staff had all gone to a *Te Deum* service. Pierre went on to Gorky; having reached the top of the hill, as he went along the narrow village street he saw for the first time a party of militia-men in their white shirts, and caps with the badge of the cross, streaming with heat as they toiled, laughing and talking loudly, at a large earthwork covered with tall grass on the right of the high-road. Some were digging, others carrying the soil in wheelbarrows running on boards, while some looked on with their arms crossed. Two officers standing on the top of the mound directed the work. These peasants, who evidently were enjoying the novelty of military employment, reminded Pierre of the old soldier's speech: "They are going to throw the nation at the enemy's head!" These bearded laborers, in the heavy boots to which they were not yet accustomed, with their sunburnt necks and collar-bones showing under their open shirts, made a stronger impression on Pierre than anything he had yet seen or heard, and brought home to him all the solemnity and importance of the crisis.

Pierre mounted this hill, as the doctor had advised. It was now eleven o'clock; the sun, almost over-head, flooded the wide and varied panorama that spread before his eyes in the pure, calm atmosphere. On his left the high-road to Smolensk zigzagged up a slope and traversed a village nestling with its white church at about five hundred paces from the foot of the mamelon; this was Borodino. A little farther on, the road was carried across a bridge, still mounting to the village of Valouïew five or six versts away; beyond this village, held just now by the French, it was lost in a dense wood which reached to the horizon. Out of this mass of birches and firs rose a belfry, and a gilt cross twinkling in the sun; these marked the position of the convent of Kolotski. In the blue distance, to the right and left of the forest and the high-road, the smoke of bivouacs could be seen, and the confused masses of Russian and French troops. To the right the undulating ground that bordered the Kolotcha and the Moskva formed a succession of hillocks in which lay the hamlets of Besoukhow and Zaharino; on the left waved endless fields of wheat, surrounding the smoking ruins of Séménovski.

The scene on which Pierre looked down on either hand was so ill-defined that nothing answered to his expectations; there was no field of battle such as his imagination had pictured, but meadows, clearings, troops, copses, the smoke of camps and villages, hills, brooks—all so mingled that he could not, in all the smiling landscape, discover exactly what the Russian position actually was, or distinguish their forces from those of the enemy. "I must ask," thought he; and he turned to an officer who was examining this huge and unmilitary stranger with some curiosity.

"Would you have the goodness to tell me," said Pierre, "the name of the village opposite?"

"Bourdino, I believe," said the officer, referring to a comrade.

"Borodino," corrected the other.

The officer, charmed at having an opportunity of talking, went towards Pierre.

"And where are our troops?"

"Out there, farther off, and the French, too; don't you see them out there?"

"Where? where?"

"Why, you can see them with the naked eye." And the officer pointed to the smoke rising on the left bank of the river, while his face assumed the grave expression which Pierre had already seen on so many others.

"Yes, tho e are the French! But down there?" and he pointed to the left of the hill where they stood.

"Well, those are ours!"

"Ours? But beyond again?" And he waved his hand in the direction of a more distant height, on which a single tree stood out against the sky, by the side of a village huddled into a hollow where black patches were moving about among thick clouds of smoke.

"'He,' again,"[1] replied the officer. It was in fact the outwork of Schevardino. "We were there yesterday, but 'He' is there to-day."

"Then where is our position?"

"Our position?" said the officer, with a polite smile. "I can show you exactly, for it was I who planned the intrenchments. Follow me carefully. Our centre is here, at Borodino," and he pointed to the village. "There is the bridge over the Kolotcha. Do you see a bridge in that little meadow where the hay is lying strewed in heaps? Well, that is our centre. Our right flank is here," and he pointed to the valley on the right; "out there is the Moskva; you see we have three strong redoubts there. As to the left flank, it is a little difficult to explain," and he seemed embarrassed. "Yesterday it held Schevardino, where you see that single oak; but we have retired on the left as far as that burnt village and this height," indicating the hill of Raïevsky. "But God alone knows whether the battle will be fought there. 'He,' to be sure, has brought his forces forward on that side, but it is a ruse; he is sure to turn to the right by the Moskva. . . . However, come what may, there will be many missing at the roll-call to-morrow!"

An old sergeant who had come up to them was waiting in silence till his chief had ended his harangue; now, distressed by his last words, he interrupted him, saying gravely, "The gabions must be fetched up."

The officer looked slightly abashed, conscious, no doubt, that though he might be thinking of those that would be missing on the morrow, it did not do to speak of them.

"Very well, send down the third company," he said, sharply. "And who are you?" he went on. "Are you a doctor?"

"No, I only came out of curiosity," said Pierre; and he went down the hill again, past the militia party once more.

"Here she comes! They are bringing her! She is coming! Here she is!" shouted a number of voices.

Officers, regulars, and militia, all rushed to the high-road. A procession was coming towards them up the slope from Borodino.

"It is our Holy Mother, our Guardian, our Mother of Iverskaïa!"

"No, no, it is our Holy Mother of Smolensk," said another.

The militia, the villagers, the fatigue party at work on the battery, all flung down their spades and ran to meet the procession. At the head of it marched the infantry, bareheaded and with arms reversed, along the dusty road; behind them rose a solemn chant. Then came the clergy in full canonicals, represented by one old priest, some deacons, sacristans, and choristers. Some soldiers and officers were carrying a large image with a blackened face in a silver reliquary; this was the Holy Virgin that had been brought away from Smolensk, and that had ever since followed the army. On all sides, before and behind, came the mob of soldiery, marching or running, and bowing to the earth.

At last the procession reached the top of the slope. The bearers were relieved by others; the sacristans swung their censers, and the *Te Deum* was chanted. The scorching sun shone straight down, and a light, fresh breeze played in the hair of the uncovered heads, and fluttered the streamers that garnished the image; the chant rose heavenward in a soft mur-

[1] Napoleon was very commonly spoken of as "*Lui*," both by his enemies and his admirers. A poem of Victor Hugo's begins "*Toujours Lui, Lui partout.*"

mur. A space was left between the officiating priest and the deacons, and here, in the foremost rank, stood the superior officers. One bald general, wearing the cross of St. George, stood stiff and motionless, almost touching the priest—presumably a German, for he did not cross himself, and seemed to be waiting patiently till the ceremony was ended, though he considered it indispensable as reviving the patriotic enthusiasm of the people; another general, a martial figure, crossed himself incessantly while he looked about him.

Pierre recognized some of the faces, but he did not think of that; his whole attention was absorbed by the look of rapt devotion with which the soldiers and militia gazed at the miraculous image in their fevered excitement. When the choristers began the invocation to the Virgin—wearily enough, for this was at least the twentieth *Te Deum* they had sung—and the priests and deacons responded in chorus: "Most Holy Virgin, our invisible Bulwark and divine Mediatrix, deliver us, thy slaves, from disaster when we cry unto Thee!" every face wore that look of solemn feeling which Pierre had already noticed in almost every one he met. Heads were bent, hair thrown back, the men sighed and beat their breasts more vehemently.

Suddenly the whole mass of people moved backward, almost upsetting Pierre. A man, of high dignity, no doubt, to judge from the eagerness with which all made way for him, came straight up to the image; this was Koutouzow on his way back to Tatarinovo, after reconnoitring the ground. Pierre knew him at once. Wrapped in a long military cloak, round-shouldered and bent, with his blind eye, and his broad, fat cheeks, he walked unsteadily into the midst of the circle, paused just behind the priest, crossed himself mechanically, touched the ground with his hand, and bowed his gray head with a deep sigh. Benningsen and the staff came behind him. Notwithstanding the presence of the commander-in-chief, which had distracted the attention of the generals, the privates and militia continued their prayers without allowing themselves to be disturbed. When the service was over, Koutouzow stepped forward, knelt down with difficulty, touched the earth with his forehead, and then tried to rise; but his weight and weakness rendered his efforts futile, and his head shook with short jerks. When at last he had got himself up, he put out his lips as children do and kissed the image. The generals followed his example, then the rest of the officers, and after them the privates and militia-men, pushing and jostling each other.

Pierre, borne forward by the crowd, looked vaguely about him.

"Count Pierre Kirilovitch! what brings you here?" said a voice. Pierre looked round and saw Boris Droubetzkoï, who came up to him smiling, while he beat off the dust that had clung to his knees in his genuflections. His dress, though suited to a soldier on service, was nevertheless elegant; he wore a long cloak like Koutouzow's, and like him a whip hanging by a shoulder-strap. Meanwhile, the commander-in-chief had gone into the village of Gorky, and was sitting in the shade of a cottage, on a bench that a Cossack had hastily brought out, and that another had covered with a rug. His numerous and splendid suite were standing about him; the procession had gone on its way accompanied by the crowd; and Pierre, talking to Boris, found himself within thirty yards of Koutouzow.

"Take my word for it," said Boris to Pierre, who had been telling him of his wish to see the fight, "I shall be happy to do the honors of the entertainment, and the best thing you can do, in my opinion, is to keep with Benningsen; I am his orderly officer, and I will tell him you are there. If you want to get a good idea of the position, come with us; we are going down to the left flank, and when we come back pray put up at my quarters for the night. We might get a little party together—you know Dmitri Serguéïévitch; he lodges there," and he pointed to the third house in the village street.

"But I wanted to see the right wing. It is said to be very strong; and then I should like to go along the Moskva and see the whole position."

"You can do so, of course, but the left is the most important."

"Can you tell me where to find Prince Bolkonsky's regiment?"

"We shall pass it. I will take you to him."

"What were you going to say about the left?" asked Pierre.

"Between ourselves," replied Boris, lowering his voice in a confidential manner, "the left flank is wretchedly placed. Benningsen had a quite different plan; he was anxious to fortify that mound, out there—but his highness would not have it, for—"

Boris did not finish his sentence; he had just seen Koutouzow's aide-de-camp, Kaïssarow, coming their way.

"Paissi Serguéïévitch," said Boris, with an air, "I am trying to explain our position to the count; and I admire his highness' acumen in having guessed the enemy's purpose so well."

"The left flank, you mean?" said Kaïssarow.

"Just so; the left flank is formidable."

Though Koutouzow had reduced his staff, dismissing all the useless members, Boris had contrived to keep his place by attaching himself to Count Benningsen, who, like every one else under whose orders Boris had served, entertained a high opinion of him.

The army was indeed divided into two parties—the party of Koutouzow, and that of Benningsen as head of the staff-corps. Boris managed very skilfully, while he made a show of the greatest respect for Koutouzow, to insinuate that the old man was incapable of the conduct of affairs, and that it was Benningsen who carried everything with a high hand. They were now on the eve of a decisive event which must either crush Koutouzow and place the command in Benningsen's hands, or else, if the Russians gained the day, good care would be taken to make it understood that the honor was due to Benningsen. In either case rewards of every kind would be rife after the battle, and a number of obscure individuals would be brought to the front. The anticipation put Boris into a state of feverish excitement.

Pierre was soon surrounded by several officers of his acquaintance who had followed Kaïssarow; he could scarcely answer all their questions about Moscow, or follow the stories of all kinds that were poured into his ear. The faces round him were anxious and agitated; but it struck him that this agitation was due to matters of purely personal interest, and he involuntarily compared it with that other deep and absorbed expression that he had observed on so many faces—the look of those who, throwing themselves heart and soul into the national interest, understood that this was a question of life and death to all.

Koutouzow, noticing Pierre, sent his aide-de-camp to call him; Pierre obeyed the summons, but at the same moment a militia-man, slipping in front of him, also approached the commander-in-chief. This was Dologhow.

"And how on earth did that fellow get here?" asked Pierre.

"That creature sneaks in everywhere," was the answer. "He was degraded, but he comes up again like a cork . . . he has fifty different schemes in his head, and he made his way as far as the enemy's outposts. He is brave enough, that there is no denying."

Pierre respectfully took off his hat as he stood in front of Koutouzow, but Dologhow had got the commander-in-chief's ear.

"I thought," he was saying, "that if I warned your highness you would pack me off, or say the whole thing was known already."

"Yes, very true," said Koutouzow.

"But, on the other hand, if I should succeed, I should be doing a service to my country, for which I am ready to die! If your highness should happen to want a man who is not particular about keeping a whole skin, I beg you will remember me; I might be of use to you."

"Yes, yes," said Koutouzow, looking at Pierre out of his one eye with a smile.

At this instant, Boris, with his courtier-like ease, came forward and stood by Pierre, addressing him as if they were in the midst of a conversation: "And you see, count, the militia have got into white shirts to prepare for death. Is not that heroism?"

Boris had spoken with the evident intention of attracting attention; and he had gained his point, for Koutouzow turned to him and asked what he was saying about the militia. He repeated his remark.

"Yes, they are an incomparable race!" said Koutouzow, closing his eyes and nodding his head. "Incomparable!" he murmured once more. "So you want to smell powder?" he went on, addressing Pierre. "A very pleasant smell—I have

nothing to say against it! I have the honor to stand on the list of your wife's admirers; how is she? My camp is at your service."

As often happens with old people, Koutouzow looked away in an absent manner; he seemed to have forgotten all he had to say, and all he ought to do. Suddenly remembering that he had an order to give, he beckoned André Kaïssarow, the aide-de-camp's brother.

"What are those verses by Marina, the lines about Ghérakow?" he asked. "Repeat them to me."

Kaïssarow repeated them, and Koutouzow nodded his head to the rhythm. When Pierre moved away, Dologhow followed him and held out his hand. . . . Just then Count Benningsen, at a hint from Boris, proposed to Pierre to accompany a reconnoitring party along the line. "It will interest you," he added,

"Certainly it will," said Pierre; and half an hour later, Koutouzow made his way home to Tatarinovo, while Benningsen, with his staff and Pierre, set off on his round of inspection.

Benningsen went along the high-road towards the bridge of which the officer had spoken as forming the centre of the Russian position; the hay, lying cut in the meadows on both sides of the river, perfumed the air. Beyond the bridge they rode through the hamlet of Borodino, and then, turning to the left, passed an immense train of soldiers and ammunition-wagons coming down in front of a height on which the militia were throwing up earthworks. This redoubt was subsequently known as that of Raïevsky, or the mamelon battery. Pierre took no particular note of it; he could not guess that this spot would presently be the most memorable point in the battle of Borodino.

They then crossed the hollow that divided it from Séménovski: the soldiers were carrying away such timbers as were left of the cottages and barns, and down over the undulating ground they crossed a field of rye, beaten and trampled as if it had been hailed upon, and followed in the path left by the artillery over a ploughed field, to reach the advanced works which were as yet incomplete. Benningsen stopped and glanced at the redoubt of Schevardino which had been lost only the day before, and on which a few figures stood out against the sky. Napoleon, the officers declared, or Murat with a staff; and Pierre, like them, tried to make out which might be Napoleon. A few minutes later the party went down and disappeared in the distance.

Benningsen, addressing one of the generals in his suite, explained for all to hear, the position of the Russian forces. Pierre did his utmost to comprehend what were the combinations that had given rise to this engagement, but to his great regret he felt that his intelligence was not equal to the task, and that he understood nothing about it. Benningsen, observing his deep attention, presently said,

"This cannot interest you, I am afraid?"

"On the contrary," said Pierre.

Leaving the outworks behind them, they got into the high road which went on to the left, winding its way through a wood of birch-trees of dense growth, but not very tall. In the midst of this wood they started a hare, which sprung into the road at their feet and ran on in front of them for some distance, to their great amusement, till it was scared by the sound of horses or of voices, and bolted into a thicket. Two versts farther on they came out on a clearing where Toutchkow's corps were placed to defend the left flank. Having come to the limit of the position, Benningsen stood talking with much vehemence, and Pierre concluded that he had come to some supremely important decision. In front of Toutchkow's division there was a knoll which was not occupied by the Russians, and Benningsen criticised the oversight in strong terms, saying that it was absurd to leave such a commanding spot undefended, and to be satisfied with placing a force in the low ground. Some of the generals agreed with him. One, especially, maintained with military energy that they were exposed to certain death. Benningsen took upon himself to order the corps to occupy the hillock.

This fresh arrangement of the left wing made Pierre feel more than ever his incapacity for understanding the subtleties of strategy; as he listened to Benningsen and the generals discussing the question, he entirely agreed with them, and was astounded that such a blunder should ever have been committed. Benningsen, not knowing that the division had been placed

there, not to defend the position but to fall upon the foe unawares at a certain juncture, changed the plan without first informing the commander-in-chief.

Prince André, that same afternoon, was lying down in a dilapidated cart-shed in the village of Kniaskovo, at the extreme end of the camp occupied by his regiment. Propped on his elbow, he was looking out vaguely, through a crack between the boards, at the line of pollard birches that fenced in the farm, at the field where sheaves of oats lay scattered, and where the smoke rolled up from the fires over which the men's supper was stewing. Sad, dreary, useless, as life now seemed to him, he felt—as seven years since he had felt before Austerlitz—excited and deeply moved. He had given his orders for the morrow; he had nothing more to do; his mind was agitated by curiously vivid and consequently most gloomy presentiments. He foresaw that this engagement would be the most terrific in which he had as yet borne a part, and the possibility of death rose before him in all its cruel nakedness, apart from its bearings in relation to his present life, and from any prospect of the effect it might produce on others. All his past life seemed to present itself, as in a magic-lantern, in a long array of pictures which he had never before seen in the true light which now appeared to flood the scenes. "Yes, I see them all—a series of delusive mirages which cheated my excited fancy!" thought he, looking at them in the cold, relentless glare cast by the presence of death. "I see them plainly now, coarse counterfeits that I once could think beautiful and mysterious—glory, the public weal, the love of woman, and even the love of my country! How grand, how all-sufficing they seemed! but in truth everything is colorless, squalid, contemptible, in comparison with the dawn of that day which I feel is rising for me!" He dwelt particularly on the three great sorrows of his life: his love for a woman, his father's death, and the French invasion. Love! That little girl with her halo of charm! "How I loved her! and what poetic dreams did I not indulge as I thought of the happiness we were to have together! I believed in an ideal love which would keep her faithful to me during my twelve months' absence, like the pigeon in the fable! My father, again, was working and building at Lissy-Gory, confident that everything was absolutely his own: the serfs, the soil, the very air he breathed. Napoleon came, and without even dreaming of his existence, swept him out of his path like a wisp of straw; Lissy-Gory was ingulfed, carrying him with it in its ruin—and Marie persists in saying that it is a trial sent from Heaven! Why a trial, since he is no more? Whom is it to try? And Russia and Moscow—lost! Who knows? to-morrow I may be killed."

On the 6th of September, the eve of the battle of Borodino, arrived Monsieur de Beausset, Master of the Household to the Emperor of the French, and Colonel Fabvier—one from Paris, the other from Madrid. They found Napoleon in his camp at Valouïew. Monsieur de Beausset, in court uniform, heralded his approach by sending in a packet addressed to the emperor which he had been charged to deliver. He went into the outer room of the imperial tent and undid the wrapper as he stood talking with the aides-de-camp. Fabvier, pausing at the threshold, was speaking to some one outside. Napoleon was dressing in the inner room, which was his bedroom, turning himself about for his valet to brush him—first his broad shoulders and then his bulky person, with the enjoyment of a horse under the curry-comb. Another valet, holding his finger loosely over the mouth of a bottle, was sprinkling his master's fat person with eau-de-cologne, with intense conviction that he alone knew how many drops were needed, or exactly where to shed them. The emperor's close-cropped hair clung to his brow with the moisture, and his face, though sallow and puffy, expressed physical welfare.

"Go on, harder, go on," he said to the valet, who brushed away with renewed vigor.

An aide-de-camp, who had come with a report of the engagement of the day before and of the number of prisoners, was awaiting his dismissal in the door-way. Napoleon glanced at him with a sidelong scowl.

"What?" he said. "No prisoners! then they prefer to be cut to pieces? So much the worse for the Russian army!" Then, still turning his wide back and shoulders to the soothing friction of the brush: "Very good; show in Monsieur de Beausset and Fabvier."

"Yes, sire," said the aide-de-camp, hurrying off.

The two valets dressed their master in less than no time, in the dark-blue uniform of the Guards, and he went into the larger room with a firm, quick step. Meanwhile, Beausset had hastily unpacked the present from the empress, and had placed it on two chairs in front of the door the emperor must come in by; but Napoleon had finished his toilet so promptly that Beausset had not had time to arrange it quite to his satisfaction. It was to be a surprise to his majesty. Napoleon saw that he was embarrassed about something; but, pretending not to have noticed it, he signed to Fabvier to come forward. He listened with his brows knit and in utter silence to the colonel's laudatory report of the troops fighting at Salamanca—at the other side of the world—who according to his description of them, had but one absorbing idea: that of proving worthy of their emperor; and but one single fear: that of displeasing him! Nevertheless, the result had not been victory; and Napoleon comforted himself by asking sarcastic questions which tended to show that he expected nothing better when he was not on the spot.

"I must make up for it at Moscow," said Napoleon. "Good-by for the present;" and he turned to Beausset, who had had time to throw a drapery over the empress's gift.

Beausset came forward with an elaborate French bow, such as none ever learned to make but the old courtiers of the Bourbon days, and handed him a sealed letter. Napoleon sportively pinched his ear.

"You have made haste," he said, "and I am glad of it. Well, and what is the news from Paris?" he added, suddenly looking grave.

"Sire, all Paris bewails your absence," replied the courtier.

Napoleon knew perfectly well that this was merely skilful flattery. In his more lucid moments he also knew that it was false; but the phrase pleased him, and again he pinched Beausset's ear.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have brought you so far."

"Sire, I fully expected to follow you to the gates of Moscow."

Napoleon smiled and glanced carelessly to the right. An aide-de-camp, with a graceful bow, offered him a gold snuff-box.

"Yes, you are in luck," said he, taking a pinch. "You like travelling, and in three days you will be at Moscow. You did not expect ever to see the Asiatic capital?"

Beausset bowed in gratitude to his sovereign for having invented a taste for him of which he himself had no suspicion.

"Ah! what is that?" said Napoleon, observing the attention of the suite directed to a hanging. Beausset, with the neatness of an accomplished courtier, deftly skipped round and whipped away the curtain, saying,

"It is a present sent by the empress to your majesty."

It was a portrait painted by Gérard, of the child born of the marriage of Napoleon with the daughter of the Emperor of Austria. The lovely little boy, with curly hair and eyes like those of the Infant Christ in Sixtine Madonna, was playing with a cup and ball; the ball represented the terrestrial globe, while the cup, reversed, was a sceptre. Though it was hard to say why the artist should have painted the King of Rome as piercing the globe with a spike, the conceit was thought as clear and subtle by all who had seen the picture at Paris as at this moment it seemed to Napoleon himself.

"The King of Rome!" he exclaimed, with a gracious movement. "Admirable!" He had a peculiarly Italian facility in changing the expression of his face, and he went up to the portrait with a look of tender pathos. He knew that his every gesture and word on this occasion would be engraved on the page of history. Hence it struck him that, in contrast to such a height of power as could allow of his baby son being represented playing cup and ball with the world, simple paternal affection would be the happiest inspiration. His eyes dimmed with emotion, he stepped forward, glancing round for a chair. The chair was instantly placed, and he seated himself in front of the picture. Then, at a wave of his hand, the by-standers all retired on tiptoe, leaving the great man to his feelings. After a few moments of silent contemplation he recalled Beausset and the aide-de-camp; he desired that the portrait should be displayed outside his tent, that the "Vieille Garde" might have the pleasure of gazing on the King of Rome, their adored sovereign's son and heir! The result was as he had an-

ticipated. While he was at breakfast—having done M. de Beausset the honor of inviting him to share the meal—an outburst of enthusiasm from the officers and soldiers of the Old Guard became audible outside.

"*Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Roi de Rome!*"

When breakfast was over, Napoleon dictated his order of the day to Beausset.

"Short, and to the point!" was his comment, as he read over the address which he had dictated without a pause.

"SOLDIERS!—We are about to fight the battle you have so eagerly desired. Victory depends on you; but victory is indispensable. It will give us victuals in abundance, good winter-quarters, and an early return to France. Behave as you behaved at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Vitebsk, at Smolensk, so that your remotest posterity may speak of your conduct this day, and say of each man among you, 'He was at that great battle.'

NAPOLEON."

He invited M. de Beausset—who was so fond of travelling—to accompany him, and went out of his tent towards the horses which had just been saddled.

"Your majesty is too good!" said Beausset, though he desperately needed sleep and could not ride; but when Napoleon bowed his head Beausset had no choice but to follow.

As the emperor appeared on the scene the shouts of the veterans who had crowded round the picture rose to frenzy. Napoleon knit his brows.

"Take him away," he said, pointing to the portrait; "he is too young yet to look on at a battle."

Beausset closed his eyes and bent his head with a deep sigh, testifying by his reverential demeanor his appreciation of the emperor's sentiments.

Our historian of Napoleon has depicted him as spending the morning of that day on horseback, inspecting the ground, discussing the various plans submitted to him by his marshals, and giving orders to his generals.

The original line of the Russian army along the Kolotcha had been driven back, and part of it, particularly the left flank, had retired after the capture of the redoubt of Schevardino. This wing was therefore no longer protected either by outworks or by the river; it faced an open and level plain. It was as evident to a civilian as to a soldier that the attack must begin on this point. This, it would seem, could hardly need very profound calculations, nor any minute elaboration by Napoleon and his marshals, nor that peculiar insight recognized as genius, which is so usually attributed to the Corsican; however, those who were about his person were not of this opinion, and the historians who have since described these events have joined in the chorus.

While he rode over the whole position, examining every detail with anxious meditation, he shook his head—now doubtfully and now approvingly—and without communicating to his staff the profound reflections which led to his conclusions, he simply expressed those conclusions in the form of commands. Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, having hazarded an opinion that it would be well to turn the Russian left, Napoleon replied, without giving any reason, that it would be quite unnecessary. On the other hand, he approved General Compans' plan, which consisted in an attack on the advanced works, and then pushing forward through the woods, though Ney, Duke of Elchingen, ventured to remark that moving across the forest might be dangerous and disorder the ranks. As he studied the spot facing the redoubt at Schevardino, he reflected in silence for some minutes, and then pointed out two points where he wished batteries to be placed on the morrow to fire against the Russian works; also the position to be occupied by the field-guns.

These various arrangements, which have given rise to the most unbounded admiration on the part of French historians, and unanimous approbation among foreigners, were laid down as follows:

"Two new batteries are to be thrown up during the night on the plain occupied by the Prince of Eckmühl, and to open fire at daybreak on the enemy's two batteries opposite.

"General Pernetti, colonel of the first artillery corps, is to advance with 30 guns of Compans' division and all the howitzers of the Desaix and Friant divisions; he is to open fire, and throw his shells on the enemy's battery, which will thus be attacked by

Guns of the artillery of the Guards	24
Guns of Compans' division	30
Guns of Desaix's and Friant's divisions	8
In all	62

"General Fouché, in command of the third artillery corps, is to bring up the howitzers of the third and eighth corps, in all 16 guns, to flank the battery which is to bombard the works on the left, thus bringing 40 guns to bear on that redoubt.

"General Sorbier will remain in readiness to advance at the first word, with all the guns of the Artillery Guards against either of the enemy's intrenchments.

"During the cannonade Prince Poniatowski must march down on the village in the forest and turn the enemy's position.

"General Compans is to go through the forest and seize the first intrenchment.

"As soon as the action has fairly started on these lines, further orders will be issued according to the enemy's movements.

"The left wing is to open fire as soon as that of the right wing makes itself heard. Morand's division of sharp-shooters and the Viceroy's division are to open fierce fire as soon as the attack on the right is begun.

"The Viceroy must seize the village,[1] crossing its three bridges, and advancing on the same line as Morand's and Gérard's divisions, which, being led by him, will march on the redoubt and join the other troops.

"The whole to be carried out with strict good order and keeping some troops in reserve as far as possible.

"Given at the Imperial Camp at Mojaïsk, September 6, 1812."

If the arrangements of such a man as Napoleon may be criticised independently of the influence of his genius, which was almost a superstition, it is very evident that these orders are deficient in conciseness and accuracy. They resolve themselves, in fact, into four lines of action, neither of which could be—or was—carried out. First: the batteries placed on a spot selected by Napoleon, and strengthened by the guns under Pernetti and Fouché, 102 in all, were to open fire and silence the advance works on the Russian side. Now it was impossible to effect this, because the French projectiles could not be thrown far enough to fall within the enemy's works, so that these 102 guns were firing in the air till one of the generals took upon himself to send them forward, against the emperor's orders.

The second command, by which Poniatowski was to march down on the village through the forest, and to turn the Russian left, could not be obeyed, since Poniatowski was met in the forest by Toutchkow, who barred the way, and prevented his turning the position pointed out to him. The third instructed General Compans' corps to go by the forest and seize the first intrenchment; but it failed to do so, because, on leaving the forest, it found itself obliged to re-form under the fire of Russian musketry—a circumstance of which Napoleon could not be aware. With regard to the fourth arrangement, by which the viceroy was to take the village of Borodino, and, after crossing the river by the three bridges, to follow the same line of march as the divisions under Morand and Friant, it may be noted that what that line was to be is nowhere indicated. They were, however, to proceed to the redoubt, under his command, and form in a line with the other troops. So far as it is possible to make anything of this order by the light of the efforts made by the viceroy to carry it out, it would seem that he was to make his way to the left towards the redoubt after passing through the village of Borodino, while Morand's and Friant's divisions advanced in front of the line. All this was impossible.

The viceroy got through Borodino, but was beaten on the Kolotcha, and Morand and Friant, after experiencing the same fate, failed to take the redoubt, which only yielded to the cavalry towards the end of the engagement. So that neither of these orders was carried into effect.

It was added that subsequent commands would be issued according to the movements of the enemy. It was, therefore, to be presumed that Napoleon would take the necessary measures during the progress of the engagement; but he did nothing of the kind; for, as afterwards transpired, he was himself so far from the centre of the action that he could not follow it, and none of the orders he issued during the fight could possibly be executed.

[1] Borodino.

Several historians have asserted that the Russians won the day at Borodino, because Napoleon was suffering from a severe cold. But for that cold his combinations would have borne the stamp of genius throughout, Russia would have lost, and the face of the world would have been changed. Such a conclusion may be held indisputable by writers who can maintain that the mere sovereign will of Peter the Great transformed Russia; or that the will of Napoleon alone metamorphosed the French Republic into an empire, and bore the arms of France on to Russian soil. If it had, indeed, depended on him whether the action were fought or not, whether this or that decision were taken or not, that cold, by paralyzing his energies, would in fact have been the direct cause of Russia's escape; and the valet who, on the 25th of August, neglected to give him waterproof boots, might be called her deliverer. Granting such logic as this, the inference is plausible as Voltaire's when, in jest, he ascribed the massacre of St. Bartholomew to Charles IX. having a fit of indigestion. But to those who cannot accept this manner of argument such a reflection is simply absurd, and in obvious contradiction to human reason. To the question as to what is the real causation of historical events, it seems to us much simpler to say that the course of this world is foreordained, and depends on the coincidence of the wills of all those who are concerned in the issues; so that the good pleasure of a Napoleon has only a superficial influence.

And though it may at first seem hard to believe that the great massacre decreed by the desire of Charles IX. was not the outcome of his will, or that the slaughter at Borodino of some 80,000 men was not the act and deed of Napoleon, though the orders were given by them, I feel justified in coming to this conclusion by a due consideration of the dignity of humanity, which convinces me that every man is as much a man as Napoleon himself; and this is confirmed in many ways by the researches of historians. On the day of Borodino Napoleon neither aimed a gun nor killed a man. Everything was done by his soldiers, who killed their enemies in obedience not to his orders, but to their own impulse. The whole army—French, Germans, Italians, and Poles—hungry, tattered, worn out by the marches they had made, felt, as they stood face to face with this other army stopping their way, that "the cork was out, and the wine must be drunk." If Napoleon had forbidden them to fight the Russians they would have murdered him and have fought afterwards, for it had become inevitable.

When Napoleon's address was read to the troops, promising them, as a compensation for suffering and death, that posterity would say of them that "they, too, were at that great battle," they had shouted "*Vive l' Empereur!*" as they had done just before in front of the picture of the child playing cup and ball with the world—as they had done at all the nonsense he had ever talked to them. They had, in fact, no choice but to shout "*Vive l' Empereur!*" and then fight for the food and rest which, if they won the victory, awaited them at Moscow. They did not, then, kill their fellow-creatures by their master's orders; the battle was not of Napoleon's ordering, since none of his commands were carried out, and he did not know what was going on; hence, the question as to whether Napoleon had a cold or not is of no more consequence to history than the cold of the rawest recruit.

Historians also ascribe to this legendary cold the weakness of his arrangements; while we, on the contrary, think the plan was a better one than those by which he had won many another battle; they only seem weaker on looking back, because Borodino was the first action in which Napoleon was repulsed. The most learned and ingenious schemes always seem bad, and give rise to the severest strictures, when they have not resulted in victory, and *vice versa*. Weirother's plans of action at Austerlitz, for instance, were a model of exactitude, and yet they were criticised for this very exactitude and minuteness.

Napoleon played his part as representative of absolute power quite as well at Borodino as at his other battles—perhaps better. He had kept within the limits of strict sagacity. No confusion or contradiction can be imputed to him; he did not lose his head; he did not quit the field of action; and his tact and great experience helped him to fill the part of supreme ruler, as it seemed, in this bloody tragedy. with calmness and dignity.

Napoleon was thoughtful as he returned

from his tour of inspection. "The pieces are on the board," said he to himself. "To-morrow we play the game." He called for a glass of punch, and then sent for Beausset to discuss certain alterations to be made in the empress' household; and he astonished the courtier by his accurate recollection of the smallest details of the court at home.

He took an interest in all sorts of trifles, and laughed at Beausset for his love of travelling, chatting with cool ease—as a great surgeon might as he turns up his cuffs and ties on his apron while the patient is bound to the operating-table: "This business is my affair," he seemed to imply. "All the wires are in my hands. When it is necessary to act I shall do it better than any one—for the present I like to amuse myself. The more I laugh and the cooler I am the more confident and hopeful you may feel, and the more you ought to wonder at my genius!"

After a second glass of punch he went to lie down; the anticipation of the morrow would not allow him to sleep, and though the evening damp had increased his cold, he got up at about three in the morning, and went into the outer room of the tent, which he used as his drawing-room, blowing his nose noisily. He asked whether the Russians were still in position, and was told that the enemy's fires were burning on the same spots. The aide-de-camp on duty came in.

"Well, Rapp, do you think we shall make a good job of it to-day?"

"Not a doubt of it, sire."

The emperor looked at him.

"Do you recollect, sire, what you did me the honor to say to me at Smolensk: 'The cork is drawn, and the wine must be drunk.'"

Napoleon frowned, and was silent.

"My poor army!" he said, after a pause. 'It has greatly diminished since Smolensk. Fortune is a fickle hussy, Rapp; I always said so, and now I am learning it by experience. But the Guards—the Guards are complete, are they not?"

"Yes, sire."

Napoleon put a lozenge into his mouth, and then looked at his watch; he was not sleepy, and it would not be morning yet a while; there were no orders to give to kill the time: everything was ready.

"Have the regiments of Guards had their biscuits given out?"

"Yes, sire."

"And rice?"

Rapp said that he himself had taken the necessary steps to that end, but Napoleon was not satisfied, and shook his head: he seemed to doubt whether the order had been carried out. A valet brought some more punch, and Napoleon ordered a glass for the aide-de-camp; as he sipped it he said: "I can neither taste nor smell; this cold is intolerable, and doctors and medicine are preached at me, when they cannot even cure me of a cold! Corvisart has given me some lozenges, but they do me no good! The fact is, they do not know how to treat everything, and they never will. Our body is just a living machine. That is what it is made for, and that is its nature. Leave life to take care of itself, and it will fight its own battles a great deal better than if you paralyze its powers by weighting it with remedies. Our body is like a good watch, made to go a certain time; but no watchmaker can open it: he can only treat it blindfold, and feeling his way. Our body is a living machine, neither more nor less."

Having started on definitions, for which he had a great weakness, he went on suddenly.

"Do you know what the art of war is? It is the talent of being stronger than the enemy at a given moment."

Rapp made no answer.

"To-morrow we shall have Koutouzow to deal with. He commanded at Braunau; do you remember? And for three weeks he has not once got on horseback to inspect his defences! Well, we shall see."

Again he looked at his watch; it was only four o'clock. He rose, walked up and down, put on a greatcoat, and went out. It was a dark night; a thin fog filled the air. The bivouac fires of the Guards were hardly visible through the smoke; those of the Russian outposts glimmered in the distance. All was still; nothing could be heard but the hollow tramp of the French troops making ready to march down to their positions. Napoleon went forward, studying the fires and listening to the growing noise; as he passed a tall grenadier, on guard in front of the Imperial tent—who stood upright

and motionless as a pillar on seeing his majesty—he stopped to speak to him.

"How many years have you served?" he asked, with the kindly, military bluntness which he affected in addressing his soldiers. "Ah! one of the old ones, I see! And the rice; has it been served out?"

"Yes, your majesty."

Napoleon nodded and walked on.

At half-past five he mounted his horse and rode towards Schevardino. Dawn was growing from gray to white, the sky brightening rapidly; one cloud hung over the east. The deserted fires were dying out in the pale daylight. Then, to the right, one deep, rolling cannon-shot rang out, and died away into silence again. Soon a second and a third rent the air, then a fourth and fifth echoed the knell from some nearer spot on the right. Their growl had not died away when a fiercer roar took it up on all sides. Napoleon and his suite made their way to Schevardino and dismounted—the action had begun.

When Pierre returned to Gorky after his visit to Prince André, he desired his servant to have his horses ready saddled, and to wake him at daybreak; then he went soundly to sleep in the corner that Boris had so obligingly offered him. When he woke the cottage was empty, the little panes in the windows were trembling, and his man was shaking him to rouse him.

"Excellency, excellency," he shouted.

"Why, what is the matter? Is it begun?"

"Listen to the cannonade," said the man, who was an old soldier. "They have all been gone a long time; even his highness."

Pierre hastily dressed and ran out. It was a brilliant, delicious morning; dewdrops sparkled everywhere; the sun sent level rays through the curtain of cloud, and a shaft of light fell across the roof and through the hanging mist, on the dusty road just moist with the night-dews, on the walls of the houses, the rough wood palings, and the horses standing saddled at the door. The roar of cannon grew louder and louder.

"Make haste, count, if you want to be in time!" shouted an aide-de-camp as he galloped past.

Pierre started on foot, his man leading the horses, and made his way by the road as far as the knoll from whence he had surveyed the field the day before. This mamelon was crowded with military; the staff officers could be heard talking French, and conspicuous among them all was Koutouzow's gray head under a white cap bound with red, his fat neck sunk in his broad shoulders. He was studying the distance through a field-glass.

The morning light glowed in this mist, and in the smoke which mixed with it here and there, and sparkled on the water, the dew, the bayonets, even on Borodino. Through that transparent veil could be seen the white church, the hovel roofs of the village, and on every side serried masses of soldiers, green caissons, and guns. From the valley, from the heights, and the slopes, from the woods, from the fields, came cannon-shots, now singly, now in volleys, followed by puffs of smoke, which wreathed, mingled, and faded away. And, strange as it may appear, this smoke and cannonade were the most attractive features of the spectacle. Pierre was chafing to be there among the smoke and the sparkling bayonets, in the midst of the movement, close to the guns.

He turned to compare his own feelings with those which Koutouzow and his staff might be expected to feel at such a moment, and found on every face that suppressed excitement which he had noticed before, but which he had not understood until after his conversation with Prince André.

"Go, my friend, go," said Koutouzow to a general standing near him, "and God go with you." And the general who had taken the order went past Pierre down the hill.

"To the bridge!" he answered, in reply to a question from another officer.

Pierre went up to the battery that held the famous knoll, which came to be known to the Russians as the "Mamelon battery, or Raïevsky's redoubt;" and to the French—who regarded it as the key of the position—as "the great redoubt," or "the fatal redoubt." or the "centre redoubt." At its foot fell tens of thousands.

The works were thrown up on a mamelon, surrounded with trenches on three sides. Ten heavy guns poured forth death through the embrasures of a breastwork, while other pieces, continuing the line, never paused in their fire. The infantry stood somewhat farther back.

Pierre had no suspicion of the paramount value of this point, but supposed it to be, on the contrary, of quite secondary importance. He sat down on the edge of the earthwork that screened the battery, and looked about with a smile of innocent satisfaction; now and then he got up to see what was going on, trying to keep out of the way of the men who were reloading the guns and pushing them forward each time, and of those who went to and fro carrying the heavy cartridges.

Two or three had stopped to look at Pierre; they had jolly, friendly faces, and seemed quite astonished to hear him talk like themselves.

"It is our business, master. But as for you, it is not at all the same thing, and it is wonderful—"

"Now, then, serve the guns!" cried a young lieutenant, who was evidently on duty of this kind for the first or second time in his life, he was so extravagantly anxious to be blameless in his conduct to his chief and to his men.

The continual thunder of guns and musketry grew louder and louder, especially on the left, round Bagration's advanced work; but Pierre's attention was taken up with what was going on close to him, and the smoke prevented his seeing the progress of the action. His first impulse of gratified excitement had given way to a very different feeling, roused in the first instance by the sight of the little private lying in the hayfield. It was scarcely ten o'clock yet; twenty men had been carried away from the battery, and two guns were silenced. The enemy's missiles fell thicker and faster, and spent balls dropped about them with a buzz and a thud. The artillerymen did not seem to heed them; they were full of jests and high spirits.

At ten o'clock the infantry sharpshooters, placed among the scrub in front of the battery and along the Kamenka brook, began to give way; he could see them running, and carrying the wounded on their gunstocks. A general came up the mamelon, exchanged a few words with the colonel in command and went away again, after ordering the infantrymen to fire lying down, so as to expose a smaller front. There was a sharp rattle of drums in the regiment below, and the line rushed forward.

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The principal scene of action had been over a space of about two versts, lying between Borodino and the advanced works held by Bagration. Beyond this radius the cavalry of Ouvarow had made a short diversion in the middle of the day, and behind Outitza Poniatowski and Toutchkow had come to blows; but these were relatively trifling episodes. It was on the plain, between the village and Bagration's intrenchment, a tract of open ground almost clear of copse or brushwood, that the real engagement was fought, and in the simplest way. The signal to begin was given on each side by the firing of above a hundred cannon. Then, as the smoke rolled down in a thick cloud, the divisions under Desaix and Compans attacked Bagration, while the viceroy's marched on Borodino. It was about a verst[1] from Bagration's position to Schevardino, where Napoleon had posted himself; and more than two, as the crow flies, from those advanced works to Borodino. Napoleon could not therefore be aware of what was going on there, for the whole valley was shrouded in smoke. Desaix's men were invisible as soon as they got into the hollow; and when they had disappeared they could be seen no more, as the opposite slope was hidden from view. Here and there a black mass or a few bayonets might be seen; still, from the redoubt at Schevardino no one could be certain whether the hostile armies were moving or standing still. The slanting rays of a glorious sun lighted up Napoleon's face, and he screened his eyes with his hand to examine the defences opposite. Shouts rose every now and then above the rattle of musketry, but the smoke thickened and curtained everything from view. He went down from the eminence and walked up and down, stopping now and then to listen to the artillery, and looking at the field of battle; but neither from where he stood, nor from the knoll—where he had left his generals—nor from the intrenchments, which had fallen into the hands of the French and the Russians alternately, could anything that was happening be discovered. For several hours in succession, now the French came into view and now the Russians—now the infantry and now the cavalry; they seemed to surge up, to fall, struggle,

[1] Two-thirds of a mile.

jostle, and then, not knowing what to do, shouted and ran forward or backward. Napoleon's aides-de-camp, orderly officers, and marshals, rode up every few minutes to report progress; but these reports were necessarily fictitious, because, in the turmoil and fire, it was impossible to know exactly how matters stood and because most of the aides-de-camp were content to repeat what was told them, without going themselves to the scene of action; because, too, during the few minutes that it took them to ride back again, everything changed, and what had been true was then false. Thus, one of the viceroy's aides-de-camp flew to tell the emperor that Borodino was taken, that the bridge over the Kolotcha was held by the French, and to ask Napoleon whether troops should be made to cross it or no. Napoleon's commands were to form in line on the other side and wait; but while he was giving this order, and at the very time when the aide-de-camp was leaving Borodino, the bridge had been recaptured and burnt by the Russians in the conflict with which Pierre had got mixed up at the beginning of the engagement. Another aide-de-camp came riding up, with a scared face, to say that the attack on the advanced works had been repulsed, that Compans was wounded and Davoust killed; while, in fact, the intrenchments had been recaptured by fresh troops, and Davoust had only been bruised.

As the outcome of these reports, which were inevitably inaccurate by the mere force of circumstances, Napoleon made fresh arrangements which, if they had not been anticipated by prompt action on the spot, must have come too late. The marshals and generals in command, who were nearer to the struggle than he was, and who now and then exposed themselves to fire, took steps without waiting to refer to the emperor, directed the artillery, and brought up the cavalry on this side or the infantry on that. Often, however, their orders were only half executed, or not heeded at all. The ranks that were ordered to advance flinched and turned tail as soon as they smelt grape-shot; those who ought to have stood firm fled or rushed on as they saw the foe rise up before them; and the cavalry, again, would bolt off to catch the Russian fugitives. In this way two regiments of cavalry charged across the ravine of Sémënovski, dashed up the hill, turned right around and pelted back again, while the infantry performed much the same feat, allowing itself to be completely carried away. Hence all the decisions necessitated by the events of the moment were taken by those in immediate command, without waiting for orders from Ney, Davoust, or Murat—much less from Napoleon. They did not hesitate, indeed, to take the responsibility, since during the struggle a man's sole idea is to escape with his life, and in seeking his own safety he rushes forward or back, and acts under the immediate influence of his own personal excitement.

On the whole, after all, these various movements resulting from mere chance neither helped, nor even altered, the attitude of the troops. Their attacks and blows did little harm; it was the round-shot and shell flying across the wide plain that brought death and wounds. As soon as the men were out of range of the cannon their leaders had them in hand, formed them into line, brought them under discipline; and, by sheer force of that discipline, led them back into the ring of iron and fire, where they again lost their presence of mind, and fled headlong, dragging one another into the stampede.

Davoust, Murat, and Ney had led forward their troops under fire again and again, in enormous masses and in perfect order, but instead of seeing the enemy take to flight, as in so many previous battles, these disciplined troops turned back disbanded and panic-stricken; in vain they re-formed their ranks, their numbers perceptibly dwindled. About noon Murat sent a message to Napoleon to ask for reinforcements. Napoleon was sitting at the foot of the knoll drinking punch. When the aide-de-camp came up and said the Russians could certainly be routed if his majesty would send reinforcements. Napoleon looked stern and astonished.

"Reinforcements!" he cried, as if he did not understand the meaning of the request, and he looked up at the handsome lad with curly hair who had been sent on the errand. "Reinforcements!" he repeated to himself in an undertone. "What more can they want of me when they have half of the army at their disposal in front of the Russian left wing.

which has not even an intrenchment? Tell the King of Naples that it is not yet noon, and I do not see my way on the chess-board. Go." The handsome young fellow sighed, and with his hand still up to his shako rode back into the fire. Napoleon rose and called Caulaincourt and Berthier, with whom he discussed various matters not relating to the battle. In the middle of the conversation Berthier's attention was attracted by seeing a general riding a horse covered with foam and coming towards the mamelon with his staff. This was Belliard. He dismounted, and hastening towards the emperor, explained to him, in loud and positive tones, that the reinforcements must be sent up. He swore on his honor that the Russians would be utterly cut up if the emperor would only send forward one division. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, still walking up and down, while Belliard vehemently expressed his opinions to the generals who stood round him.

"Belliard, you are too hot-headed," said Napoleon. "It is so easy to make a mistake in the thick of the fray. Go back, look again, and then return!"

Belliard had hardly disappeared when another messenger arrived from the scene of action.

"Well, what now?" said Napoleon, in the tone of a man who is worried by unlooked for difficulties.

"Your majesty, the prince—"

"Wants reinforcements, I suppose?"

The aide-de-camp bowed affirmatively. Napoleon turned away, went forward a step or two, turned back, and addressed Berthier.

"We must send them the reserves. What do you think? Who can we send to help that gosling I hatched into an eagle?"

"Let us send Claparède's division, sire," replied Berthier, who knew every division, regiment, and battalion by name.

The emperor nodded approval. The aide-de-camp went off at a gallop towards Claparède's division, and a few minutes later the regiment known as the Jeune Garde (in contradistinction to the Vieille Garde), which stood in reserve behind the mamelon, began to move forward. Napoleon stood looking at it.

"No," he said, suddenly, "I cannot send Claparède—send Friant."

Though there was nothing to be gained by moving the second rather than the first, and in fact the immediate result was great delay, this order was carried out exactly. Napoleon, though he little suspected it, was dealing with his army like a doctor who impedes the course of nature by the application of remedies; a method he was always ready to criticise severely in others. Friant's division was soon lost to sight in the smoke, with the rest, while aides-de-camp came in from every point of the action, as if they had conspired to make the same demand. All reported that the Russians stood firm in their positions, and were keeping up a terrific fire under which the French were fairly melting away. M. de Beausset, who was still fasting, went up to the emperor, who had taken a seat on a camp-stool, and respectfully suggested breakfast.

"I fancy I may congratulate your majesty on a victory?" he said.

Napoleon shook his head. M. de Beausset, thinking that this negative referred to the assumed victory, took the liberty of remarking, in a half-jesting tone, that there could be no moral reason against their having some breakfast as soon as it might be possible.

"Go—you—" Napoleon suddenly began, and he turned away.

A smile of pity and dejection was Beausset's comment, as he left the emperor and joined the officers.

Napoleon was going through the painful experience of a gambler who, after a long run of luck, has calculated every chance and staked handfuls of gold, and then finds himself beaten after all, just because he has played too elaborately. The troops and commanders were the same as of old; his plans well laid; his address short and vigorous; he was sure of himself, and of his experience, his genius, which had ripened with years. The enemy in front was the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland; he had counted on falling on him tooth and nail, and the stroke had failed as if by magic. He was wont to see his designs crowned with success. To-day, as usual, he had concentrated his fire on a single point, had thrown forward his reserves and his cavalry—men of steel—to break through the Russian lines—and yet victory held aloof. From all sides came the cry for reinforcements, the news that generals

were killed or wounded, that the regiments were demoralized, that it was impossible to move the Russians. On other occasions, after two or three moves, and two or three orders hastily given, aides-de-camp and marshals had come to him beaming, to announce with compliments and congratulations that whole corps had been taken prisoners, to bring in sheaves of standards and eagles taken from the foe; trains of cannon had rattled up behind them, and Murat had asked leave to charge the baggage-wagons with cavalry! This was how things had gone at Lodi, at Marengo, at Arcola, at Jena, at Austerlitz, at Wagram. To-day something strange was in the air; the Russian advanced works, to be sure, had been taken by storm; still, he felt it, and he knew that all his staff felt it too. Every face was gloomy; each man avoided catching his neighbor's eye; and Napoleon himself knew better than any one what was the meaning of a struggle that had lasted eight hours, and had not yet resulted in victory, though all his forces had been engaged. He knew that it was a drawn game, and that even now the smallest turn of fortune might, at this critical moment, involve him and his army in ruin.

As he thought over this weird campaign in Russia—in which, during two months' fighting, not a battle had been won, not a flag, not a gun, not a company of men had been captured—the dismal faces of his courtiers, and their lamentations over the obstinacy of the Russians, oppressed him like a nightmare. The Russians might at any moment fall on his left wing, or break through his centre! A spent ball might even hit him! All these things were possible. He had been used to look forward to none but happy chances; to-day, on the contrary, an endless series of chances, all against him, rose before his fancy. When he heard that the left wing was, in fact, attacked by the enemy, he was panic-stricken. Berthier came up and suggested that he should ride round and judge for himself of the state of affairs.

"What? What did you say? Ah! yes, to be sure; call for my horse—." And he started towards Séménovski.

All along the road nothing was to be seen but horses and men, singly or in heaps, lying in pools of blood; neither Napoleon nor his generals had ever seen so many slain within so small a space. The hollow roar of the cannon, which had never ceased for ten hours, and of which the ear was weary, made a sinister accompaniment to the scene. Having reached the height above Séménovski, he could see in the distance, across the smoke, close lines of uniforms of unfamiliar colors; these were the Russians. They stood in compact masses behind the village and the knoll, and their guns still thundered unremittingly all along the line; it was not a battle; it was a butchery, equally fruitless to both sides. Napoleon stopped, and relapsed into the reverie from which Berthier had roused him. It was impossible to put an end to the slaughter, and yet he it was who, to the world, was the responsible authority. This first repulse brought home to him all the horror and waste of such massacres.

One of the generals ventured to suggest that the Old Guard should be sent forward; Ney and Berthier exchanged glances and smiled in contempt for so preposterous a notion. Napoleon sat in silence, with his head down.

"We are eight thousand leagues from home," he suddenly exclaimed, "and I will not have my Guards cut to pieces!" Then, turning his horse, he galloped back to Schevardino.

Koutouzow, with his head bent and sunk all into a heap from his own weight, sat all day where Pierre had seen him in the morning, on a bench covered with a rug; he gave no orders, but merely approved or disapproved of what was suggested to him.

"That is it—yes, yes, do so," he would say; or, "Go and see, my good friend, go and see;" or, again, "That is of no use; we must wait: . . ."

But he listened to all he was told, and gave the requisite orders without seeming to take any interest in what was said, though he was, in fact, alive to every tone and every change of expression in the speaker. His long experience and hoary wisdom had taught him that no one man can direct the movements of a hundred thousand others fighting for life and death. He knew that it was neither the plans of the commander, nor the placing of the troops, nor the number of guns, nor the amount of slain which decide the victory, but that imponderable force called the Spirit of the Army, which he tried to

control and guide as far as possible. The calm, grave expression of his face was in startling contrast to the weakness of his aged frame.

At eleven in the forenoon a messenger came to say that the redoubt taken by the French had been recaptured, but that Bagration was wounded. Koutouzow exclaimed loudly and shook his head.

"Go and fetch up Prince Pierre Ivanovitch," he said to an aide-de-camp; then, turning to the Prince of Wurtemberg, he said, "Would your highness at once take the command of the first division?"

The prince rode off, but before he reached the village of Séménovski he sent back his aide-de-camp to ask for reinforcements. Koutouzow frowned; then he sent Doctourow forward to take the command, instead of the prince, whom he begged to return, as he found that he could not dispense with his advice under such serious circumstances. When he was told that Murat had been taken prisoner he smiled; his staff eagerly congratulated him.

"Wait a little, gentlemen," he said. "Wait. The battle is certainly ours, and the news that Murat is taken is not so very astonishing; but we must not crow too soon."

However, he sent an aide-de-camp to make the fact known to the troops. Somewhat later Scherbinine arrived to tell him that the outworks at Séménovski had been taken once more by the French, and Koutouzow understood from the expression of his face, and the rumors that reached him from the scene of action, that things were going but badly. He rose and led him aside.

"My good fellow," he said, "go and see what Yermelow is doing, and what he can do."

Koutouzow was at Gorky, the very centre of the Russian position. Napoleon's attack on the left had been bravely repulsed again and again by Ouvarow's cavalry, but in the centre his troops had not got beyond Borodino. By three o'clock the French had given up attacking, and Koutouzow could read acute excitement on the faces of those who came up from the field, as well as of those who remained with him. The success was far beyond his hopes, but his strength was beginning to fail; his head drooped, and he kept dropping asleep. Some dinner was brought to him. While he was eating, Woltzogen came to talk to him. It was he who had said in Prince André's hearing that the war must have room to spread, and who hated Bagration. He had come, by Barclay's request, to report progress as to the military operations of the left wing. The wiseacre Barclay, seeing a crowd of fugitives and wounded, while the farthest line had given way, had come to the conclusion that the battle was lost, and had sent off his favorite aide-de-camp to carry the news to Koutouzow. The commander-in chief was mumbling a piece of roast-fowl, and he looked complacently up at Woltzogen, who approached with an air of indifference and a superficial smile, and saluted with affected grace. He looked as though he would convey, "I, as an experienced and distinguished soldier, may leave it to the Russians to offer incense to this useless old dotard, whom I know how to estimate at his true worth."

"The old gentleman"—the Germans always spoke of Koutouzow as "the old gentleman"—"is making himself comfortable!" thought Woltzogen, glancing at the plate; and he proceeded to report on the situation of the left flank as he had been desired, and as he himself had believed that he had seen it.

"All the chief points of our position are in the enemy's hands; we cannot dislodge them for lack of men. Our troops are flying, and it is impossible to stop them."

Koutouzow ceased eating, and looked up astonished; he seemed not to understand the words. Woltzogen saw that he was much moved, and went on with a smile.

"I do not think I should be justified in concealing from your highness what I saw. The troops are completely routed."

"You saw!—you saw that?" cried Koutouzow, starting up with a fierce frown. With his trembling hands he gesticulated threats, and almost choking, exclaimed,

"How dare you, sir, tell me such a thing as that? You know nothing about it! Go and tell your general that it is false, and that I know the true state of things better than he does."

Woltzogen would have interrupted him, but Koutouzow went on, "The enemy's

left is driven back, and his right badly damaged. If you saw wrongly, that is no reason to tell a falsehood. Go and tell General Barclay that I intend to renew the attack to-morrow!" No one spoke; there was not a sound but the old man's hard breathing. "He is repulsed on all sides," he added, "and I thank God and our brave troops! The victory is ours, and to-morrow we will cast him forth from the sacred soil of Russia." He crossed himself, and ended with a sob.

Woltzogen shrugged his shoulders and smiled sardonically. He turned on his heel, not even attempting to conceal his astonishment at the "old gentleman's" wilful blindness. At this moment another officer—a particularly pleasant-looking man—came up the hill.

"Ah! here is my hero!" said Koutouzow, waving his hand to him.

This was Raïevsky. He had been all day in the hottest place in the field. His report was that the Russians were holding their own, and that the French did not dare to renew the attack.

"Then you do not think, as some others do, that we are forced to retire?" asked Koutouzow, in French.

"On the contrary, highness. In a doubtful action the side that stands steady longest is the conqueror, and in my opinion—"

"Kaïssarow!" exclaimed the commander-in-chief, "make out the order of the day for me. And you," he added to another officer, "ride down the lines and say that we attack to-morrow."

Meanwhile Woltzogen had been to Barclay and come back again, and he now said that his chief begged to have the orders he had carried confirmed by writing. Koutouzow, without even looking at him, at once had the order written out which relieved the ex-commander-in-chief of all responsibility.

By that mysterious moral intuition which is known as *esprit de corps*, Koutouzow's order of the day was communicated instantaneously to the farthest corner of the field. Not, of course, that the original words were exactly repeated; in fact, the expressions given to Koutouzow were not his at all; but every one understood their purport and bearing. They were not the utterance, indeed, of a more or less skilful orator, but they perfectly expressed the feeling of the commander-in-chief—a sentiment that found an echo in the breast of every Russian. All these weary, doubting soldiers, when they were told that they were to attack the foe on the morrow, felt that the thing they hated to believe was false; this comforted them, and revived their courage.

. . . . . .

The terrible sight of the battle-field strewn with corpses and wounded men, the crushing responsibility that weighed upon him, the news that reached him every few minutes of so many generals being killed or severely wounded, together with the loss of his prestige, all made an extraordinary impression on the Emperor Napoleon. He, who was usually glad to look on the dead and dying, and fancied that his callousness was a proof of his magnanimity and fortitude, felt morally defeated, and he hastened to quit the field of battle and return to Schevardino. His face was yellow and puffy, his eyes bloodshot, and his voice hoarse. Seated on his camp-stool, he could not help listening to the noise of the guns, but he did not raise his eyes. He was awaiting with agonized impatience the end of this business in which he had been the prime mover, and which he now was impotent to stay. For a moment a natural and human impulse had risen superior to the mirage which had so long bewitched him, and for once he brought home to himself the keen apprehension of suffering that had come over him on the battle-field. He thought of the contingency for himself of death and anguish, and he ceased to long for Moscow, for glory, for conquest; he sighed but for one thing; rest, quiet, liberty. Nevertheless, when he had reached the height above Séménovski, and the general in command of the artillery proposed to bring up a few batteries to support the firing on the Russian troops drawn up in compact masses in front of Kniazkow, he had agreed at once, and desired to be informed of the result. Not long after an aide-de-camp came to tell him that two hundred cannon had been turned on the Russians, but that they held their own. "Our fire mows them down in rows, and they do not stir!"

"Do they want any more?" said Napoleon, huskily.

"Sire?" said the aide-de-camp, who had not heard.

'Do they want any more?" repeated

Napoleon. "Well, if they do, give it them." And so he came back into the false world of chimeras that he had created for himself, and resumed the painful, cruel, and inhuman part that he was destined to fill.

This man, who was no doubt more directly responsible than any one else for the events of his time, was, till his dying day, disabled by his darkened intellect and conscience from understanding the real bearing of the acts he committed, opposed as they were to the eternal laws of truth and right; and as half the world approved of these acts, he could not repudiate them without being illogical. To-day was not the first time that he had felt a secret satisfaction at comparing the number of Russian corpses with the French; it was not the first time that he had written to Paris that the field of battle was a glorious sight. Why should he say this? Because there were 50,000 dead lying there; and even at St. Helena, where he spent his leisure in recording his past achievements, he could dictate as follows:

"The war with Russia ought to have been the most popular war of modern times; it was on the side of good sense and sound interests, of the peace and security of Europe; it was purely pacificatory and conservative.

"It was, for the great cause, the end of hap-hazard and the beginning of security. A new horizon and new scenes were about to unfold themselves, bright with ease and prosperity for all. The European system was actually established; all that was wanting was to organize it.

"I, myself, satisfied on these great questions and tranquil on all sides—I, too, should have had my Congress and my Holy Alliance. Those ideas were stolen from me. In that great council of sovereigns we should have discussed matters as family interests, and settled accounts with the nations with a high hand.

"In this way Europe would soon have been but one people, and every one, travel where he might, would have still been in the common fatherland. I should have insisted on all the navigable rivers being free to all, on common rights in all seas, and on the great standing armies being reduced merely to an efficient guard for the various sovereigns.

"On my return home, having made France great, strong, magnificent, glorious, and tranquil, I should have defined her immutable frontier. Thenceforth every war would have been purely defensive, and all aggrandizement would have been regarded as anti-national. I should have made my son the partner of my throne; my dictatorship would have been at an end; his constitutional sovereignty would have begun. Paris would have been the capital of the world, and France the envy of all nations.

"Then my leisure and old age would have been dedicated during my son's apprenticeship to making a tour with the empress—driving our own horses and taking our time like a country couple—visiting all the nooks of Europe, receiving petitions, redressing wrongs, sowing good seed wherever we went, and founding monumental benefactions."

Yes, he—the torturer of the nations, foreordained by Heaven to fill that part—racked his brain to prove that his sole aim had been to do them good, that he could control the destinies of millions, and load them with benefits by his arbitrary volition!

"Of 400,000 men who crossed the Vistula," he wrote, "half were Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Poles, Bavarians, Wurtembergers, Mecklenburgers, Spaniards, Italians, and Neapolitans. The imperial army, properly speaking, contained about one-third of Dutch, Belgians, Rhinelanders, Piedmontese, Swiss, Genevese, Tuscans, Romans, natives of the thirty-second military district, of Bremen, Hamburg, etc. There were hardly 140,000 men who spoke French. The invasion of Russia cost France itself less than 50,000; the Russian army lost four times as many men as the French army in the course of the retreat, and various actions between Vilna and Moscow; the burning of Moscow cost the lives of 100,000 Russians who perished of cold and misery in the forests; and then, in the march from Moscow to the Oder, the Russian army also suffered from the severity of the season. Only 50,000 men reached Vilna, and less than 18,000 got as far as Kalisch."

So he really believed that the war in Russia had depended solely on his will and pleasure, and yet the horrors of the accomplished fact caused him no pang of remorse!

Heaps of men in every variety of uniforn were lying in confusion, tens of thou-

sands of them, in the fields and meadows belonging to M. Davydow and the crown serfs. On those fields and meadows, for hundreds of years the peasants of the neighborhood had pastured their beasts and harvested their crops. Near the ambulance tents for about a dessiatine[1] the ground and grass were soaked in blood; crowds of soldiers, some sound and some wounded, and of different arms, were making their weary way in terror towards Mojaïsk or Valouïew; others, hungry and worn out with fatigue, mechanically formed in line and followed their officers; while others, again, stayed on where they had been posted, and went on firing. Over the field where, a few hours since, all had looked bright and smiling, where bayonets had glittered and the iridescent mists of morning had veiled the scene, there now hung a dense fog, made heavy by smoke, and exhaling a strange reek of powder and blood. Black clouds had gathered overhead; a fine drizzle was bedewing the dead, the wounded, and the utterly weary. It seemed to be saying to them, "Enough, enough, hapless wretches! Bethink yourselves. What are you doing?" Then a thought seemed to dawn in the minds of the poor creatures, and they began to ask themselves whether they were to go on with this butchery. The idea did not, however, gain ground till the evening; till then, though the struggle was drawing to a close, and the men felt all the horror of their position, a mysterious and inexplicable impulse had guided the hand of the gunner who had survived of the three told off to serve each cannon, and who stood faithful, though covered with sweat, powder, and blood. He alone carried the cartridges, loaded the gun, aimed it, and lighted the slow match! The balls met and crossed, carried death to numberless victims, and still the fearful work went on, the outcome, not of any human will, but of the Will which governs men and worlds.

Any one looking on at the fast dispersing French and Russian armies, might have thought that a very slight effort on the part of one or the other would have sufficed to annihilate the foe. But neither side made that last effort, and the battle died away by degrees. The Russians did not take up the offensive, because, having been collected on the road to Moscow from the first, and charged to defend it, they stayed there till the end. Indeed, if they had decided on attacking the French, the disorder of their ranks would not have admitted of it; for, even without quitting their position, they had lost half their numbers. The effort could only have been possible—or perhaps, indeed, easy—to the French, who were kept up by the traditions of fifteen years of success under Napoleon, by their confidence of victory, the comparative smallness of their loss—not more than a quarter of the whole efficient force—the knowledge that behind them lay a reserve of more than 20,000 fresh troops, besides the Guards who had not charged, and their wrath at having failed to dislodge the enemy from his positions. Historians have said that Napoleon might have decided the day in his favor if only he had brought up the "*Vieille Garde;*" but to say this is to assume that winter may suddenly become spring. The failure cannot be imputed to Napoleon. Every man, from the commander-in-chief to the humblest private, knew that such an effort was out of the question; in point of fact, the spirit of the French army was thoroughly quelled by this formidable foe, who, after losing half his force, was as resolute at last as at first.

The victory won by the Russians was not, indeed, one of those which are bedizened with those rags nailed to a pole which are dignified as flags, or which derive their splendor from extent of conquest; but it was one of those triumphs which carry home to the soul of the aggressor a twofold conviction of his adversary's moral superiority and of his own weakness. The invading army, like some wild beast broken loose, had been mortally wounded. It was consciously rushing on to ruin; but the first impetus had been given, and now, come what might, it must reach Moscow. The Russian army, on the other hand, though twice as weak, was no less inexorably impelled to resist. At Moscow, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted at Borodino, these efforts were to lead inevitably to Napoleon's flight—to his retreat by the way by which he had come, to the almost total destruction of the 500,000 men who had followed him, and to the annihilation of his personal influence, overpowered as it was, even at Boro-

[1] Nearly three acres.

dino, by an adversary whose moral force was so far superior.

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

[**George Washington**, first President of the United States, and the illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies during the Revolutionary war, born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732, died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. His copious writings, edited by Jared Sparks, appeared in 12 volumes, 1834, evince the clearness of his intellect, and the consummate judgment of a well-balanced and well-equipped leader of men.]

HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN,
December 27, 1776.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS:

Sir: I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning.

The evening of the twenty-fifth I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of McKonkey's ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice made that night impeded the passage of the boats so much that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over; and near four before the troops took up their line of march.

This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered, and harassed on re-passing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them, immediately upon forcing the out-guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock: and in three minutes after I found, from the fire on the lower road, that that division had also got up. The out-guards made but small opposition, though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act.

Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way; which immediately checked them. Finding, from our disposition, that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others, were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many they had killed; but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed,—only two officers and one or two privates wounded.

I find that the detachment consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Lanspach, Kniphausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light horse: but immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those who were not killed or taken pushed directly down towards Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands could my plan have been completely carried into execution.

General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town: but the quantity of ice was so great that though he did everything in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered General Cadwalader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot over: but finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist.

I am fully confident that, could the

troops under Generals Ewing and Cadwalader have passed the river, I should have been able, with their assistance, to have driven the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

In justice to the officers and men, I must add that their behavior upon this occasion reflects the highest honor upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardor: but when they came to the charge each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward: and were I to give a preference to any particular corps I should do great injustice to the others.

Colonel Baylor, my first aide-de-camp, will have the honor of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behavior upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

G. W.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

PLUCKEMIN, *January* 5, 1777.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS:

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that since the date of my last from Trenton I have removed with the army under my command to this place. The difficulty of crossing the Delaware, on account of the ice, made our passage over tedious, and gave the enemy an opportunity of drawing in their several cantonments, and assembling their whole force at Princeton. Their large piquets advanced towards Trenton; their great preparations and some intelligence I had received, added to their knowledge that the first of January brought on a dissolution of the best part of our army, gave me the strongest reasons to conclude that an attack upon us was meditating. Our situation was most critical and our force small. To remove immediately was again destroying every dawn of hope which had begun to revive in the breasts of the Jersey militia; and to bring those troops which had first crossed the Delaware, and were lying at Crosswicks, under General Cadwalader, and those under General Mifflin at Bordentown (amounting in the whole to about three thousand six hundred), to Trenton, was to bring them to an exposed place. One of the two, however, was unavoidable; the latter was preferred, and they were ordered to join us at Trenton, which they did, by a night march, on the first instant.

On the second, according to my expectation, the enemy began to advance upon us, and, after some skirmishing, the head of their column reached Trenton about four o'clock, whilst their rear was as far back as Maidenhead. They attempted to pass Assanpink Creek, which runs through Trenton, at different places, but finding the fords guarded halted and kindled their fires. We were drawn up on the other side of the creek. In this situation we remained till dark, cannonading the enemy, and receiving the fire of their field-pieces, which did us but little damage.

Having by this time discovered that the enemy were greatly superior in number, and that their design was to surround us, I ordered all our baggage to be removed silently to Burlington soon after dark; and at twelve o'clock, after renewing our fires, and leaving guards at the bridge in Trenton, and other passes on the same stream above, marched by a roundabout road to Princeton, where I knew they could not have much force left, and might have stores. One thing I was certain of, that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat (which it was, of course, or to run the hazard of the whole army being cut off), whilst we might, by a fortunate stroke, withdraw General Howe from Trenton, and give some reputation to our arms. Happily, we succeeded. We found Princeton about sunrise, with only three regiments and three troops of light horse in it, two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and in killed, wounded, and prisoners must have lost five hundred men: upwards of one hundred of them were left dead on the field; and, with what I have with me, and what were taken in the pur-

suit and carried across the Delaware, there are near three hundred prisoners, fourteen of whom are officers, all British.

This piece of good fortune is counterbalanced by the loss of the brave and worthy General Mercer, Colonels Hazlet and Potter, Captain Neal, of the artillery, Captain Flemming, who commanded the First Virginia Regiment, and four or five other valuable officers, who, with about twenty-five or thirty privates, were slain in the field. Our whole loss cannot be ascertained, as many who were in pursuit of the enemy (who were chased three or four miles) are not yet come in.

The rear of the enemy's army, lying at Maidenhead (not more than five or six miles from Princeton), was up with us before our pursuit was over, but as I had the precaution to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook (about half a mile from the scene of action), they were so long retarded there as to give us time to move off in good order for this place. We took two brass field-pieces, but, for want of horses, could not bring them away. We also took some blankets, shoes, and a few other trifling articles, burned the hay, and destroyed such other things as the shortness of the time would admit of.

My original plan, when I set out for Trenton, was to have pushed on to Brunswick; but the harassed state of our troops (many of them having had no rest for two nights and a day), and the danger of losing the advantage we had gained by aiming at too much, induced me, by the advice of my officers, to relinquish the attempt; but, in my judgment, six or eight hundred fresh troops, upon a forced march, would have destroyed all their stores and magazines, taken (as we have since learned) their military chest containing seventy thousand pounds, and put an end to the war. The enemy, from the best intelligence I have been able to get, were so much alarmed at the apprehension of this that they marched immediately to Brunswick, without halting, except at the bridges (for I also took up those on Millstone, on the different routes to Brunswick), and got there before day.

From the best information I have received, General Howe has left no men either at Princeton or Trenton. The truth of this I am endeavoring to ascertain, that I may regulate my movements accordingly.

The militia are taking spirits, and, I am told, are coming in fast from this State; but I fear those from Philadelphia will scarcely submit to the hardships of a winter campaign much longer, especially as they very unluckily sent their blankets with their baggage to Burlington. I must do them the justice, however, to add that they have undergone more fatigue and hardship than I expected militia (especially citizens) would have done at this inclement season. I am just moving to Morristown, where I shall endeavor to put them under the best cover I can. Hitherto we have been without any, and many of our poor soldiers quite barefoot, and ill-clad in other respects.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

G. W.

THE CONCORD HYMN.

(*Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April* 19, 1836.)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

NAHNATL POEM.

[**Dr. Daniel G. Brinton** is recovering and deciphering for us the few remaining fragments of ancient Nahnatl poetry that escaped destruction in spite of the rigors of the Spanish Inquisition. The seventh volume of his *Library of Aboriginal American Literature* contains not fewer than twenty-seven specimens of ancient Mexican poems, both in the original Nahnatl text

and in translation. These poems are from a MS. volume in the library of the University of Mexico. They are evidently from different sources and of different epochs. They are not of great antiquity perhaps, but they show what a gentle race it was that the Spaniards so ruthlessly obliterated, as the following paraphrase of one of Dr. Brinton's translations, by an anonymous correspondent, will prove.]

Say, where may I gather some pretty sweet flowers?
Say, who will tell me where they bloom?
Shall I ask the brilliant humming-bird in his bowers
Or the yellow butterfly in the broom?
They can tell me, for they know, where the sweet flowers grow,
Whether in the woods with Zinctzcan bird or the forests with the Tlanclecol, they blow.

Say, where may I gather some pretty sweet flowers?
Say, who will tell me where they bloom?
Shall I ask the brilliant humming-bird in his bowers,
Or the yellow butterfly in the broom?
Where they may be plucked, sparkling with the dew, they know—
With the pretty sweet flowers the children I shall greet—the nobles make glad where they grow.

As I walk I hear the rocks make answer to the flowers—
Hear the bird-green fountain when it sings:
Hear the mocking-bird answer from his towers,
Hear the coyol bird answer where it clings—
Many sweet singing birds make answer to the glad flower songs,
Pouring out their sweet voices where the poet singer listens to the worthy singing throngs.

Say, where may I gather some pretty sweet flowers?
Say, who will tell me where they bloom?
Shall I ask the brilliant humming-bird in his bowers,
Or the yellow butterfly in the broom?
Where the sweet birds sing—where the good flowers grow, they well know—
To the life that is to be they will point the way—point to me the way I go.

[Dr. Brinton's series so far published comprises *The Chronicles of the Mayas*, the *Iroquois Book of Rites*, the *Comedy Ballet of Gueguence*, a *Migration Legend of the Creeks*, the *Lenape and Their Legends*, and the *Annals of the Cakchiquels*.]

BEDDOES' POEMS.

[**Thomas Lovell Beddoes**, born 1803, died 1849, poet and dramatist, was born at Clifton; his father was the well-known physician, Dr. Thomas Beddoes, and his mother a younger sister of Maria Edgeworth. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford, and subsequently studied medicine in Germany and Switzerland, being banished several times by these respective governments, for his democratic principles. He published, while yet at college, *The Improvisatore* (1821), and *The Bride's Tragedy* (1822); but his greatest work, *Death's Jest-Book*, did not appear until after his death. It is a tragedy in the style of the sixteenth century, full of grim and ghostly fancies; the blank verse is sonorous and musical, and some of the lyrics bear often the stamp of true genius. He speaks of his own poetry as "entertaining, very unamiable, and utterly unpopular." Beddoes died somewhat mysteriously in the hospital at Basle. A volume of his poems was published shortly after his death by his friend Mr. Kelsall, with some of his letters and a memoir.]

AMALA'S BRIDAL SONG.

(From *Death's Jest-Book*, Act iv.)

Female Voices.

We have bathed where none have seen us,
In the lake and in the fountain,
Underneath the charmed statue
Of the timid, bending Venus,
When the water-nymphs were counting
In the waves the stars of night,
And those maidens started at you,
Your limbs shone through so soft and bright.
But no secrets dare we tell,
For thy slaves unlace thee,
And he, who shall embrace thee,
Waits to try thy beauty's spell.

Male Voices.

We have crowned thee queen of women
Since love's love, the rose, hath kept her
Court within thy lips and blushes,
And thine eye in beauty swimming,
Kissing, we rendered up the sceptre,
At whose touch the started soul
Like an ocean bounds and gushes,
And spirits bend at thy control.

But no secrets dare we tell,
For thy slaves unlace thee,
And he, who shall embrace thee,
Is at hand, and so farewell.

ATHULF'S SONG.

(From *Death's Jest-Book*, Act iv.)

A cypress-bough, and a rose-wreath sweet,
A wedding-robe, and a winding sheet,
A bridal bed, and a bier,
Thine be the kisses, maid,
And smiling love's alarms;
And thou, pale youth, be laid
In the grave's cold arms.
Each in his own charms.
Death and Hymen both are here;
So up with scythe and torch,
And to the old church porch,
While all the bells ring clear;
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

Now tremble dimples on your cheek,
Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,
For he who kisses is near:
By her the bride-god fair,
In youthful power and force;
By him the grizard bare,
Pale knight on a pale horse,
To woo him to a corse.
Death and Hymen both are here,
So up with scythe and torch,
And to the old church porch,
While all the bells ring clear;
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

SAILORS' SONG.

(From *Death's Jest-Book*, Act i.)

To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er;
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar;
To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our wide-winged bark
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
Like mighty eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
The sail swells full. To sea, to sea!

HESPERUS' SONG.

(From *The Bride's Tragedy*, Act i.)

Poor old pilgrim Misery,
Beneath the silent moon he sate,
A listening to the screech-owl's cry,
And the cold wind's goblin prate;
Beside him lay his staff of yew
With withered willow twined,
His scant gray hair all wet with dew,
His cheeks with grief ybrined;
And his cry it was ever, Alack!
Alack! and woe is me!

Anon a wanton imp astray
His piteous moaning hears,
And from his bosom steals away
His rosary of tears:
With his plunder fled that urchin elf,
And hid it in your eyes,
Then tell me back the stolen pelf,
Give up the lawless prize;
Or your cry shall be ever, Alack!
Alack! and woe is me!

SONG OF THE STYGIAN NAIADES.

Proserpine may pull her flowers,
Wet with dew or wet with tears,
Red with anger, pale with fears,
Is it any fault of ours,
If Pluto be an amorous king,
And comes home nightly, laden
Underneath his broad bat-wing,
With a gentle, mortal maiden?
Is it so, Wind, is it so?
All that you and I do know
Is, that we saw fly and fix
'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx,
Yesterday,
Where the Furies made their hay
For a bed of tiger-cubs,
A great fly of Beelzebub's,
The bee of hearts, whom mortals name
Cupid, Love, and Fie-for-shame.

Proserpine may weep in rage,
But, ere you and I have done
Kissing, bathing in the sun,
What I have in yonder cage,

Bird or serpent, wild or tame,
  She shall guess, and ask in vain;
  But, if Pluto does 't again,
It shall sing out loud his shame.
  What hast caught then? What hast caught?
  Nothing but a poet's thought,
  Which so light did fall and fix
'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx,
    Yesterday,
Where the Furies made their hay,
For a bed of tiger-cubs,
A great fly of Beelzebub's,
The bee of hearts, whom mortals name
Cupid, Love, and Fie-for-shame.

WOLFRAM'S SONG.

(From *Death's Jest-Book*, Act v.)

Old Adam, the carrion crow,
  The old crow of Cairo;
He sat in the shower, and let it flow
  Under his tail and over his crest;
    And through every feather
    Leaked the wet weather;
  And the bough swung under his nest;
  For his beak it was heavy with marrow.
    Is that the wind dying? O no;
    It's only two devils, that blow
    Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
      In the ghosts' moonshine.

Ho! Eva, my gray carrion wife,
  When we have supped on king's marrow,
Where shall we drink and make merry our life?
  Our nest it is Queen Cleopatra's skull,
    'Tis cloven and cracked,
    And battered and hacked,
  But with tears of blue eyes it is full:
  Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo.
    Is that the wind dying? O no;
    It is only two devils, that blow
    Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
      In the ghosts' moonshine.

FROM "DREAM-PEDLARY."

If there were dreams to sell
  What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
  Some a light sigh,
That shakes from life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.

If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
  What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
  With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
  Until I die.
Such pearl from life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
  This would I buy.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[**John Hughes**, an English poet and essay writer, born 1677, died 1720, was a contributor to *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*; co-author with Sir Richard Blackmore of the periodical essays entitled *The Lay Monastery*, 1714; *The Siege of Damascus*, and wrote a drama, 1720, and other productions, with translations. His poems and essays in prose were published, Lond., 1735, 2 vols., and his correspondence, 1772, 3 vols. His poems were included in Dr. Johnson's collection.]

TO THE SPECTATOR:

Sir: I am fully persuaded that one of the best springs of generous and worthy actions is the having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation. If he considers his being as circumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years his designs will be contracted into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to anything great and noble who only believes that, after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness forever?

For this reason I am of opinion that so useful and elevated a contemplation as that of the soul's immortality cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind than to be frequently reviewing its own great privileges and endowments; nor a more effectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little

pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

It is a very great satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages asserting as with one voice this their birthright, and to find it ratified by an express revelation. At the same time, if we turn our thoughts inwards upon ourselves, we may meet with a kind of secret sense concurring with the proofs of our own immortality.

You have, in my opinion, raised a good presumptive argument from the increasing appetite the mind has to knowledge, and to the extending its own faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained perfection of lower creatures may, in the limits of a short life. I think another probable conjecture may be raised from our appetite to duration itself, and from a reflection on our progress through the several stages of it. "We are complaining," as you observed in a former speculation, "of the shortness of life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain little settlements or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it."

Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these imaginary points of rest. Do we stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have gained, or are we not removing the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

This is so plainly every man's condition in life that there is no one who has observed anything but may observe that as fast as his time wears away his appetite to something future remains. The use, therefore, I would make of it is, that since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain, or to speak properly, since the Author of our being has planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercised about it; and this restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to farther stages of duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may be to others) as a kind of instinct, or natural symptom, which the mind of men has of its own immortality.

I take it at the same time for granted that the immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments; and, if so, this appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to the conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable of thought who, in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a sullen satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted ambition of that man who can hope for annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole fabric shall one day crumble into dust and mix with the mass of inanimate beings, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The mystery of such men's unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and, indeed, amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

This brings me back to my first observation, and gives me occasion to say farther, that as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy actions. But the wretch who has degraded himself below the character of immortality is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative happiness in the extinction of his being.—*The Spectator*, *No.* 210, *Wednesday*, *October* 31, 1711.

ON BOOKS.

[**Richard De Bury,** born at Bury St. Edmunds, 1281, became Bishop of Durham, and Lord Chancellor of England, and died 1345. Richard de Bury, otherwise called Richard Aungervyle, is said to have alone possessed more books than all the bishops of England together. Besides the fixed libraries which he had formed in his several palaces, the floor of his common apartment was so covered with books that those who entered could not with due reverence approach his presence. . . . He founded a library at Oxford for the students, which he furnished with the best collection of books then in England. His works are *The Philobiblon*, containing an elaborate eulogy of books and learning, 1473, in Latin, and translated by J. B. Inglis,

London, 1832, Albany, N. Y., and *Epistolæ Familiarium.*]

The desirable treasure of wisdom and knowledge, which all men covet from the impulse of nature, infinitely surpasses all the riches of the world; in comparison with which precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold grains of sand; in the splendor of which the sun and moon grow dim to the sight; in the admirable sweetness of which, honey and manna are bitter to the taste.

The value of wisdom decreaseth not with time; it hath an ever flourishing virtue that cleanseth its possession from every venom. O celestial gift of Divine liberality, descending from the Father of Light to raise up the rational soul even to heaven! Thou art the celestial alimony of intellect, of which whosoever eateth shall yet hunger, and whoso drinketh shall yet thirst; a harmony rejoicing the soul of the sorrowful, and never in any way discomposing the hearer. Thou art the moderator and the rule of morals, operating according to which none err. By thee kings reign and law-givers decree justly. Through thee, rusticity of nature being cast off, wits and tongues being polished, and the thorns of vice utterly eradicated, the summit of honor is reached, and they become fathers of their country and companions of princes, who, without thee, might have forged their lances into spades and ploughshares, or perhaps have fed swine with the prodigal son. Where, then, most potent, most longed-for treasure, art thou concealed? and where shall the thirsty soul find thee? Undoubtedly, indeed, thou hast placed thy desirable tabernacle in books, where the Most High, the Light of light, the Book of life, hath established thee. There then all who ask receive, all who seek find thee, to those who knock thou openest quickly.

In books Cherubim expand their wings, that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting sun, from the north and from the south. In them the Most High incomprehensible God himself is contained and worshipped. In them the nature of celestial, terrestrial, and infernal beings is laid open. In them the laws by which every polity is governed are decreed, the officers of the celestial hierarchy are distinguished, and tyrannies of such demons are described as the ideas of Plato never surpassed, and the chair of Crato never sustained.

In books we find the dead as it were living; in books we foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are methodized; the rights of peace proceed from books. All things are corrupted and decay with time. Satan never ceases to devour those whom he generates, insomuch that the glory of the world would be lost in oblivion if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in books. Alexander the ruler of the world, Julius the invader of the world and of the city, the first who in unity of person assumed the empire, arms, and arts, the faithful Fabricius, the rigid Cato, would at this day have been without a memorial if the aid of books had failed them. Towers are razed to the earth, cities overthrown, triumphal arches mouldered to dust; nor can the king or pope be founded upon whom the privilege of a lasting name can be conferred more easily than by books. A book made renders succession to the author; for as long as the book exists, the author remaining *ἀδίνα τος*, immortal, cannot perish.

As Ptolemy witnesseth in the prologue of Almazett, he (he says) is not dead who gave life to science.

What learned scribe, therefore, who draws out things new and old from an infinite treasury of books, will limit their price by any other thing whatsoever of another kind? Truth, overcoming all things, which ranks above kings, wine, and women, to honor which above friends obtains the benefit of sanctity, which is the way that deviates not, and the life without end; to which the holy Boetius attributes a three-fold existence, in the mind, in the voice, and in writing, appears to abide most usefully and fructify most productively of advantage in books. For the truth of the voice perishes with the sound; truth latent in the mind is hidden wisdom and invisible treasure; but the truth which illuminates books, desires to manifest itself to every disciplinable sense, —to the sight when read, to the hearing when heard: it, moreover, in a manner commends itself to the touch, when submitting to be transcribed, collated, corrected, and preserved. Truth confined to the mind, though it may be the possession

of a noble soul, while it wants a companion and is not judged of, either by the sight or the hearing, appears to be inconsistent with pleasure.

But the truth of the voice is open to the hearing only, and latent to the sight (which shows as many differences of things fixed upon by a most subtle motion, beginning and ending as it were simultaneously). But the truth written in a book, being not fluctuating, but permanent, shows itself openly to the sight, passing through the spiritual ways of the eyes, as the porches and halls of common sense and imagination; it enters the chamber of intellect, reposes itself upon the couch of memory, and there congenerates the eternal truth of the mind.

Lastly, let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely, they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

PETRARCH'S DEDICATION TO AZZO DA CORREGGIO OF HIS TREATISE ON THE REMEDIES OF GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.

[**Francesco Petrarch,** this great Italian poet, was born at Arezzo, Tuscany, 1304, died at Arqua, 1374. On account of the dissensions which raged in his native country, his father, a notary, who belonged to the same faction as Dante, removed with him to Avignon, and afterwards to Carpentras, where Petrarch began his education, which was completed at Montpelier and Bologna. He was intended for the law, and studied at Montpelier and Bologna, but after the death of his father, devoted himself to the study of classical literature, and returned to Avignon, where, in 1327, he saw a young lady in church, and became passionately in love with her. The name of the lady was Laura de Noves; she was nineteen years of age at the time, and the wife of Hugues de Sade, a gentleman at Avignon. Despite the poet's handsome person, impassioned pleading, and flattering verses, he could make no impression upon her heart. She was a lady of unimpeachable virtue, and firmly repelled his advances. After struggling in vain to overcome his passion, he retired to Vaucluse, a romantic spot, where he poured out his amorous complaints in several pieces. He afterwards travelled in different countries; but with his return to Vaucluse his passion for Laura returned. Again he celebrated her charms, and the delights of his retreat. His name became famous; and he received invitations from the Senate of Rome, from the King of Naples, and the University of Paris. He accepted the former, and on Easter-day, 1341, he was crowned with laurel in the Capitol, with great pomp; he was also declared a Roman citizen. In 1348 he received the news of the death of Laura. He was then at Parma; but immediately set out for Vaucluse, where he passed some time in grief. In 1352 he returned to Italy, and, at Padua, obtained a canonry; but many years of his life were spent in accepting invitations to the courts of the Pope and other great Italian potentates. The sonnets of Petrarch are tender and melodious to the greatest degree, and with Dante he greatly assisted to refine the Italian language; but besides being a great poet, he was a profound scholar and patron of learning. He wrote poems and treatises in exquisite pure Latin, and was the author of works upon theological and philosophical subjects.]

When I consider the instability of human affairs and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them. We seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory. No doubt these are admirable presents, but they often annoy more than they assist us. A prey to unuseful or distressing cares, we are tormented by the present, the past, and the future; and, as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we suffer the remembrance of a former distress, and the apprehension of some future calamity. This is the Cerberus with three heads we combat without ceasing. Our life might be gay and happy if we would; but we eagerly seek subjects of affliction to render it irksome and melancholy. We pass the first years of this life in the shades of ignorance, the succeeding ones in pain and labor, the latter part in grief and remorse, and the whole in error; nor do we suffer ourselves to possess one bright day without a cloud.

Let us examine this matter with sincerity, and we shall agree that our distresses chiefly arise from ourselves. It is virtue alone which can render us superior to Fortune; we quit her standard, and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks

us; she turns us on her wheel; she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old-rooted evil, but it is not incurable; there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wise and the study of good books are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless. What gratitude do we not owe to those great men who, though dead many ages before us, live with us by their works, discourse with us, are our masters and guides, and serve us as pilots in the navigation of life, where our vessel is agitated without ceasing by the storms of our passions! It is here that true philosophy brings us to a safe port, by a sure and easy passage; not like that of the schools, which, raising us on its airy and deceitful wings, and causing us to hover on the clouds of frivolous dispute, lets us fall without any light or instruction in the same place where she took us up. Dear friend, I do not attempt to exhort you to the study I deem so important. Nature has given you a taste for all knowledge, but Fortune has denied you the leisure to acquire it; yet, whenever you could steal a moment from public affairs, you sought the conversation of wise men; and I have remarked that your memory often served you instead of books. It is, therefore, unnecessary to invite you to do what you have always done; but, as we cannot retain all we hear or read, it may be useful to furnish your mind with some maxims that may best serve to arm you against the assaults of misfortune. The vulgar, and even philosophers, have decided that adverse fortune was most difficult to sustain. For my own part, I am of a different opinion, and believe it more easy to support adversity than prosperity; and that fortune is more treacherous and dangerous when she caresses than when she dismays. Experience has taught me this, not books or arguments. I have seen many persons sustain great losses, poverty, exile, tortures, death, and even disorders that were worse than death, with courage; but I have seen none whose heads have not been turned by power, riches, and honors. How often have we beheld those overthrown by good fortune who could never be shaken by bad! This made me wish to learn how to support a great fortune. You know the short time this work has taken. I have been less attentive to what might shine than to what might be useful on this subject. Truth and virtue are the wealth of all men; and shall I not discourse on these with my dear Azzo? I would prepare for you, as in a little portable box, a friendly antidote against the poison of good and bad fortune. The one requires a rein to repress the sallies of a transported soul, the other a consolation to fortify the overwhelmed and afflicted spirit.

Nature gave you, my friend, the heart of a king, but she gave you not a kingdom, of which, therefore, fortune could not deprive you. But I doubt whether our age can furnish an example of worse or better treatment from her than yourself. In the first part of your life you were blest with an admirable constitution and astonishing health and vigor; some years after we beheld you thrice abandoned by the physicians, who despaired of your life. The heavenly Physician, who was your sole resource, restored your health, but not your former strength. You were then called iron-footed, for your singular force and agility; you are now bent, and lean upon the shoulders of those whom you formerly supported. Your country beheld you one day its governor, the next an exile. Princes disputed for your friendship, and afterwards conspired your ruin. You lost by death the greatest part of your friends: the rest, according to custom, deserted you in calamity. To these misfortunes was added a violent disease which attacked you when destitute of all succors, at a distance from your country and family, in a strange land invested by the troops of your enemies; so that those two or three friends whom fortune had left you could not come near to relieve you. In a word, you have experienced every hardship but imprisonment and death. But what do I say? You have felt all the horrors of the former, when your faithful wife and children were shut up by your enemies; and even death followed you, and took one of those children, for whose loss you would willingly have sacrificed your own.

In you have been united the fortunes of Pompey and Marius; but you were neither arrogant in prosperity as the one, nor discouraged in adversity as the other. You have supported both in a manner

that has made you loved by your friends and admired by your enemies. There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue which enlightens all around it, in the midst of the darkest scenes and the greatest calamities. My ancient friendship for you has caused me to quit everything for you to perform a work in which, as in a glass, you may adjust and prepare your soul for all events, and be able to say, as Æneas did to the Sibyl, "Nothing of this is new to me; I have foreseen and am prepared for it all." I am sensible that in the disorders of the mind, as well as those of the body, discourses are not thought the most efficacious remedies; but I am persuaded also that the malady of the soul ought to be cured by spiritual applications.

If we see a friend in distress, and give him all the consolation we are able, we perform the duties of friendship, which pays more attention to the disposition of the heart than the value of the gift. A small present may be the testimony of a great love. There is no good I do not wish you, and this is all I can offer toward it.

I wish this little treatise may be of use to you. If it should not answer my hopes, I shall, however, be secure of pardon from your friendship. It presents you with the four great passions: Hope and Joy, the daughters of Prosperity; Fear and Grief, the daughters of Adversity, who attack the soul and launch at it all their arrows. Reason commands in the citadel to repulse them: your penetration will easily perceive which side will obtain the victory.—*From the Abbe de Sadé's Life of Petrarch, translated by Mrs. Dobson.*

TRANSLATION OF THE GOLDEN LEGEND, 1483.

[**William Caxton,** distinguished as the first printer in England, was born in Kent about 1422, and died in 1491 or 1492.

"Exclusively of the labors attached to the working of his press as a new art, our typographer contrived, though well stricken in years, to translate not fewer than five thousand closely-printed folio pages. As a translator, therefore, he ranks among the most laborious, and, I would hope, not the least successful, of his tribe.

"The foregoing conclusion is the result of a careful enumeration of all the books translated as well as printed by him; which (the translated books), if published in the modern fashion, would extend to nearly twenty-five octavo volumes."—DIBDIN: *Typographical Antiquities.*]

Francis, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assyse, and was made a merchant until the twenty-fifth year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man, so that he began to shine by the spirit of prophecy. For on a time he, with other men of Peruse, was taken prisoner, and were put in a cruel prison, where all the other wailed and sorrowed, and he only was glad and enjoyed. And when they had reproved him thereof he answered: "Know ye," said he, "that I am joyful, for I shall be worshipped as a saint throughout all the world." . . . On a time, as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name. And when the holy man had answered him, he said none in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him our Lord would pardon him; but who that sleeth himself with hard penance shall never find mercy. And anon this holy man knew by revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdraw him fro to do well. . . . He was ennobled in his life by many miracles. . . . And the very death, which is to all men horrible and hateful, he admonished them to praise it. And, also, he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said, "Death, my sister, welcome be to you." And when he came at the last hour, he slept in our Lord, of whom the friar saw the soul, in manner of a star, like to the moon in quantity and the sun in clearness.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

[**Gustav Freytag,** a German novelist and journalist, born in Kreuzburg, in Silesia, in 1816. Educated at the University of Berlin, he became Doctor of Philosophy in 1838, and editor of *The Grenzboten,* a Leipzig journal. His works of fiction and poetry are numerous, the novels including *Soll und Haben* (1856), translated as *Debit and Credit* (1857); *The Lost Manuscript* (1865), and *Ingo* (1872.) His pictures of German life appeared in 1862 in German and in English. Whoever would see Freytag at his best must turn to

the earlier romances; and it is from one of these, *Verlorene Handschrift*, that we quote the following.]

Professors' wives also have trouble with their husbands. Sometimes when Ilse was seated in company with her intimate friends—with Madame Raschke, Madame Struvelius, or little Madame Günther—at one of those confidential coffee-parties which they did not altogether despise, many things would come to light.

The conversation with these intellectual women was certainly very interesting. It is true the talk sometimes passed lightly over the heads of the servants, and sometimes housekeeping troubles ventured out of the pond of pleasant talk like croaking frogs. To Ilse's surprise, she found that even Flaminia Struvelius could discourse seriously about preserving little gherkins, and that she sought closely for the marks of youth in a plucked goose. The merry Madame Günther aroused horror and laughter in more experienced married women, when she asserted that she could not endure the crying of little children, and that, from the very first, she would force her child (which she had not yet got) to proper silence by chastisement. Thus conversation sometimes left greater subjects to stray into this domain. And when unimportant subjects were reviewed, it naturally came about that the men were honored by a quiet discussion. At such times it was evident that, although the subject under consideration was men in general, each of the wives was thinking of her own husband, and that each silently carried about a secret bundle of cares, and justified the conclusion of her hearers that that husband too must be difficult to manage. Madame Raschke's troubles could not be concealed; the whole town knew them. It was notorious that one market-day her husband had gone to the university in his dressing-gown—in a brilliant dressing-gown, blue and orange, with a Turkish pattern. His students, who loved him dearly, and were well aware of his habits, could not succeed in suppressing a loud laugh; and Raschke had calmly hung the dressing-gown over his pulpit, held his lecture in his shirt-sleeves, and returned home in one of the students' overcoats. Since that time Madame Raschke never let her husband go out without herself inspecting him. It also appeared that all these ten years he had not been able to learn his way about the town, and she dared not change her residence, because she was quite sure that her professor would never remember it, and always return to his old home. Struvelius also occasioned much anxiety. Ilse knew about the last and greatest cause; but it also came to light that he expected his wife to read Latin proof-sheets, as she knew something of that language. Besides, he was quite incapable of refusing commissions to amiable wine-merchants. At her marriage Madame Struvelius had found a whole cellar full of large and small wine-casks, none of which had been drawn off, while he complained bitterly that no wine was ever brought into his cellar. Even little Madame Günther related that her husband could not give up night-work; and that once, when he wandered with a lamp among his books, he came too near the curtain, which caught fire. He tore it off, and, in so doing, burnt his hands, and burst into the bedroom with blackened fingers in great alarm, and resembling an Othello more than a mineralogist.

Ilse did not tell anything of her short career; but she also had opportunities for gaining experience. It is true her husband was moderate about night-work; he also knew something about wine, and occasionally drank a glass, as a German professor should. But as for eating, that was a sad story. It is not a good thing to care too much about food, and certainly does not befit a professor; but when a man does not in the least know what he is eating, and mistakes the leg of a duck for that of a goose, it is no pleasure to those who try to provide well for him. He was not the slightest use, as far as carving was concerned. He was far better acquainted with the tough Stymphalian birds, which Hercules had slain, and the inedible Phœnix, of which his Tacitus speaks with much respect, than with the anatomy of a turkey. It is true Ilse was not one of those women whose chief pleasure is to stand all day long in the kitchen; but she understood her work, and it was a matter of pride worthily to fulfil her functions, as mistress, in providing her husband's dinner. All her efforts were vain. Now and then he made an attempt to praise the dinner, but Ilse soon discovered that his heart had no part in it. True, when she set a beautiful pheasant before him, and he noticed, from her manner of watching

him, that a remark on his part was expected, he praised the cook for having bought such a beautiful fowl. Ilse sighed, and tried to explain the difference to him, and after dinner Gabriel said to her,—

"It is no use; I know the master—he does not understand about eating."

Since that time Ilse had to be satisfied with the appreciation shown to her by some of the gentlemen of her tea-table. That was, however, no compensation. In this respect the doctor was not very praiseworthy; and it was distressing and humiliating to see the two over a brace of snipes that her father had sent.

However, the professor regarded the doctor as exceptionally practical, because he understood something about buying and arranging, and he was accustomed to ask his friend's advice about many daily occurrences. One day the tailor brought some patterns of a cloth for a new coat. The professor gazed absently at the colored patterns in the open book.

"Ilse, send across to the doctor to come and help me choose."

Ilse sent, but unwillingly. Really, in buying a coat, the doctor's assistance was not needed; and if her husband could not make up his mind, was not she there? But, for the present, there was nothing to be done; the doctor imperiously settled about her husband's coat, waistcoat, and other articles of clothing. Ilse listened in silence to the discussion, but she felt heartily angry with the doctor and a little with her own lord and master. She silently determined that things could not go on thus, made a hasty calculation with her housekeeping money, sent for the tailor to her room, and herself ordered a second suit for her husband, telling him to make this one first. When this suit was brought home she called her husband, and asked how he liked the beautiful suit. He praised it, and she said,

"It is for you. I try to look as nice as possible to please you; do for once wear, in my honor, what I have chosen for you. If I have been successful, let me choose for you in future, and undertake the responsibility of your wardrobe."

. . . . . .

Once in the twilight, Professor Raschke called, and expressed his willingness to stay the evening. Felix sent the servant to the professor's wife, to prevent any anxiety about her husband. As Raschke was Ilse's favorite among the learned men, she gave an order in the kitchen which was to give him pleasure. This order sentenced to death some chickens which had shortly before been brought home alive. The gentlemen were already seated in Ilse's room, when a cry of distress was heard in the kitchen, and the cook showed a pale face at the door and called out her mistress. She found that the girl's feelings had prevented her from accomplishing the work of death. As Gabriel usually performed the necessary murders in some out-of-the-way place, she did not know what to do to-day; a frightened attempt had been unsuccessful, and Ilse was forced to perform the unavoidable task herself. When she came back, Felix unfortunately asked the reason of the excitement, and Ilse told him in a few words what had occurred.

The fowls appeared at table; they did the cook no dishonor. Ilse carved and served them. But her husband pushed away his plate, and Raschke, out of politeness, worked away a little at his slice of the breast, but could hardly swallow a morsel. Ilse looked with surprise at both men.

"Why do you not eat anything, Professor Raschke?" she asked at length, forcing herself to be calm.

"It is only a sentimental weakness," replied Raschke; "and you are quite right—it is folly. I am still distressed by the cries of this poor roasted creature."

"You too, Felix?" asked Ilse eagerly.

"Yes," replied he. "Is it not possible to make the killing unperceived?"

"Not always," answered Ilse, somewhat hurt, "when space is small and the kitchen so near." She rang, and had the unfortunate dish carried out. "Since people in the town have such an objection to killing, they ought to eat no meat!"

"You are quite right," repeated Raschke, in a conciliating manner; "and our susceptibility can hardly be justified. We object to the mode of preparation, and generally thoroughly enjoy what is prepared. But those who are accustomed to regard animal life with sympathy are always distressed by the destruction of an organism for egoistic purposes, when it is accomplished in a manner to which they do not happen to be used. For there is something mysterious to us in the whole

life of animals. The same vitality that we observe in ourselves is also active in them, but confined by an organization otherwise limited than ours, and, on the whole, more imperfect."

"How can you compare their souls with those of human beings?" exclaimed Ilse—"the unreasoning with the reasoning, the transitory with the eternal!"

"As for the unreasoning, dear madam, it is a word that in this case conveys no particular meaning. However great the difference between man and animal may be, it is difficult to determine it; and here also we should be modest. We know very little about animals, even about those who always live with us. I must confess that an occasional attempt at better understanding this incomprehensible subject has inspired me with respect and reverence for this strange existence, sometimes accompanied by fear. I will not allow any one belonging to me to have any affection for an animal. This is also from a tenderness of feeling which I admit is pedantic. But the influence of the human mind upon animals appears to me mysterious and strange; it often develops in these creatures habits which, in some respects, make them resemble man. Besides, there is something so touching in their affectionate bearing to ourselves, that we often waste more affection and feeling on an animal than is good for it or for us."

"And yet animals remain what they have been since the Creation," exclaimed Ilse, "unchanged in their instincts and likings! We can teach a bird, and force a dog to bring us what he himself would like to eat; but that is only external force. If they are left to themselves, their habits and nature remain unchanged, and they are completely wanting in what we call culture."

"We cannot be absolutely certain about that either," continued Raschke. "We do not know whether every kind of animal may not possess a culture and a history, which extends from the first generation to the last. It is quite possible that knowledge, virtuososhipS, and understanding of the world, as far as animals can possess this, may have changed in a more limited circle just as much as they have in man. It is an arbitrary assumption that the birds sang just as they do now a thousand years ago. I am of opinion that the wolf and lynx on cultivated soil are in the same position as the last remains of the Indian tribes among the white men; while those animals who live in tolerable harmony with mankind, like sparrows and other little creatures, even bees, become wiser in their fashion, and in the course of time make progress—a progress which we divine in certain cases, but which science is as yet incapable of determining."

"Our head-forester will be very ready to agree with you there," said Ilse, more calmly; "he complains bitterly that the finches of our neighborhood have, within memory of man, come to sing much worse, because all the best songsters have been caught, and the young ones no longer learn properly."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Raschke. "And just as among animals of the same kind there are clever and ignorant ones, we may also assume that some have an intellectual labor allotted them which lasts beyond their own lives. The experience of an old raven, or the melodious tune of a sweet-singing nightingale, may not be lost to future generations, but have a certain duration even among them. In this way, then, we may speak of culture and improvement among the animals. But as for the kitchen, there we must confess that we became sensitive at the wrong moment, to the disadvantage of our common comfort; and I hope you are not angry with us on that account, dear friend."

"For this time it shall be forgotten," replied Ilse, appeased: "next time I will give you boiled eggs; there can be no objection to those."

"There is something curious about eggs, too," replied Raschke; "but I will refrain from a further consideration of that subject."

. . . . . .

Raschke pushed his chair under the table.

"Then I will go for to-day; for our discussion has disturbed me, and I should be a bad companion. It is the first time, dear madam, that I leave your house amid unpleasant sensations; and not the least painful remembrance is that my ill-timed defence of chickens' souls has roused your wrath also."

Ilse looked sorrowfully at the worthy man's excited countenance; and as a means of calming his troubled thoughts,

and exhorting him to retain their friendship, she entreated,

"But I cannot let you off the poor fowl. You really must eat it; and I will see that your wife gives it you for breakfast to-morrow morning."

Raschke was wandering about in the ante-room. Here too was confusion. Gabriel had not yet returned from his distant errand; the cook had left the remains of the meal standing on a side-table till his return; and Raschke had to find his great-coat by himself. He rummaged among the clothes, and seized hold of a coat and a hat. As he was not as absent as usual to-day, a glance at the despised supper reminded him just in time that he was to eat a fowl; so he seized hold of the newspaper which Gabriel had laid ready for his master, hastily took one of the chickens out of the dish, wrapped it in the journal and thrust it in his pocket, agreeably surprised at the depth and capaciousness it revealed. Then he rushed past the astonished cook, and out of the house. When he opened the door of the *étage* he stumbled against something that was crouching on the threshold. He heard a horrible growling behind him, and stormed down the stairs and out of doors.

The words of the friend whom he had left now came into his mind. Werner's whole bearing was very characteristic; and there was something fine about it. It was strange that, in a moment of anger, Werner's face had acquired a sudden resemblance to a bulldog's. Here the direct chain of the philosopher's contemplations was crossed by the remembrance of the conversation on animals' souls.

"It is really a pity that it is still so difficult to determine an animal's expression of soul. If we could succeed in that, science would gain. For if we could compare in all their minutiæ the expression and gestures of human beings and higher animals, we might make most interesting deductions from their common peculiarities and their particular differences. In this way the natural origin of their dramatic movements, and perhaps some new laws, would be discovered."

While the philosopher was pondering thus he felt a continued pulling at his coattails. As his wife was in the habit of giving him a gentle pull when he was walking next her absorbed in thought and they met some acquaintance, he took no further notice of it, but took off his hat, and, bowing politely towards the railing of the bridge, said "Good-evening."

"These common and original elements in the mimic expression of human beings and higher animals might, if rightly understood, even open out new vistas into the great mystery of life." Another pull. Raschke mechanically took off his hat. Another pull. "Thank you, dear Aurelia, I did bow." As he spoke the thought crossed his mind that his wife would not pull at his coat so low down. It was not she, but his little daughter, Bertha, who was pulling; for she often walked gravely next him, and, like her mother, pulled at the bell for bows. "That will do, my dear," said he, as Bertha continued to snatch and pull at his coattails. "Come here, you little rogue!" and he absently put his hand behind him to seize the little teaze. He seized hold of something round and shaggy; he felt sharp teeth on his fingers, and turned with a start. There he saw in the lamplight a reddish monster with a big head, shaggy hair, and a little tassel that fell back into its hindlegs in lieu of a tail. His wife and daughter were horribly transformed; and he gazed in surprise on this indistinct creature which seated itself before him, and glared at him in silence.

"A strange adventure!" exclaimed Raschke. "What are you, unknown creature? Presumably a dog. Away with you!" The animal retreated a few steps. Raschke continued his meditations. "If we trace back the expression and gestures of the affections to their original forms in this manner, one of the most active laws would certainly prove to be the endeavor to attract or repel the extraneous. It would be instructive to distinguish, by means of these involuntary movements of men and animals, what is essential and what conventional. Away, dog! Do me a favor, and go home. What does he want with me? Evidently he belongs to Werner's domain. The poor creature will assuredly lose itself in the town under the dominion of an *idée fixe*."

Meantime Speihahn's attacks were becoming more violent; and now he was marching in a quite unnatural and purely conventional manner on his hindlegs, while his forepaws were leaning against the professor's back, and his teeth were actually biting into the coat.

A belated shoemaker's boy stood still and beat his leathern apron. "Is not the master ashamed to let his poor apprentice push him along like that?" In truth, the dog behind the man looked like a dwarf pushing a giant along the ice.

Raschke's interest in the dog's thoughts increased. He stood still near a lantern, examined and felt his coat. This coat had developed a velvet collar and very long sleeves, advantages that the philosopher had never yet remarked in his greatcoat. Now the matter became clear to him: absorbed in thought, he had chosen a wrong coat, and the worthy dog insisted on saving his master's garment, and making the thief aware that there was something wrong. Raschke was so pleased with this sagacity that he turned round, addressed some kind words to Speihahn, and made an attempt to stroke his shaggy hair. The dog again snapped at his hand. "You are quite right to be angry with me," replied Raschke; "I will prove to you that I acknowledge my fault." He took off the coat and hung it over his arm. "Yes, it is much heavier than my own." He walked on cheerfully in his thin coat, and observed with satisfaction that the dog abandoned the attacks on his back. But instead, Speihahn sprang up on his side, and again bit at the coat and the hand, and growled unpleasantly.

The professor got angry with the dog, and when he came to a bench on the promenade he laid down the coat, intending to face the dog seriously, and drive him home. In this manner he got rid of the dog, but also of the coat. For Speihahn sprang upon the bench with a mighty bound, placed himself astride the coat, and met the professor, who tried to drive him away, with hideous growling and snarling.

"It is Werner's coat," said the professor, "and it is Werner's dog; it would be wrong to beat the poor creature because it is becoming violent in its fidelity, and it would be wrong to leave the dog and the coat." So he remained standing before the dog and speaking kindly to him; but Speihahn no longer took any notice of the professor; he turned against the coat itself, which he scratched, rummaged, and bit. Raschke saw that the coat could not long endure such rage. "He is frantic or mad," said he suspiciously. "I shall have to use force against you, after all, poor creature;" and he considered whether he should also jump upon the seat and push the mad creature by a violent kick into the water, or whether it would be better to open the inevitable attack from below. He resolved on the latter course, and looked round to see whether he could anywhere discover a stone or stick to throw at the raging beast. As he looked, he observed the trees and the dark sky above him, and the place seemed quite unfamiliar. "Has magic been at work here?" he exclaimed, with amusement. He turned politely to a solitary wanderer who was passing that way: "Would you kindly tell me in what part of the town we are? And could you, perhaps, lend me your stick for a moment?"

"Indeed," angrily replied the person addressed, "those are very suspicious questions. I want my stick myself at night. Who are you, sir?" The stranger approached the professor menacingly.

"I am peaceable," replied Raschke, "and by no means inclined to violent attacks. A quarrel has arisen between me and the animal on this seat for the possession of a coat, and I should be much obliged to you if you would drive the dog away from the coat. But I beg you not to hurt the animal any more than is absolutely necessary."

"Is that your coat there?" asked the man.

"Unfortunately, I cannot give you an affirmative answer," replied Raschke conscientiously.

"There must be something wrong here," exclaimed the stranger, again eying the professor suspiciously.

"There is, indeed," replied Raschke. "The dog is out of his mind; the coat is exchanged, and I do not know where we are."

"Close to the valley-gate, Professor Raschke," answered the voice of Gabriel, who hastily joined the group. "Excuse me, but what brings you here?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Raschke joyously. "Pray take charge of this coat and this dog."

Gabriel gazed in amazement at Speihahn, who was now lying on the coat and bending his head before his friend. Gabriel threw down the dog and seized the coat. "Why, that is our greatcoat!" exclaimed he.

"Yes, Gabriel," said the professor, "that was my mistake, and the dog has shown marvellous fidelity to the coat."

"Fidelity!" exclaimed Gabriel indignantly, as he drew a parcel out of the coat-pocket. "It was greedy selfishness, sir; there must be some food in this pocket."

"Yes, true," exclaimed Raschke; "it is all the chicken's fault. Give me the parcel, Gabriel, I must eat the fowl myself; and we might bid each other good-night, now, with mutual satisfaction, if you would just show me my way a little among these trees."

"But you must not go home in the night air without an overcoat," said Gabriel considerately. "We are not far from our house; the best way would really be for you to come back with me, sir."

Raschke considered and laughed.

"You are right, Gabriel; my departure was awkward; and to-day an animal's soul has restored a man's soul to order."

"If you mean this dog," said Gabriel, "it would be the first time he did anything good. I see, he must have followed you from our door; for I put little bones there for him of an evening."

"Just now he seemed not to be quite in his right mind," said the professor.

"He is cunning enough when he pleases," continued Gabriel mysteriously; "but if I were to speak of my experiences with this dog—."

"Do speak, Gabriel," eagerly exclaimed the philosopher. "There is nothing so valuable concerning animals as a truthful statement from those who have carefully observed them."

"I may say that I have done so," confirmed Gabriel, with satisfaction; "and if you want to know exactly what he is, I can assure you that he is enchanted, he is dishonest, he is poisoned, and he is possessed by hatred of mankind."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the professor, somewhat disconcerted. "I see it is much more difficult to look into a dog's heart than into a professor's."

Speihahn crept along silent and suppressed, and listened to the praises that fell to his lot, while Professor Raschke, conducted by Gabriel, returned to the house by the park. Gabriel opened the sitting-room door, and announced,

"Professor Raschke."

Ilse extended both her hands to him.

"Welcome, welcome, dear Professor Raschke!" and led him to her husband's study.

"Here I am again," said Raschke cheerfully, "after wandering as in a fairy tale. What has brought me back were two animals, who showed me the right way—a roast fowl and a poisoned dog."

Felix sprang up; the men greeted one another warmly, shaking hands, and, after all misadventures, spent a happy evening.

When Raschke had gone home late, Gabriel said sadly to his mistress,

"This was the new coat; the fowl and the dog have put it in a horrible plight."

LISETTE IN ATTIC CELL.

O, it was here that Love his gifts bestowed
On youth's wild age.
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
In pilgrimage!
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
Reckless to dwell;
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret, be it known to all,
Here was Love's shrine;
Here read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
The unfinished line,
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend.
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch, to feast a friend
In attic cell!

O, my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl,
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learned but too well?
Still, in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell.

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
'Mid the bright bowls.
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!

Bronze cannon roared; France, with redoubled might,
Felt her heart swell!
Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell.

Dreams of my youthful days! I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those!
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell! PIERRE-JEAN BERANGER.

THE OLD VAGABOND.

Here in the ditch my bones I'll lay;
Weak, wearied, old, the world I'll leave.
"He's drunk," the passing crowd will say:
'Tis well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
Some fling an alms in passing by;
Haste—'tis the village holiday,
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
I die; for hunger slays me not at all.
I hoped my misery's closing page
To fold within some hospital;
But crowded thick is each retreat,
Such numbers now in misery lie;
Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen o'er and o'er,
I've asked, "Instruct me in your trade."
"Begone! our business is not more
Than keeps ourselves; go beg," they said—
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread,
Of bones your tables gave me store,
Your straw has often made my bed:—
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;
No!—better still for alms to pray!
At most, I've plucked some apples left
To ripen near the public way.

Yet weeks and weeks in dungeons laid,
In the King's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had:
Though poor and old, the sun at least was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?
What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
The Senate where your speakers shine?
Once when your homes by war o'er swept,
Saw strangers battling on your land,
Like any paltry fool I wept,
The aged fool was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you now the worm,
The noxious thing beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
Due labor for the common weal!
Then sheltered from the adverse wind,
The worm and ant had time to grow;
Aye, then I might have loved my kind;
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe.

Transl. in Tait's Magazine.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

[Callistratus, a Greek poet, born at Athens about 400 B. C. Some suppose him to be identical with the famous orator of that name, who died in 361 B. C. Of the poems attributed to Callistratus only one is extant—the "Hymn" in honor of Harmodius and Aristogiton, who fell in their attempt to put down the dynasty of the Pisistratidæ at Athens, 514 B. C.]

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid the tyrant low,
When patriots, burning to be free,
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though reft of breath,
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;
The heroes' happy isle shall be
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,
When at Athena's adverse fane
He knelt and never rose again.

While freedom's name is understood,
You shall delight the wise and good,
You dared to set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

Transl. by DENMAN

FOR CLEOMBROTUS.

Cleombrotus, high on a rock,
  Above Ambracia stood,
Bade Sol adieu, and, as he spoke,
  Plunged headlong in the flood.
From no mischance the leap he took,
  But sought the realms beneath,
Because he read in Plato's book
  That souls live after death.

CALLISTRATUS.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

[**Willem Bilderdijk,** a celebrated Dutch scholar and poet, was born at Amsterdam, in 1756, died at Haarlem, in 1831. He studied at the University of Leyden. When Holland was occupied by the French, he went to Brunswick, and afterwards to London, where he delivered lectures on law, literature, and poetry; returning to Holland in 1806. He wrote more than one hundred volumes in prose and verse. Gravenweert, the historian of the Netherlandish Literature, says of him: "He is not only the greatest poet that Holland has produced, but he is one of her first grammarians and most distinguished scholars."]

Child of the Unborn! dost thou bend
  From Him we in the day-beams see,
Whose music with the breeze doth blend?—
  To feel thy presence is to be.
Thou, our soul's brightest effluence—thou
Who in heaven's light to earth dost bow,
  A Spirit 'midst unspiritual clods—
Beauty! who bear'st the stamp profound
Of Him with all perfection crowned,
  Thine image—thine alone—is God's. . . .

How shall I catch a single ray
  Thy glowing hand from nature wakes—
Steal from the ether-waves of day
  One of the notes thy world-harp shakes—
Escape that miserable joy,
Which dust and self with darkness cloy,
  Fleeting and false—and, like a bird,
Cleave the air-path, and follow thee
Through thine own vast infinity,
  Where rolls the Almighty's thunder-word?

Perfect thy brightness in heaven's sphere,
  Where thou dost vibrate in the bliss
Of anthems ever echoing there!
  That, that is life—not this—not this:
There in the holy, holy row—
And not on earth, so deep below—
  Thy music unrepressed may speak;
Stay, shrouded, in that holy place:—
Enough that we have seen thy face,
  And kissed the smiles upon thy cheek.

We stretch our eager hands to thee,
  And for thine influence pray in vain;
The burden of mortality
  Hath bent us 'neath its heavy chain:—
And there are fetters forged by art,
And science cold hath chilled the heart,
  And wrapped thy godlike crown in night;
On waxen wings they soar on high,
And when most distant deem thee nigh—
  They quench thy torch, and dream of light.

They dare, in their presumptuous pride—
  They—miserable clods of clay!—
Thy glorious influence to deride,
  And laws to make, thy course to sway;
They—senseless stones and brainless things—
Would point thy course, unplume thy wings,
  And lower thee to their littleness;
They—fools unblushing—vile and vain—
Would God, would Truth, would Thee constrain,
  Their Midas idols to caress.

See *there* the glory of the earth!
  See *there*, how laurel-wreaths are spread!
See the base souls in swinish mirth,
  Worship the gold round Titan's head!
They tyrants will not crush—not they!
The despot gods of heathen sway—
  The imps that out of darkness start:
No! these they raise; but stamp, if thou
To their vile bidding will not bow,
  Their iron foot upon thy heart.

No! proud provokers! No! unhushed
  My song shall flow, my voice shall sound,
And, till the world—till you—are crushed,
  Sing God, Truth, Beauty's hymns around:
I will denounce your false pretense,
For holiness find eloquence
  While genuine beauty sits beside;—
Crawl in the mire, ye mushroom crews!
Lo! I am fed with heavenly dews
  That nourish spirits purified.

Child of the Unborn! joy! for thou
  Shinest in every heavenly flame,
Breathest in all the winds that blow,
  While self-conviction speaks thy name:

O, let one glance of thine illume
The longing soul that bids thee come,
And make me feel of heaven, like thee!
Shake from thy torch one blazing drop,
And to my soul all heaven shall ope,
And I—dissolve in melody!

Transl. in Westminster Review.

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.

[**Bion**, a Greek idyllic poet, who flourished about 280 B. C. He was born near Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and took up his abode in the island of Sicily, then a Grecian colony. According to Moschus, his friend and disciple, he died from poison; by whom administered, and for what reason, we are not told. The extant works of Bion consist of nine eclogues and a few fragments.]

If merit only stamps my former lays
And those alone shall give me deathless praise:
But if even those have lost their bright applause,
Why should I labor thus without a cause?
For if great Jove, or Fate, should stretch our span,
And give of life a double share to man:
One part to pleasures and to joy ordain,
And vex the other with hard toil and pain,
With sweet complacence we might then employ
Our hours; for labor still enhances joy.
But since of life we have but one small share—
A pittance scant, which daily toils impair—
Why should we waste it in pursuit of care?
Why do we labor to enhance our store,
The more we gain, still coveting the more?
Alas! alas! we quite forget that man
Is a mere mortal, and his life a span.

ECLOGUE V., *Transl. of* FAWKES.

ON BOOKS AND BOOK-BUYERS.

I say we have despised literature: what do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad,—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly: it is provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such a trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wiser people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying.—*Sesame and Lilies, or King's Treasuries.*

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE SEAL! THE SEAL!

[**Elisha Kent Kane, M. D.**, born in Philadelphia, 1820, educated at the University of Virginia, and in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, was appointed Physician to the Chinese Embassy, 1843; in 1850 sailed as Senior Medical Officer and Naturalist to the first Grinnell Expedition, of which he published an account in *The United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin: A Personal Narrative*, New York, 1853, new edition, Phila., 1857; and in 1856 gave to the world, *Arctic Explorations:* The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin during the Years 1853, '54, '55, Phila., Childs & Peterson, 2 vols. Of this expedition Dr. Kane was the commander, and well has he told its story. Sixty-five thousand copies were sold in one year.]

Things grew worse and worse with us: the old difficulty of breathing came back again, and our feet swelled to such an extent that we were obliged to cut open our canvas boots. But the symptom which gave me the most uneasiness was our inability to sleep. A form of low fever which hung by us when at work had been kept down by the thoroughness of our daily rest; all my hopes of escape were in the refreshing influences of the halt.

It must be remembered that we were now in the open bay, in the full line of the great ice-drift to the Atlantic, and in boats so frail and unseaworthy as to require constant bailing to keep them afloat.

It was at this crisis of our fortunes that we saw a large seal floating—as is the custom of these animals—on a small patch of ice, and seemingly asleep. It was an ussuk, and so large that I at first mistook it for a walrus. Signal was made for the Hope to follow astern, and, trembling with anxiety, we prepared to crawl down upon him.

Petersen, with the long English rifle, was stationed in the bow, and stockings were drawn over the oars as mufflers. As we neared the animal our excitement became so intense that the men could hardly keep stroke. I had a set of signals for such occasions, which spared us the noise of the voice; and when about three hundred yards off, the oars were taken in, and we moved on in deep silence with a single scull astern.

He was not asleep, for he reared his head when we were almost within rifle-shot; and to this day I can remember the hard, care-worn, almost despairing expression of the men's thin faces as they saw him move; their lives depended on his capture.

I depressed my hand nervously, as a signal for Petersen to fire. McGarry hung upon his oar, and the boat, slowly but noiselessly sagging ahead, seemed to me within certain range. Looking at Petersen, I saw that the poor fellow was paralyzed by his anxiety, trying vainly to obtain a rest for his gun against the cutwater of the boat. The seal rose on his fore-flippers, gazed at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled himself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with the crack of our rifle, he relaxed his long length on the ice, and, at the very brink of the water, his head fell helpless to one side.

I would have ordered another shot, but no discipline could have controlled the men. With a wild yell, each vociferating according to his own impulse, they urged both boats upon the floes. A crowd of hands seized the seal and bore him up to safer ice. The men seemed half-crazy; I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers or mouthing long strips of raw blubber.

Not one ounce of this seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup-kettles without any observance of the preliminary home-processes. The cartilaginous parts of the fore-flippers were cut off in the *mêlée*, and passed round to be chewed upon; and even the liver, warm and raw as it was, bade fair to be eaten before it had seen the pot. That night, on the large halting-floe, to which, in contempt of the dangers of drifting, we happy men had hauled our boats, two entire planks of the Red Eric were devoted to a grand cooking-fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savage feast.—*Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition*, ii., Chap. xxix.

MARCUS CATO.

[**Goldwin Smith, LL.D.,** an English writer who settled in America, born 1823, at Reading, Eng., where his father was a physician, was educated at Eton, and entered at Christ Church, Oxford, but was shortly afterwards elected to a demyship at Magdalene College; took his degree of B. A. in 1845, having obtained the Ireland and Hertford Scholarship and the Chancellor's Prize for Latin verse, and was subsequently elected Fellow of University College, of which he became Tutor; called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1850, but did not practice; was a member of the Education Commission of 1859; Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, 1858, to July, 1866, and since his resignation has delivered many lectures in advocacy of political reform, of which he is one of the most influential champions; Professor of English and General Constitutional History in Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, 1868. More recently he resided in Canada.

Goldwin Smith's writings include, *On the Foundation of the American Colonies*, 1861; *On the Study of History*, 1861; *Lectures on Modern History*, delivered at Oxford,

1859–61; *Irish History and Irish Character*, Lond., 1861; *The Empire*, Oxford, 1863; *Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?* 1863 (in favor, as are others of his publications, of the Federal Government of the United States); *A Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford*, 1864; *England and America*, Boston, 1865; *Speeches and Letters*, from Jan., 1863, to Jan., 1865, *on the Rebellion*, New York, 1865, 2 vols.; *The Civil War in America*, Lond., 1866; *Three English Statesmen* (Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt), Lond., 1867.

"I am a great advocate of culture of every kind, and I say, when I find a man like Professor Goldwin Smith, or Professor Rogers, who, in addition to profound classical learning, have a vast knowledge of modern affairs, and who, as well as scholars, are profound thinkers; these are men whom I know to have a vast superiority over me, and I bow to them with reverence."—RICHARD COBDEN: *Speech at Rochdale*, Nov. 23, 1864.]

Marcus Cato was the one man whom, living and dead, Cæsar evidently dreaded. The Dictator even assailed his memory in a brace of pamphlets entitled "Anti-Cato," of the quality of which we have one or two specimens in Plutarch, from which we should infer that they were scurrilous and slanderous to the last degree; a proof even that Cæsar could feel fear, and that in Cæsar, too, fear was mean. Dr. Mommsen throws himself heartily into Cæsar's antipathy, and can scarcely speak of Cato without something like a loss of temper. The least uncivil thing which he says of him, is that he was a Don Quixote, with Favonius for his Sancho. The phrase is not a happy one, since Sancho is not the caricature but the counterfoil of Don Quixote; Quixote being spirit without sense, and Sancho sense without spirit. Imperialism, if it could see itself, is in fact a world of Sanchos, and it would not be the less so if every Sancho of the number were master of the whole of physical science and used it to cook his food. Of the two court-poets of Cæsar's successor, one makes Cato preside over the spirits of the good in the Elysian fields, while the other speaks with respect, at all events, of the soul which remained unconquered in a conquered world, "Et cuncta terrarum subacta præter atrocem animum Catonis." Paterculus, an officer of Tiberius and a thorough Cæsarian, calls Cato a man of ideal virtue ("homo virtuti simillimus"), who did right not for appearance sake, but because it was not in his nature to do wrong. When the victor is thus overawed by the shade of the vanquished, the vanquished could hardly have been a "fool." Contemporaries may be mistaken as to the merits of a character, but they cannot well be mistaken as to the space which it occupied in their own eyes. Sallust, the partisan of Marius and Cæsar, who had so much reason to hate the senatorial party, speaks of Cæsar and Cato as the two mightiest opposites of his time, and in an elaborate parallel ascribes to Cæsar the qualities which secure the success of the adventurer; to Cato those which make up the character of the patriot. It is a mistake to regard Cato the younger as merely an unseasonable repetition of Cato the elder. His inspiration came not from a Roman form, but from a Greek school of philosophy, and from that school which, with all its errors and absurdities, and in spite of the hypocrisy of many of its professors, really aimed highest in the formation of character; and the practical teachings and aspirations of which, embodied in the reflections of Marcus Aurelius, it is impossible to study without profound respect for the force of moral conception and the depth of moral insight which they sometimes display. Cato went to Greece to sit at the feet of a Greek teacher in a spirit very different from the national pride of his ancestor. It is this which makes his character interesting, that it was an attempt at all events to grasp and hold fast by the high rule of life, in an age when the whole moral world was sinking into a vortex of scoundrelism, and faith in morality, public or private, had been lost. Of course the character is formal, and in some respects even grotesque. But you may trace formalism, if you look close enough, in every life led by a rule; in everything between the purest spiritual impulse on the one side, and abandoned sensuality on the other. Attempts to revive old Roman simplicity of dress and habit in the age of Lucullus were no doubt futile enough; but after all, this is but the symbolical garb of the Hebrew prophet. We are in ancient Rome, not in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. We are among the countrymen, too, of Savonarola. The character, as painted by Plutarch, who seems to have drawn from the writings of contemporaries, is hard of course, but not cynical. Cato was devoted to his brother Cæpio, and

when Cæpio died, forgot all his Stoicism in the passionate indulgence of his grief, and all his frugality in lavishing gold and perfumes on the funeral. Cæsar in Anti-Cato accused him of sifting the ashes for the gold, which, says Plutarch, is like charging Hercules with cowardice. Where the sensual appetites are repressed, whatever may be the theory of life, the affections are pretty sure to be strong, unless they are nipped by some such process as is undergone by a monk. Cato's resignation of his fruitful wife to a childless friend, revolting as it is to our sense, betokens less any brutality in him than the coarseness of the conjugal relations at Rome. Evidently the man had the power of touching the hearts of others. His soldiers, though he gave them no largesses and indulged them in no license, when he leaves them, strew their garments under his feet. His friends at Utica linger, at the peril of their lives, to give him a sumptuous funeral. He affected conviviality, like Socrates. He seems to have been able to enjoy a joke, too, at his own expense. He can laugh when Cicero ridicules his Stoicism in a speech; and when in a province he meets the inhabitants of a town turning out, and thinks at first that it is in his own honor, but soon finds that it is in honor of a much greater man, the confidential servant of Pompey, at first his dignity is outraged, but his anger soon gives place to amusement. That his public character was perfectly pure, no one seems to have doubted; and there is a kindliness in his dealings with the dependents of Rome, which shows that had he been an emperor he would have been such an emperor as Trajan, a man whom he probably resembled, both in the goodness of his intentions and in the limited powers of his mind. Impracticable, of course, in a certain sense he was; but his part was that of a reformer, and to compromise with the corruption against which he was contending, would have been to lose the only means of influence, which, having no military force and no party, he possessed—that of the perfect integrity of his character. He is said by Dr. Mommsen to have been incapable even of conceiving a policy. By policy I suspect is meant one of those brilliant schemes of ambition with which some literary men are fond of identifying themselves, fancying, it seems, that thereby they themselves, after their measure, play the Cæsar. The policy which Cato conceived was simply that of purifying and preserving the Republic. So far, at all events, he had an insight into the situation, that he knew that the real malady of the state was want of public spirit, which he did his best to supply. And the fact is, that he did more than once succeed in a remarkable way in stemming the tide of corruption. Though every instinct bade him struggle to the last, he had sense enough to see the state of the case, and to advise that, to avert anarchy, supreme power should be put into the hands of Pompey, whose political superstition, if not his loyalty, there was good reason to trust. When at last civil war broke out, Cato went into it like Falkland, crying "Peace!" he set his face steadily against the excesses and cruelties of his party; and when he saw the field of Dyrrhachium covered with his slain enemies, he covered his face and wept. He wept, a Roman over Romans, but humanity will not refuse the tribute of his tears. After Pharsalus he cherished no illusion, as Dr. Mommsen himself admits; and though he determined himself to fall fighting, he urged no one else to resistance; he felt that the duty of an ordinary citizen was done. His terrible march over the African desert showed high powers of command, as we shall see by comparing it with the desert march of Napoleon. Dr. Mommsen ridicules his pedantry in refusing, on grounds of loyalty, to take the commander-in-chief over the head of a superior in rank. Cato was fighting for legality, and the spirit of legality was the soul of his cause. But besides this, he had never himself crossed his sword with an enemy; and by declining the nominal command he retained the whole control. He remained master to the last of the burning vessel. Our morality will not approve of his voluntary death; but our morality would give him a sufficient sanction for living, even if he was to be bound to the car of the conqueror. Looking to Roman opinion, he probably did what honor dictated; and those who prefer honor to life are not so numerous that we can afford to speak of them with scorn.—*Macmillan's Magazine, April*, 1868.

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK'S FAREWELL LETTER TO HIS SON.

[**John Fenn,** an English, antiquarian, who published in 1787 to 1795 five quarto volumes of *Original Letters Written During the Reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III.* These letters, known as "The Paston Letters," from the family in Norfolk, by whom and to whom most of them were written, are highly curious and interesting, exhibiting matters of State and the private manners of a remarkable age in English history. Mr. Fenn has elucidated them with copious notes and connecting links. Their authenticity was called in question, notably by Herman Merivale, in the *Fortnightly Review*, but their genuine character and veracity have been established beyond doubt by James Gairdner, the historian of several periods of English history. A modern edition of Fenn's *Paston Letters* was recently published.]

My dear and only well-beloved son—I beseech our Lord in heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him; to the which as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that also wittingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And thus as any frailty maketh you to fall, beseecheth His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend Him.

Secondly, next Him, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway, as ye be bounded by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would stir you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, asketh your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may, by His grace, from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to His service, in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally among His angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand the day of my departing from this land. Your true and loving father.—*The Paston Letters.*

SEA-WEED.

[**Cornelius George Fenner,** an American poet and Unitarian preacher, born at Providence, R. I., in 1822; died in Cincinnati, in 1847. His *Poems of Many Moods* appeared in Boston in 1846. The following poem is selected as evincing a fine faculty of poetic thought and expression.]

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
  Drearily drenched in the ocean brine
Soaring high and sinking low,
  Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
  Flung on the foam afar and anear;
Mark my manifold mystery;
  Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole:
Growth unfolding amid unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON.

[**Thomas Dunn English,** an American journalist, poet, and dramatist, born in 1819, in Philadelphia, and became a practicing physician in 1856, in the vicinity of New York, and was afterwards admitted to the bar. He wrote several novels, not widely known, and a score or more of plays which were produced upon the stage. As a critic, humorist, and writer for the press, his writings have given him popularity, while his lyric poems have made him a wider fame. His poems were published in 1855.]

Tugged the patient, panting horses, as the coulter keen and thorough,
By the careful farmer guided, cut the deep and even furrow;
Soon the mellow mould in ridges, straightly pointing as an arrow—
Lay to wait the bitter vexing of the fierce, remorseless harrow,
Lay impatient for the seeding, for the growing and the reaping,
All the richer and the readier for the quiet winter sleeping.

At his loom the pallid weaver, with his feet upon the treddles,
Watched the threads alternate rising, with the lifting of the heddles—
Not admiring that, so swiftly, at his eager fingers urging,
Flew the bobbin-loaded shuttle 'twixt the filaments diverging,
Only labor dull and cheerless in the work before him seeing,
As the warp and woop uniting brought the figures into being.

Roared the fire before the bellows; glowed the forge's dazzling crater;
Rang the hammer on the anvil, both the lesser and the greater;
Fell the sparks around the smithy, keeping rhythm to the clamor,
To the ponderous blows and clanging of each unrelenting hammer;
While the diamonds of labor, from the curse of Adam borrowed,
Glittered in a crown of honor on each iron-beater's forehead.

Through the air there came a whisper, deepening quickly into thunder,
How the deed was done that morning that would rend the realm asunder;
How at Lexington the Briton mingled causeless crime with folly,
And a king endangered empire by an ill considered volley.
Then each heart beat quick for vengeance, as the anger-stirring story
Told of brethren and of neighbors lying corses stiff and gory.

Stops the plough and sleeps the shuttle, stills the blacksmith's noisy hammer,
Come the farmer, smith, and weaver, with a wrath too deep for clamor;
But their fiercely purposed doing every glance they give avouches,
As they handle rusty firelocks, powder-horns and bullet-pouches;
As they hurry from the workshops, from the fields, and from the forges,
Venting curses deep and bitter on the latest of the Georges. . . .

I was but a beardless stripling on that chilly April morning,
When the church-bells backward ringing, to the minute-men gave warning;
But I seized my father's weapons—he was dead who one time bore them—
And I swore to use them stoutly, or to nevermore restore them;

Bade farewell to sister, mother, and to one than either dearer,
Then departed as the firing told of red-coats drawing nearer.

On the Britons came from Concord—'twas a name of mocking omen;
Concord never more existed 'twixt our people and the foemen—
On they came in haste from Concord, where a few had stood to fight them;
Where they failed to conquer Buttrick, who had stormed the bridge despite them;
On they came, the tools of tyrants, 'mid a people who abhorred them;
They had done their master's bidding, and we purposed to reward them. . . .

'Twas a goodly sight to see them; but we heeded not its splendor,
For we felt their martial bearing hate within our hearts engender,
Kindling fire within our spirits, though our eyes a moment watered,
As we thought on Moore and Hadley, and their brave companions slaughtered;
And we swore to deadly vengeance for the fallen to devote them,
And our rage grew hotter, hotter, as our well-aimed bullets smote them. . . .

When to Hardy's Hill their weary, waxing-fainter footsteps brought them,
There again the stout Provincials brought the wolves to bay and fought them;
And though often backward beaten, still returned the foe to follow,
Making forts of every hill-top and redoubts of every hollow.
Hunters came from every farm-house, joining eagerly to chase them—
They had boasted far too often that we ne'er would dare to face them. . . .

With nine hundred came Lord Percy, sent by startled Gage to meet them,
And he scoffed at those who suffered such a horde of boors to beat them.
But his scorn was changed to anger, when on front and flank were falling,
From the fences, walls, and roadsides drifts of leaden hail appalling;
And his picked and chosen soldiers, who had never shrunk in battle,
Hurried quicker in their panic when they heard the firelocks rattle.

Tell it not in Gath, Lord Percy, never Ascalon let hear it,
That you fled from those you taunted as devoid of force and spirit;
That the blacksmith, weaver, farmer, leaving forging, weaving, tillage,
Fully paid with coin of bullets base marauders for their pillage;
They, you said, would fly in terror, Britons and their bayonets shunning;
The loudest of the boasters proved the foremost in the running. . . .

Into Boston marched their forces, musket-barrels brightly gleaming,
Colors flying, sabres flashing, drums were beating, fifes were screaming.
Not a word about their journey; from the General to the Drummer.
Did you ask about their doings, than a statue each was dumber;
But the wounded in their litters, lying pallid, weak and gory,
With a language clear and certain, told the sanguinary story. . . .

On the day the fight that followed, neighbor met and talked with neighbor;
First the few who fell they buried, then returned to daily labor.
Glowed the fire within the forges, ran the plough-share down the furrow,
Clicked the bobbin-shuttle—both our fight and toil was thorough;
If we labored in the battle, or the shop, or forge, or fallow,
Still came an honest purpose, casting round our deeds a halo.

Though they strove again, these minions of Germaine and North and Gower,
They could never make the weakest of our band before them cower;
Neither England's bribes nor soldiers, force of arms, nor titles splendid,
Could deprive of what our fathers left as rights to be defended.

And the flame from Concord spreading,
kindled kindred conflagrations,
Till the Colonies United took their place
among the nations.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their green sward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God! MRS. HEMANS.

THE LAST OF AN OLD FAMILY.

[Jules Sandeau, a French novelist and dramatist, born at Aubusson, 1811, died 1883, was first bred to the law, but becoming interested in Madame Dudevant (George Sand) he devoted himself ever after to literature. The novel, *Rose et Blanche*, was the earliest production of the joint authorship of the two, published in 1831, over the signature of Jules Sand. In 1858 Sandeau was elected to the French Academy. Among his numerous works of fiction we note *Marianne*, 1839; *Le Docteur Herbeau*, 1841; *Catharine*, 1845; and *Madeleine*, 1848. The last named work was crowned by the French Academy.

A favorite theme of Sandeau's, and one that he has handled with sympathy and force, is that which touches a burning question—the gulf that exists between the decaying aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie*. He has dealt with the opposition of money and titles in its various forms in *Sacs et Parchemins*, *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*, and *La Maison de Penarvan*. The pride of race, the poverty that has overwhelmed the ancient nobles who remained true to their legitimate sovereign, their inability to reconcile themselves with the current and more democratic state of society, are painted with force. But, while exposing the ridiculous side of this pride of blood, Sandeau does not ridicule it; he shows us how deeply pathetic it is as well, and admits that this pride of race may be the most legitimate source of self-esteem, next to that which is founded upon our own merits. In *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* we see this pride crystallized into human shape in the form of the Marquis de la Seiglière; in the *Maison de Penarvan* it is Renée, the last descendant of an old Breton house, who clings with haughty obduracy to the traditions of her ancestors. She has sacrificed joy, happiness, almost life itself, to this pride of race. Her father and brothers had all perished in the royal cause; she had herself incited her husband to espouse the losing side and go almost wantonly into death. Left with only a daughter, to whom she never forgave, and whom she never allowed to forget, the misfortune of her sex, she buried herself in her crumbling château, which she lacked the funds to keep in even decent repair, and lived here dead to the world, sunk only in contemplation of the past glories of her house. Beside her stern unloving mother, and an old abbé who dwelt with them, the little Paula came in contact with no living being. At last, by a *ruse*, an old school-friend of her mother's rescues her for a time from this living entombment, takes her to Bordeaux, and tries to arrange a marriage for her. This plan fails, for Paula, instead of becoming attached to one of the various noblemen who seek her hand, falls in love with a simple *bourgeois*, a merchant. What follows is told below.]

Two days after, Paula arrived at Bordeaux, and repaired to the Convent of the Sacred Heart. How shall we describe the abbé's emotion during this journey? As

for Paula, it was as though she obeyed the impulses of a will foreign to her own; she had remained the whole time silent, motionless, insensible to the abbé's remonstrances and prayers. Not a word, not a sigh, not a sign of emotion; her love was as fierce as her pride. She spent three months at the convent in the most complete retirement, and only consented to see Madame de Soleyre the evening before the day fixed for her marriage. It was no longer the time for blame; Madame de Soleyre took her in her arms, and held her in a long embrace. This true friend knew that she had now only one task to fulfil; to act the part of mother to the child who had none, and to protect her with her own good name. Mdlle. de Penarvan's marriage was not accompanied by that air of censure which is generally called forth by marriages contracted against the wishes of parents. If the aristocracy disapproved, all the lively and brilliant society of Bordeaux were on her side, and approved of her resolution. We must state, for the honor of the official world, that on this occasion M. de Soleyre proved himself worthy of his wife; Paula entered the Mairie on the prefect's arm. The mayor, an old friend of the Caverley family, had made a point of honor of himself joining together these two young people, and thus, by the deep respect he showed to Mdlle. de Penarvan, he removed whatever was uncomfortable or distressing in this young girl's situation. The abbé, who had declared very loudly that he would share in none of the ceremonies of this wedding, acted as second witness to his child, and it was he who married them next evening in a modest chapel; the poor man could not resist his little Paula's prayers. At the moment of pronouncing the blessing, he wished to make a little address, but he suddenly remembered that great house of Penarvan that he had so much loved; and it seemed to him as though he were himself consecrating its decay and eternal annihilation, and he had great difficulty in restraining his sobs. After the nuptial benediction, terrified at what he had just done, he escaped without bidding farewell, wandered about till morning in the streets of the town, and climbed sadly on to the outside of the coach, which was starting for Nantes. He had lost everything—his happiness, his pride, the joy of his life—he had nothing left him in the world; and recognizing half-way up the hill the castle of Rohan-Chabot, he felt tempted to throw himself from his seat under the horses' feet.

On leaving the chapel, the newly-married couple entered a carriage, and set out for Villa Caverley. In an hour's time the horses stopped before the door of a dwelling hidden in the profoundest darkness. They alighted, and Henry, intoxicated with joy, led his young wife into a silent deserted house, where there was not a single servant to receive them. Paula, also intoxicated with love and happiness, could hardly support herself, and walked along with her head resting on her husband's shoulder. Slowly they ascended, between two hedges of flowers, the steps of a marble staircase, lighted by alabaster lamps. After passing through several rooms, in which were displayed the riches of the four quarters of the globe—carpets from Persia and India, mirrors from Venice, master-pieces of art, valuable pictures, Grecian statues, glittering armor, family china,—after passing through a vast greenhouse, in which were displayed all the glories of tropical Nature, Caverley lifted a heavy curtain, and offered Paula a golden key.

Paula opened a cedar-wood door; she entered, and when she had gone a few steps—when she had taken in at one glance all the luxury piled about her, the cups overflowing with pearls and diamonds, the cashmeres, the velvets, the lace thrown over the furniture, when this handsome young man bent a knee before her, and said to her, "O my dear Paula, O my only joy, I am here in your house!" she suddenly thought of her mother, in the sadness, the misery, the neglect, in which she had left her; she pictured her alone in her bare cold room, without even her pride remaining to her to sustain her, for this her only support had just fallen into dust. She remembered the two tears that she fancied she had seen steal from under her eyelids; she uttered a cry, and thunderstruck by remorse, fell fainting into the arms of Henry, who was only just in time to save her.

From this time forth there commenced for this unfortunate woman a torment hitherto unknown—the torment of love and riches: she had, as punishment, all that gives happiness here below. In at-

taining happiness she had fallen, crushed by the effort she had made to obtain it. Her existence was now nothing but expiation, without intermission or respite. Young, beautiful, adored, in the midst of all the goods the world envies, all her thoughts turned to her mother in the old castle she had quitted. She suffered from nostalgia after trouble and poverty. She lived in the most rigid seclusion, far from the town, far from gaiety, ashamed of her wealth, casting it from her in disgust. She had despoiled her room of all the luxury and splendor which seemed to mock the marchioness's poverty. The damp dark house in which her youth had expanded now revealed to her only its poetry; she saw only the great virtues of the mother who had so long oppressed her; she ceaselessly recalled the two tears that moistened her dry eyelids—the only ones she had ever seen in her eyes—and Paula felt them fall like two leaden drops on to her heart. It was in vain that Caverley, in despair, overwhelmed her with the most patient and delicate tenderness. "I love you," said she, in passionate tones. "My life dates from the day when I first saw you. I love you, and to this day I still bless the hour when first I saw you; but do not be angry with me because I am not happy. I should die if I left you, and I cannot live if my mother does not forgive me." And when Henry tried to calm her by reminding her of all that she had suffered, "Ah," said she, "I lacked patience; I did not try the right way; I did not wait long enough. I should have softened her; she would, perhaps, have ended by loving me."

They wrote, but only the abbé replied. His despairing letters left them no hope. They never tired of writing, and never received any other answer. They travelled, they visited Greece and Italy. Everywhere Paula carried the picture of her mother growing old in neglect. Before the marvels of art and the beauties of Nature she wept over the ruins where she had suffered so much. She became a mother, and her sadness increased. When she brought a daughter into the world she had asked herself, with horror, whether this child would not grow up for her punishment. The joys of maternity had even increased her remorse, by revealing to her, in their full extent, the sacred rights, the imprescriptible rights, that mothers have over their children. This had given an opportunity for turning, with another cry, to the marchioness. The marchioness did not answer; she opened none of the letters, and never was Paula's name permitted to be spoken before her. They spent more than a year on the shores of Lake Como. The better Paula knew Henry, the more her love for him increased—her grief grew with her love; the more reasons she had for being happy, the more wretched did she feel herself. Her happiness caused her misery. A slow fever was secretly undermining her constitution. They returned to France, sad and discouraged.

Sorrow has its selfishness, which delicate spirits avoid with as much care as the selfishness of happiness. Paula at last felt that the burden of her fault had weighed long enough on the man she loved; she determined to appear in society. The Hôtel Caverley was once more opened; she did the honors there with simplicity; all Bordeaux fêted her, and overwhelmed her with homage and respect. Paula experienced again on her husband's arm the reception she had received on the prince's. She wore neither diamonds nor jewels, and, as formerly, appeared adorned merely by her grace and beauty. And yet, in spite of her endeavors to deceive Henry and to deceive herself, in spite of the embraces of her daughter, she remained a prey to the same sadness, struggled under the restraint of the same remorse, and Henry could easily see that his dear Paula was not happy.

Madame de Soleyre also knew it; formerly Paula had only spoken to her of her mother at long intervals, and never without fear; now she spoke of her at all times; and when Madame de Soleyre, persuaded by her questions, related the adventurous youth of that beautiful Renée whom she had known so heroic and so proud, Paula, overcome by these stories, smiled at the poetic figure, whose greatness she accused herself of not having appreciated. One evening, returning from a ball, she threw herself on a sofa, and gave vent to the grief she had been stifling all through the evening. Caverley was present; he sat down beside her, and said,

"What is the matter with you? What do you want? Speak, what can I do for you?"

"Listen, Henry," said Paula. "I want to see my mother again. Even if she drives me away, if she curses me, if I were to die at her feet, I must see her again!"

"But, my dear unhappy little wife," said Henry, "how could you get to her?"

"O, I will hide myself in the park! I will wait, perhaps I shall see her pass."

"We will set out to-morrow," said Henry.

"How good you are, and how I love you!" exclaimed she, throwing herself into his arms.

Two days after, one evening at the end of October, they got down at a second-rate inn at Tiffauges; they had brought with them their daughter, who had completed her third year. It was too late to send word to the abbé; as soon as they arrived they took the road to the manor. Having slipped into the park, through one of the many breaches in the surrounding wall, they stepped on in the twilight, along the leafless alleys. Henry led the child, Paula walked on in front, and showed the way.

"She is there—she is there!" exclaimed she, suddenly perceiving a lighted window through the darkness.

They possessed love, beauty, youth; they possessed villas, a palace, and boats which furrowed the seas; and their only dream, their only ambition, was to penetrate into that ruin exposed to all the winds, whose door was closed against them.

Another window shone on the same side of the house; it belonged to the little abode where dwelt the good Pyrmil. What was he doing at this time; Was he praying for his little Paula? Was he working at his history? When Paula was little, it was her custom to call the abbé by clapping her hands three times; she made a few steps forward, and clapped three times. Immediately the window was opened, and a tall phantom leaned over the balcony to give one eager look out into the mist.

"Abbé, my abbé!" said Paula, in a moaning voice.

The phantom vanished. Less than a minute after the abbé was pressing Paula to his heart, and was drawing them secretly, like three fugitives, into his room.

"You here, my daughter; and you, sir, you?"

"I am dying, abbé, I am dying! Take pity on me; help me to see my mother; make her pardon us; we can no longer live like this."

The abbé had taken the little girl; he kept her on his knee, and she smiled at him.

"Ah, sir, ah, my friend," exclaimed Caverley, "save her, save us!"

The abbé was silent, and looked at the child.

"What is she doing?" asked Paula. "What is passing in her heart? Does she allow you to speak to her of us? Has she spoken to you of me?"

For some time they continued to question, to implore, and the abbé did not answer.

"Then it is all over, abbe, all over for ever!" exclaimed Paula, in a paroxysm of despair; "and I am quite dead to her!"

The abbé had made the little one fold her hands. He said to her,

"Do you love God, my child?"

"O yes!" answered she.

"Well, then," said the abbé, "say to Him, 'O God, come to me!'"

"O God, come to me!" repeated the child.

The abbé rose and took the child in his arms.

"Come then," exclaimed he, "and may God inspire you!"

Surrounded, as in former times, by the portraits of her ancestors, by the light of a miserly lamp, near two firebrands smoking at the back of the hearth, sat the marchioness in her old oaken arm-chair. Her thin features, her hollow eyes, told of the inner struggles she had endured, of the silent, secret, unconfessed labor that for four years was passing within her. She was now merely the ghost of herself, but she still retained something majestic and proud: she seemed conquered, not submissive. Everything about her was gone to ruin, everything in her was suffering and moaning; but her pride stood upright, like a citadel that is attacked, undermined, assailed on all sides, which still stands firm, fights, resists, and refuses to capitulate; while below it the besieged town, destroyed by bullets, devastated by death and famine, implores for pity and mercy, and wishes but to

surrender. Never yet had loneliness and *ennui* weighed on her heart with so heavy a burden as on this October evening. She was leaning on her elbow, her head resting on her hand, when the door half opened and a child glided in. Alarmed by the tall figure near the chimney-corner, the child, who had entered smiling, stopped frightened in the middle of the room.

"Who are you?" asked the marchioness, who did not even know that Paula was a mother.

"I am a little girl."

"Come here, my child."

The child took courage, advanced, and went to place its hands on the arm of the chair where its grandmother was seated.

"What are you called?" asked the marchioness, softened by this pretty face.

"I am called Renée."

The marchioness started, turned an ardent gaze on the child, and recognized Paula's features. She understood; she guessed everything.

"Go away," said she, in a dull voice; "go back to your mother: return to Madame Caverley."

Frightened by the expression and by the tones, rather than by the words, which she could not understand, the child turned to the door, and went away trembling. She walked with little steps, and the marchioness followed her with her eyes. And as the child moved away she saw her whole existence unroll itself before her; she saw her husband, so tender, so charming, whom she had sent to death; she saw her daughter, so beautiful, so affectionate, who would have cared for her so tenderly, for whom she wore mourning. She now recognized all the joys she had not acknowledged, all the happiness she had cast from her. The little fair head was slowly disappearing in the darkness; and the marchioness felt that it was life leaving her once more, which was leaving her never to return. She cast a look of distress at the portraits of her ancestors; and she thought she saw so many minotaurs who had devoured her youth and her destiny.

Meantime the child was departing. She was near the half-open door; and still Renée hesitated. As she passed through the doorway, the child turned round.

"It is not true, then," said she, in her silvery voice, "that you are my other mamma?"

Pride was overcome, and the heart found vent. Renée had given a cry; she threw herself like a lioness on her granddaughter, raised her in her arms, and, inundating her with tears, covering her with kisses:

"Stay, stay!" exclaimed she; "stay, life! stay, happiness!"

Less than a year after it would have been useless to seek on the banks of the Sèvre for the ruins of the old manor; the castle of Penarvan had returned to the period of its glory. As by the touch of a magic wand, the walls, the front, the turrets, had risen again; the escutcheons had reappeared over the gates; the long grass no longer grew in the chief courtyard. The horses strutted in the stables, the dogs barked in the kennels, the carriages filled the coachhouse. In the gorgeously-decorated drawing-room, the ancestors, relined and restored, appeared rejuvenated in their new frames. Everywhere, within and without, movement had taken the place of stillness; everywhere life had displaced death. The farms which had been burnt down were built up again, the ancient domain had been restored, the factories of ropes and sails once more enlivened the banks of the river. The time of threadbare cassocks was past; the chapel-altar had recovered its ancient glory; the manorial seat was restored; and on Sundays and fête-days the abbé officiated in great pomp. Everywhere joy, ease, happiness; everywhere respect for the past joined to the activity of labor.

One hot summer afternoon the Marchioness de Penarvan, her granddaughter, and the abbé were all three assembled in that room full of portraits where we have so often seen them. In spite of the years that had past, the marchioness was still beautiful, she retained her lovely fair hair, in which shone not a single white thread. The abbé had grown somewhat stouter. On his knees sat little Renée, and he was teaching her to read out of his wonderful history. This child had become the idol of the abbé; she was happiness for the last years of the good Pyrmil. Above all, she was the passion, the first and only passion, of the marchioness. Renée loved the little Renée with all the tenderness she had never yet felt for any one; she had taken possession of the child, she had brought into

this love, the despotism of her character. Paula and Henry were setting out on horseback for a ride in the neighborhood; the marchioness went to the window, and followed them with her eyes to the end of the avenue.

"Abbé," said she, making a sign to him. The abbé hastened to her side, and Renée pointed to them with a gesture that seemed to say, "See how beautiful and charming they are."

"Well," said the abbé half aloud, with an air that he tried to make sly and cunning, "it is I who married them."

"Ah, rogue, traitor!" said the marchioness, pulling his ear. "Ah, abbé, abbé, you have never done anything else! You have always plotted against me."

How the good abbé laughed and chuckled and rubbed his hands!

"Come," added the marchioness, gayly, "the family will be complete to-night; we expect Madame de Soleyre."

The abbé had once more taken the child and recommenced his lesson.

"Really, abbé," said the marchioness, "you have no pity; you will bore that child."

"By no means! Mdlle. Renée reveals the most excellent disposition."

"Come, abbé, come, that is enough; but, by the bye, how far is this endless history?"

"This endless history is finished, madame," replied the abbé, somewhat piqued. "No later than yesterday I wrote the last lines of the chapter consecrated to the marquis, your husband."

"You are not so far as you think; your history is not complete."

"Alas, madame, I know it but too well! There still remains that unfortunate prelate."

"Even without the prelate, your history is not complete. There is still something wanting."

"Something wanting? What is it, madame?"

"Well, myself, abbé; do you not consider me anything?"

"I only write the history of the dead," said the abbé, smiling; "and I reckon, madame, on never writing yours."

"I will dictate it to you. Take a pen. Write."

The abbé, somewhat surprised, took a pen and placed himself ready to write.

"As a heading," said the marchioness, "Louise Charlotte Antoinette Renée, Marchioness de Penarvan, last of the name."

"Last of the name!" repeated the abbé, like an echo.

"Next line," said the marchioness. "She lived wrapped in the glory of her family, and recognized, although somewhat late, that if it is good to honor the dead, it is very sweet to love the living."

"Is that all, madame?"

"That is all, my dear abbé," answered the marchioness, drawing her grandchild towards her, and kissing her affectionately. "However, you may add, if you like—

"Here endeth the history of the House of Penarvan."

NEGLECT OF INCIPIENT SYMPTOMS OF INSANITY.

[**Forbes Winslow, M. D.,** an English author, born in London, 1810, died 1874. He studied medicine in New York and Aberdeen, and was author of a number of valuable medical works upon insanity and other subjects, of which the most important is *On Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind,* London, 1860; Philadelphia, 1860. He also published *The Anatomy of Suicide,* 1840.]

Upon investigating the history of the diseases of the brain, how frequently does the medical man discover that positive and unequivocal cerebral symptoms have existed, and perhaps, during the early stage, even been observed for months, and in some cases for years, without exciting any apprehension on the part of the patient, his family, or friends!

In many of such instances, clearly manifested head symptoms were entirely overlooked. If noticed, no right estimation was made of their value. My attention has been called to cases in which serious mischief to the delicate structure of the brain and its investing membranes has thus been permitted by the patient's friends to proceed uninterruptedly for *years*, no treatment being adopted to arrest the progress of the fatal disorganization!

The brain, that most important, and exquisitely organized, of all the structures of the human body, the physical instrument of intelligence, centre of sensation, and source of volition, is permitted, in

many cases, to be in a state of undoubted disorder, without exciting any attention until some frightfully urgent, alarming, and dangerous symptoms have been manifested, and then, and not till then, has the actual extent of the mischief been appreciated, the condition of the patient recognized, and advice obtained for his relief!

Other deviations from organic conditions of health do not, as a general rule, meet with similar systematic neglect. In affections of the stomach, liver, bowels, lungs, and skin, etc., the first symptoms of approaching disease are immediately observed, and the patient, without loss of time, seeks the aid of his physician. But when the brain is affected, and the patient troubled with persistent headache, associated with some slight derangement of the intelligence, disorder of the sensibility, illusions of the senses, depression of spirits, loss of mental power, or modification of motility, his condition is, in many cases, entirely overlooked, or studiously ignored, as if such abnormal symptoms were signs of robust health, instead of being, as they undoubtedly are, indications of cerebral disorder requiring the most grave and serious attention, prompt, energetic, and skilful treatment!

One reason of the neglect to which the brain is subjected when under the influence of disease is a notion, too generally entertained, that many of the more fatal forms of cerebral diseases are *suddenly* developed affections, presenting no evidence of any antecedent encephalic organic change, and unaccompanied by a premonitory stage, or incipient symptoms.

It is indeed natural that such an idea should be entertained, even by an educated professional man whose attention has not been specially directed to a study of this class of disease, or whose opportunities of watching the progress of such affections have been limited and circumscribed.

A man apparently in vigorous health, mixing daily with his family, going to his counting-house, engaging in the active pursuits of commerce, or occupying his attention in professional or literary duties, whilst stepping into his carriage, or when entertaining his friends at the festive board, falls down either at his door in a state of unconsciousness, or quietly bows his head on his plate at the dinner-table and dies, surrounded by his family, in a fit of cerebral hemorrhage! . . . A gentleman during dinner complains suddenly of giddiness and sickness. He retires to another room, where he is found a minute afterwards supporting by a bed-post, confused and pale. Being put to bed he soon becomes comatose and dies. . . . Fully recognizing the obscurity in which this subject is involved, I would ask, whether the affections of the brain, in the majority of cases, are not preceded by a well-marked, clearly-defined, but often undetected and unobserved precursory stage? Is it possible for a person to be suddenly laid prostrate in the arms of death by an attack of apoplexy, cerebritis, meningitis, paralysis, acute softening, or mania, evidencing after death long-existing chronic alteration in the cerebral structure, without having existed, for some time previously, faint and transitory they may be, but nevertheless decidedly *characteristic symptoms*, pointing unmistakably to the *brain* as the *fons et origo mali?* — *On Obscure Diseases of the Brain.*

HIS WIFE'S DECEASED SISTER.

[**Frank R. Stockton,** one of the most widely read of the later school of American story writers, has risen into fame only since 1880. Born April 5, 1834, in Philadelphia, he was educated in private schools, but received the degree of B. A. at the Central High School, studying the modern languages but eschewing Greek and Latin. He began the reading of novels at the age of ten, and at fourteen, like many other aspirants to the honors of the muse, young Stockton dabbled much in original poetry. While yet at the High School, he had attempted a continuation of *Lever's Charles O'Malley*. His story of *Kate*, published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, was followed by *The Story of Champaigne*, a French tale with a fanciful plot. Stockton now became an engraver on wood, working up out-door scenes, birds, fruits, and flowers, though occasionally engraving portraits, and doing his own drawing on the block. Much of his early work of this kind was sent with verse and prose to *Vanity Fair* and *Punchinello*, two New York comic papers that died young.

In 1860 Mr. Stockton married a Virginia lady, which led him to travel leisurely in the rural regions of that State, where he pursued his art in sketching and engraving. This employment he gave up definitely about 1863, soon after which he joined the staff of the Philadelphia *Morning Post*. Later he took charge of the funny column of the family weekly *Hearth and Home*, edited by Edward Eggleston. On the decease of this

paper he became editorial assistant on *Scribner's Monthly* and *St. Nicholas*, in which appeared his serial story, *What Might Have Been Expected*, which deals in negro characteristics with *naiveté* and humor. The sketches of negroes in *The Late Mrs. Null*, and other books, are all studies from the life in the "black belt" of Virginia. Among Mr. Stockton's writings are *Roundabout Rambles, Rudder Grange, The Late Mrs. Null, The Casting Away of Mr. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, The Story of Viteau, The Hundredth Man*, and *The Lady, or The Tiger?* The originality and fantastic genius displayed in the fairy stories and other writings of Mr. Stockton fasten the attention of all readers, and the humorous view of human nature, with occasional flashes of wit, are most amusing, though his strained situations and incredible plots have elicited much criticism. We select as an example of his excellent humor the story, *His Wife's Deceased Sister.*]

It is now five years since an event occurred which so colored my life, or rather so changed some of its original colors, that I have thought it well to write an account of it, deeming that its lessons may be of advantage to persons whose situations in life are similar to my own.

When I was quite a young man I adopted literature as a profession; and having passed through the necessary preparatory grades, I found myself, after a good many years of hard, and often unremunerative work, in possession of what might be called a fair literary practice. My articles, grave, gay, practical, or fanciful, had come to be considered with a favor by the editors of the various periodicals for which I wrote, on which I found in time I could rely with a very comfortable certainty. My productions created no enthusiasm in the reading public; they gave me no great reputation or very valuable pecuniary return; but they were always accepted, and my receipts from them, at the time to which I have referred, were as regular and reliable as a salary, and quite sufficient to give me more than a comfortable support.

It was at this time I married. I had been engaged for more than a year, but had not been willing to assume the support of a wife until I felt that my pecuniary position was so assured that I could do so with full satisfaction to my own conscience. There was now no doubt in regard to this position, either in my mind or in that of my wife. I worked with great steadiness and regularity; I knew exactly where to place the productions of my pen, and could calculate, with a fair degree of accuracy, the sums I should receive for them. We were by no means rich; but we had enough, and were thoroughly satisfied and content.

Those of my readers who are married will have no difficulty in remembering the peculiar ecstasy of the first weeks of their wedded life. It is then that the flowers of this world bloom brightest; that its sun is the most genial; that its clouds are the scarcest; that its fruit is the most delicious; that the air is the most balmy; that its cigars are of the highest flavor; that the warmth and radiance of early matrimonial felicity so rarefies the intellectual atmosphere, that the soul mounts higher, and enjoys a wider prospect. than ever before.

These experiences were mine. The plain claret of my mind was changed to sparkling champagne, and at the very height of its effervescence I wrote a story. The happy thought that then struck me for a tale was of a very peculiar character; and it interested me so much that I went to work at it with great delight and enthusiasm, and finished it in a comparatively short time. The title of the story was "His Wife's Deceased Sister;" and when I read it to Hypatia she was delighted with it, and at times was so affected by its pathos that her uncontrollable emotion caused a sympathetic dimness in my eyes, which prevented my seeing the words I had written. When the reading was ended, and my wife had dried her eyes, she turned to me and said, "This story will make your fortune. There has been nothing so pathetic since Lamartine's 'History of a Servant-Girl.'"

As soon as possible the next day I sent my story to the editor of the periodical for which I wrote most frequently, and in which my best productions generally appeared. In a few days I had a letter from the editor, in which he praised my story as he had never before praised anything from my pen. It had interested and charmed, he said, not only himself, but all his associates in the office. Even old Gibson, who never cared to read anything until it was in proof, and who never praised anything which had not a joke in it, was induced by the example of the others to read this manuscript, and shed, as he asserted, the first tears that had come from his eyes since his final paternal castigation some forty years before. The story would appear, the editor assured me, as soon as he could possibly find room for it.

If anything could make our skies more genial, our flowers brighter, and the flavor of our fruit and cigars more delicious, it was a letter like this. And when, in a very short time, the story was published, we found that the reading public was inclined to receive it with as much sympathetic interest and favor as had been shown to it by the editors. My personal friends soon began to express enthusiastic opinions upon it. It was highly praised in many of the leading newspapers; and, altogether, it was a great literary success. I am not inclined to be vain of my writings, and, in general, my wife tells me, think too little of them; but I did feel a good deal of pride and satisfaction in the success of "His Wife's Deceased Sister." If it did not make my fortune, as my wife asserted that it would, it certainly would help me very much in my literary career.

In less than a month from the writing of this story, something very unusual and unexpected happened to me. A manuscript was returned by the editor of the periodical in which "His Wife's Deceased Sister" had appeared. "It is a good story," he wrote, "but not equal to what you have just done. You have made a great hit; and it would not do to interfere with the reputation you have gained, by publishing anything inferior to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' which has had such a deserved success."

I was so unaccustomed to having my work thrown back on my hands, that I think I must have turned a little pale when I read the letter. I said nothing of the matter to my wife, for it would be foolish to drop such grains of sand as this into the smoothly oiled machinery of our domestic felicity; but I immediately sent the story to another editor. I am not able to express the astonishment I felt, when, in the course of a week, it was sent back to me. The tone of the note accompanying it indicated a somewhat injured feeling on the part of the editor. "I am reluctant," he said, "to decline a manuscript from you; but you know very well that if you sent me anything like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' it would be most promptly accepted."

I now felt obliged to speak of the affair to my wife, who was quite as much surprised, though perhaps not quite as much shocked as I had been.

"Let us read the story again," she said, "and see what is the matter with it." When we had finished its perusal Hypatia remarked: "It is quite as good as many of the stories you have had printed, and I think it very interesting; although, of course, it is not equal to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

"Of course not," said I, "that was an inspiration that I cannot expect every day. But there must be something wrong about this last story which we do not perceive. Perhaps my recent success may have made me a little careless in writing it."

"I don't believe that," said Hypatia.

"At any rate," I continued, "I will lay it aside, and will go to work on a new one."

In due course of time I had another manuscript finished, and I sent it to my favorite periodical. It was retained some weeks, and then came back to me. "It will never do," the editor wrote quite warmly, "for you to go backward. The demand for the number containing 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' still continues, and we do not intend to let you disappoint that great body of readers who would be so eager to see another number containing one of your stories."

I sent this manuscript to four other periodicals, and from each of them was it returned, with remarks to the effect that, although it was not a bad story in itself, it was not what they would expect from the author of "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

The editor of a Western magazine wrote to me for a story, to be published in a special number which he would issue for the holidays. I wrote him one of the character and length he asked for, and sent it to him. By return mail it came back to me. "I had hoped," the editor wrote, "when I asked for a story from your pen, to receive something like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' and I must own that I am very much disappointed."

I was so filled with anger when I read this note that I openly objurgated "His Wife's Deceased Sister." "You must excuse me," I said to my astonished wife, "for expressing myself thus in your presence; but that confounded story will be the ruin of me yet. Until it is forgotten nobody will ever take anything I write."

"And you cannot expect it ever to be

forgotten," said Hypatia, with tears in her eyes.

It is needless for me to detail my literary efforts in the course of the next few months. The ideas of the editors with whom my principal business had been done, in regard to my literary ability, had been so raised by my unfortunate story of "His Wife's Deceased Sister," that I found it was of no use to send them anything of lesser merit. And as to the other journals which I tried, they evidently considered it an insult for me to send them matter inferior to that by which my reputation had lately risen. The fact was, that my successful story had ruined me. My income was at an end, and want actually stared me in the face; and I must admit that I did not like the expression of its countenance. It was of no use for me to try to write another story like "His Wife's Deceased Sister." I could not get married every time I begun a new manuscript, and it was the exaltation of mind caused by my wedded felicity which produced that story.

"It's perfectly dreadful!" said my wife. "If I had had a sister, and she had died, I would have thought it was my fault."

"It could not be your fault," I answered, "and I do not think it was mine. I had no intention of deceiving anybody into the belief that I could do that sort of thing every time, and it ought not to be expected of me. Suppose Raphael's patrons had tried to keep him screwed up to the pitch of the Sistine Madonna, and had refused to buy anything which was not as good as that? In that case I think he would have occupied a much earlier and narrower grave than that on which Mr. Morris Moore hangs his funeral decorations."

"But, my dear," said Hypatia, who was posted on such subjects, "the Sistine Madonna was one of his latest paintings."

"Very true," said I; "but if he had married, as I did, he would have painted it earlier."

I was walking homeward one afternoon about this time when I met Barbel—a man I had known well in my early literary career. He was now about fifty years of age, but looked older. His hair and beard were quite gray; and his clothes, which were of the same general hue, gave me the idea that they, like his hair, had originally been black. Age is very hard on a man's external appointments. Barbel had an air of having been to let for a long time, and quite out of repair. But there was a kindly gleam in his eye, and he welcomed me cordially.

"Why, what is the matter, old fellow?" said he. "I never saw you look so woebegone."

I had no reason to conceal anything from Barbel. In my younger days he had been of great use to me, and he had a right to know the state of my affairs. I laid the whole case plainly before him.

"Look here," he said, when I had finished, "come with me to my room: I have something I would like to say to you there."

I followed Barbel to his room. It was at the top of a very dirty and well-worn house, which stood in a narrow and lumpy street, into which few vehicles ever penetrated, except the ash and garbage carts, and the rickety wagons of the venders of stale vegetables.

"This is not exactly a fashionable promenade," said Barbel, as we approached the house; "but in some respects it reminds me of the streets in Italian towns, where the palaces lean over towards each other in such a friendly way."

Barbel's room was, to my mind, rather more doleful than the street. It was dark, it was dusty, and cobwebs hung from every corner. The few chairs upon the floor and the books upon a greasy table seemed to be afflicted with some dorsal epidemic, for their backs were either gone or broken. A little bedstead in the corner was covered with a spread made of *New York Heralds*, with their edges pasted together.

"There is nothing better," said Barbel, noticing my glance towards this novel counterpane, "for a bed-covering than newspapers: they keep you as warm as a blanket, and are much lighter. I used to use *Tribunes*, but they rattled too much."

The only part of the room which was well lighted was at one end, near the solitary window. Here, upon a table with a spliced leg, stood a little grindstone.

"At the other end of the room," said Barbel, "is my cook-stove, which you can't see unless I light the candle in the bottle which stands by it; but if you don't

care particularly to examine it, I won't go to the expense of lighting up. You might pick up a good many odd pieces of bric-à-brac around here if you chose to strike a match and investigate; but I would not advise you to do so. It would pay better to throw the things out of the window than to carry them down stairs. The particular piece of indoor decoration to which I wish to call your attention is this," and he led me to a little wooden frame which hung against the wall near the window. Behind a dusty piece of glass it held what appeared to be a leaf from a small magazine or journal. "There," said he, "you see a page from *The Grasshopper*, a humorous paper which flourished in this city some half-dozen years ago. I used to write regularly for that paper, as you may remember."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" I exclaimed, "and I shall never forget your 'Conundrum of the Anvil' which appeared in it. How often have I laughed at that most wonderful conceit, and how often have I put it to my friends!"

Barbel gazed at me silently for a moment, and then he pointed to the frame. "That printed page," he said solemnly, "contains the 'Conundrum of the Anvil.' I hang it there, so that I can see it while I work. That conundrum ruined me. It was the last thing I wrote for *The Grasshopper*. How I ever came to imagine it I cannot tell. It is one of those things which occur to a man but once in a lifetime. After the wild shout of delight with which the public greeted that conundrum my subsequent efforts met with hoots of derision. *The Grasshopper* turned its hindlegs upon me. I sank from bad to worse—much worse—until at last I found myself reduced to my present occupation, which is that of grinding points to pins. By this I procure my bread, coffee, and tobacco, and sometimes potatoes and meat. One day, while I was hard at work, an organ-grinder came into the street below. He played the serenade from Trovatore; and the familiar notes brought back visions of old days and old delights, when the successful writer wore good clothes and sat at operas, when he looked into sweet eyes and talked of Italian airs, when his future appeared all a succession of bright scenery and joyous acts, without any provision for a drop-curtain. And as my ear listened, and my mind wandered in this happy retrospect, my every faculty seemed exalted, and, without any thought upon the matter, I ground points upon my pins so fine, so regular, and smooth, that they would have pierced with ease the leather of a boot, or slipped among, without abrasion, the finest threads of rare old lace. When the organ stopped, and I fell back into my real world of cobwebs and mustiness, I gazed upon the pins I had just ground, and, without a moment's hesitation, I threw them into the street, and reported the lot as spoiled. This cost me a little money, but it saved me my livelihood."

After a few moments of silence, Barbel resumed,—

"I have no more to say to you, my young friend. All I want you to do is to look upon that framed conundrum, then upon this grindstone, and then to go home and reflect. As for me, I have a gross of pins to grind before the sun goes down."

I cannot say that my depression of mind was at all relieved by what I had seen and heard. I had lost sight of Barbel for some years, and I had supposed him still floating on the sun-sparkling stream of prosperity where I had last seen him. It was a great shock to me to find him in such a condition of poverty and squalor, and to see a man who had originated the "Conundrum of the Anvil" reduced to the soul-depressing occupation of grinding pin-points. As I walked and thought, the dreadful picture of a totally eclipsed future arose before my mind. The moral of Barbel sank deep into my heart.

When I reached home I told my wife the story of my friend Barbel. She listened with a sad and eager interest.

"I am afraid," she said, "if our fortunes do not quickly mend, that we shall have to buy two little grindstones. You know I could help you at that sort of thing."

For a long time we sat together and talked, and devised many plans for the future. I did not think it necessary yet for me to look out for a pin-contract; but I must find some way of making money, or we should starve to death. Of course, the first thing that suggested itself was the possibility of finding some other business; but, apart from the difficulty of immediately obtaining remunerative work in occupations to which I had not been trained, I felt a great and natural reluct-

ance to give up a profession for which I had carefully prepared myself, and which I had adopted as my life-work. It would be very hard for me to lay down my pen forever, and to close the top of my inkstand upon all the bright and happy fancies which I had seen mirrored in its tranquil pool. We talked and pondered the rest of that day and a good deal of the night, but we came to no conclusion as to what it would be best for us to do.

The next day I determined to go and call upon the editor of the journal for which, in happier days, before the blight of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" rested upon me, I used most frequently to write, and, having frankly explained my condition to him, to ask his advice. The editor was a good man, and had always been my friend. He listened with great attention to what I told him, and evidently sympathized with me in my trouble.

"As we have written to you," he said, "the only reason why we did not accept the manuscripts you sent us was, that they would have disappointed the high hopes that the public had formed in regard to you. We have had letter after letter asking when we were going to publish another story like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' We felt, and we still feel, that it would be wrong to allow you to destroy the fair fabric which yourself has raised. But," he added, with a kind smile, "I see very plainly that your well-deserved reputation will be of little advantage to you if you should starve at the moment that its genial beams are, so to speak, lighting you up."

"Its beams are not genial," I answered. "They have scorched and withered me."

"How would you like," said the editor, after a short reflection, "to allow us to publish the stories you have recently written under some other name than your own? That would satisfy us and the public, would put money in your pocket, and would not interfere with your reputation."

Joyfully I seized that noble fellow by the hand, and instantly accepted his proposition. "Of course," said I, "a reputation is a very good thing; but no reputation can take the place of food, clothes, and a house to live in; and I gladly agree to sink my over-illumined name into oblivion, and to appear before the public as a new and unknown writer."

"I hope that need not be for long," he said, "for I feel sure that you will yet write stories as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

All the manuscripts I had on hand I now sent to my good friend the editor, and in due and proper order they appeared in his journal under the name of John Darmstadt, which I had selected as a substitute for my own, permanently disabled. I made a similar arrangement with other editors, and John Darmstadt received the credit of everything that proceeded from my pen. Our circumstances now became very comfortable, and occasionally we even allowed ourselves to indulge in little dreams of prosperity.

Time passed on very pleasantly; one year, another, and then a little son was born to us. It is often difficult, I believe, for thoughtful persons to decide whether the beginning of their conjugal career, or the earliest weeks in the life of their first-born, be the happiest and proudest period of their existence. For myself I can only say that the same exaltation of mind, the same rarefication of idea and invention, which succeeded upon my wedding-day came upon me now. As then, my ecstatic emotions crystallized themselves into a motive for a story, and without delay I set myself to work upon it. My boy was about six weeks old when the manuscript was finished; and one evening, as we sat before a comfortable fire in our sitting-room, with the curtains drawn, and the soft lamp lighted, and the baby sleeping soundly in the adjoining chamber, I read the story to my wife.

When I had finished, my wife arose, and threw herself into my arms. "I was never so proud of you," she said, her glad eyes sparkling, "as I am at this moment. That is a wonderful story! It is, indeed I am sure it is, just as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

As she spoke these words, a sudden and chilling sensation crept over us both. All her warmth and fervor, and the proud and happy glow engendered within me by this praise and appreciation from one I loved, vanished in an instant. We stepped apart, and gazed upon each other with pallid faces. In the same moment the terrible truth had flashed upon us both.

This story *was* as good as "His Wife's Deceased Sister!"

We stood silent. The exceptional lot

of Barbel's super-pointed pins seemed to pierce our very souls. A dreadful vision rose before me of an impending fall and crash, in which our domestic happiness should vanish, and our prospects for our boy be wrecked, just as we had begun to build them up.

My wife approached me, and took my hand in hers, which was as cold as ice. "Be strong and firm," she said. "A great danger threatens us, but you must brace yourself against it. Be strong and firm."

I pressed her hand, and we said no more that night.

The next day I took the manuscript I had just written, and carefully enfolded it in stout wrapping-paper. Then I went to a neighboring grocery store, and bought a small, strong, tin box, originally intended for biscuit, with a cover that fitted tightly. In this I placed my manuscript; and then I took the box to a tinsmith, and had the top fastened on with hard solder. When I went home I ascended into the garret, and brought down to my study a ship's cash-box, which had once belonged to one of my family who was a sea-captain. This box was very heavy, and firmly bound with iron, and was secured by two massive locks. Calling my wife, I told her of the contents of the tin case, which I then placed in the box, and, having shut down the heavy lid, I doubly locked it.

"This key," said I, putting it in my pocket, "I shall throw into the river when I go out this afternoon."

My wife watched me eagerly, with a pallid and firm, set countenance, but upon which I could see the faint glimmer of returning happiness.

"Wouldn't it be well," she said, "to secure it still further by sealing-wax and pieces of tape?"

"No," said I. "I do not believe that any one will attempt to tamper with our prosperity. And now, my dear," I continued in an impressive voice, "no one but you, and, in the course of time, our son, shall know that this manuscript exists. When I am dead, those who survive me may, if they see fit, cause this box to be split open, and the story published. The reputation it may give my name cannot harm me then."

THE LAY OF THE FEARLESS DE COURCY.

[**Menella B. Smedley**, an English lady, who has written poems and stories of great interest and literary merit, was born early in the present century, and published anonymously, in 1845, a little volume, now rare, entitled *Lays and Ballads from English History, by S. M.* From this production we cite the noble and spirited lyric that follows—and we make room for it the more gladly since its comparative rarity has caused it to miss insertion in the various poetical anthologies.]

The fame of the fearless De Courcy
  Is boundless as the air;
With his own right hand he won the land
  Of Ulster, green and fair!
But he lieth low in a dungeon now,
  Powerless, in proud despair;
For false King John hath cast him in,
  And closely chain'd him there.

The noble knight was weary
  At morn, and eve, and noon;
For chilly bright seemed dawn's soft light,
  And coldly shone the moon:
No gleaming mail gave back the rays
  Of the dim unfriendly sky,
And the proud free stars disdain'd to gaze
  Through his lattice, barr'd and high.

But when the trumpet-note of war
  Rang through his narrow room,
Telling of banners streaming far,
  Of knight, and steed, and plume;
Of the wild *mêlée* and the sabre's clash,
  How would his spirits bound!
Yet ever after the lightning's flash,
  Night closeth darker round.

The false king sate in his hall of state
  'Mid knights and nobles free:
"Who is there," he cried, "who will cross the tide,
  And do battle in France for me?
There is cast on mine honor a fearful stain,
The death of the boy who ruled Bretagne,[1]
And the monarch of France, my suzerain,
Hath bidden a champion for me appear,
My fame from this darkning blot to clear:
Speak—is your silence the silence of fear,

[1] Prince Arthur, of Brittany, whose melancholy fate has been too often the theme of song and story to require notice here.

My knights and my nobles? Frowning and pale
Your faces grow as I tell my tale!
Is there not one of this knightly ring
Who dares do battle for his king?"

The warriors they heard, but they spake not a word;
The earth some gazed upon,
And some did raise a steadfast gaze
To the face of false King John.
Think ye they feared? They were Englishmen all,
Though mutely they stood in their monarch's hall;
The heroes of many a well-fought day,
Who loved the sound of a gathering fray,
Even as the lonely shepherd loves
The herd's soft bell in the mountain-groves.
Why were they silent? There was not one
Who could trust the word of false King John;
And their cheeks grew pallid as they thought
On the deed of blood by his base hand wrought;
Pale, with a brave heart's generous fear,
When forced a tale of shame to hear.

'Twas a coward whiteness then did chase
The glow of shame from the false king's face;
And he turn'd aside in bootless pride,
That witness of his guilt to hide;
Yet every heart around him there
Witness against him more strongly bare!

Oh, out then spake the beauteous queen:[1]
"A captive lord I know,
Whose loyal heart hath ever been
Eager to meet the foe;
Were true De Courcy here this day,
Freed from his galling chain,
Never, oh never, should scoffers say,
That, amid all England's rank and might,
Their king had sought him a loyal knight,
And sought such knight in vain!"
Up started the monarch, and clear'd his brow,
And bade them summon De Courcy now.
Swiftly his messengers hasted away,
And sought the cell where the hero lay;
They bade him arise at his master's call,
And follow their steps to the stately hall.

He is brought before the council,—
There are chains upon his hands;
With his silver hair, that aged knight,
Like a rock o'erhung with foam-clouds white,
Proudly and calmly stands.
He gazes on the monarch
With a stern and starlike eye;
And the company muse and marvel much,
That the light of the old man's eye is such,
After long captivity.
His fetters hang upon him
Like an unheeded thing;
Or like a robe of purple, worn
With graceful and indifferent scorn
By some great-hearted king.
And strange it was to witness
How the false king look'd aside:
For he dared not meet his captive's eye
Thus ever the spirit's royalty
Is greater than pomp and pride!

The false king spake to his squires around,
And his lifted voice had an angry sound;
"Strike ye the chains from each knightly limb!
Who was so bold as to fetter him?
Warrior, believe me, no hest of mine
Bade them fetter a form like thine;
Thy sovereign knoweth thy fame too well."
He paused, and a cloud on his dark brow fell;
For the knight still gazed upon him,
And his eye was like a star;
And the words on the lips of the false king died,
Like the murmuring sounds of an ebbing-tide
By the traveller heard afar.

From the warrior's form they loosed the chain;
His face was lighted with calm disdain;
Nor cheek, nor lip, nor eye, gave token
Even that he knew his chains were broken.
He spake—no music, loud or clear
Was in the voice of the gray-hair'd knight;
But a low stern sound, like that ye hear
In the march of a mail-clad host by night.
"Brother of Cœur de Lion," said he,
"These chains have not dishonor'd me!"
There was crushing scorn in each simple word
Mightier than battle-axe or sword.

Not long did the heart of the false king thrill
To the touch of passing shame,
For it was hard, and mean, and chill;
As breezes sweep o'er a frozen rill,
Leaving it cold and unbroken still,—
That feeling went and came;
And now to the knights he made reply,

[1] Isabella, of Angoulême, wife to King John, celebrated for her beauty and high spirit.

Pleading his cause right craftily;
Skill'd was his tongue in specious use
Of promise fair and of feign'd excuse,
Blended with words of strong appeal
To love of fame and to loyal zeal.
At length he ceased; and every eye
Gazed on De Courcy wistfully.
"Speak!" cried the king, in that fearful pause;
"Wilt thou not champion thy monarch's cause?"

The old knight struck his foot on the ground,
Like a war-horse hearing the trumpet sound;
And he spake with a voice of thunder,
Solemn and fierce in tone,
Waving his hand to the stately band
Who stood by the monarch's throne,
As a warrior might wave his flashing glaive
When cheering his squadrons on;
"I will fight for the honor of England,
Though not for false King John!"

He turn'd and strode from the lofty hall,
Nor seem'd to hear the sudden cheer
Which burst, as he spake, from the lips of all.
And when he stood in the air without,
He paused as if in joyful doubt;
To the forests green and the wide blue sky
Stretching his arms embracingly,
With stately tread and uplifted head,
As a good steed tosses back his mane
When they loose his neck from the servile rein:
Ye know not, ye who are always free,
How precious a thing is liberty!
"O world!" he cried; "sky, river, hill!
Ye wear the garments of beauty still;
How have ye kept your youth so fair,
While age has whiten'd this hoary hair?"

But when the squire, who watch'd his lord,
Gave to his hand an ancient sword,
The hilt he press'd to his eager breast,
Like one who a long-lost friend hath met;
And joyously said, as he kiss'd the blade,
"Methinks there is youth in my spirit yet.
For France! for France! o'er the waters blue;
False king, dear land, adieu, adieu!"

He hath crossed the booming ocean,
On the shore he plants his lance;
And he sends his daring challenge
Into the heart of France:
"Lo, here I stand for England,
Queen of the silver main!
To guard her fame and cleanse her name
From slander's darkening stain!
Advance, advance! ye knights of France;
Give answer to my call!
Lo, here I stand for England!
And I defy ye all!"

From the east and the north came champions forth—
They came in a knightly crowd;
From the south and the west each generous breast
Throbb'd at that summons proud.
But though brave was each lord, and keen each sword,
No warrior could withstand
The strength of the hero-spirit
Which nerved that old man's hand.
He is conqueror in the battle;
He hath won the wreath of bay;
To the shining crown of his fair renown
He hath added another ray;
He hath drawn his sword for England;
He hath fought for her spotless name;
And the isle resounds to her farthest bounds
With her gray-hair'd hero's fame.
In the ears of the craven monarch
Oft must this burthen ring,—
"Though the crown be thine and the royal line,
He is in heart thy king!"

So they gave this graceful honor
To the bold De Courcy's race,
That they ever should dare their helms to wear
Before the king's own face:
And the sons of that line of heroes
To this day their right assume;
For, when every head is unbonneted,
They walk in cap and plume!

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming what never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming from their chrystal cell,
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart;
Oh bitter! bitter! is the smart of those who bid *Farewell.*

MACCHIAVELLI'S DISCOURSE, "HOW HE THAT WOULD SUCCEED MUST ACCOMMODATE TO THE TIMES."

[Niccolo Di Bernardo Macchiavelli. See Vol. 6, p. 382.]

I have many times considered with myself that the occasion of every man's good or bad fortune consists in his correspondence and accommodation with the times.

We see some people acting furiously, and with an impetus; others with more slowness and caution; and because, both in the one and the other, they are immoderate, and do not observe their just terms, therefore both of them do err; but his error and misfortune is least whose customs suit and correspond with the times, and who comports himself in his designs according to the impulse of his own nature. Every one can tell how Fabius Maximus conducted his army, and with what carefulness and caution he proceeded, contrary to the ancient heat and boldness of the Romans, and it happened that grave way was more conformable to those times; for Hannibal, coming young and brisk into Italy, and being elated with his good fortune, as having twice defeated the armies of the Romans, that commonwealth having lost most of her best soldiers, and remaining in great fear and confusion, nothing could have happened more seasonably to them than to have such a general who, by his caution and cunctation, could keep the enemy at bay. Nor could any times have been more fortunate to his way of proceeding; for that that slow and deliberate way was natural in Fabius, and not affected, appeared afterwards, when Scipio, being desirous to pass his army into Africa to give the finishing blow to the war, Fabius opposed it most earnestly, as one who could not force or dissemble his nature, which was rather to support wisely against the difficulties that were upon him than to search out for new; so that had Fabius directed, Hannibal had continued in Italy; and the reason was because he did not consider the times were altered, and the method of the war was to be changed with them. And if Fabius at that time had been king of Rome he might well have been worsted in the war, as not knowing how to frame his counsels according to the variation of the times. But there being in that commonwealth so many brave men and excellent commanders, of all sorts of tempers and humors, fortune would have it that, as Fabius was ready, in hard and difficult times, to sustain the enemy and continue the war, so, afterwards, when affairs were in a better posture, Scipio was presented to finish and conclude it. And hence it is that an aristocracy or free state is longer lived, and generally more fortunate than a principality, because in the first they are more flexible, and can frame themselves better to the diversity of the times: for a prince, being accustomed to one way, is hardly to be got out of it, though perhaps the variation of the times requires it very much. Piero Soderino (whom I have mentioned before) proceeded with great gentleness and humanity in all his actions, and he and his country prospered whilst the times were according; but when the times changed, and there was a necessity of laying aside that meekness and humility, Piero was at a loss, and he and his country were both ruined.

Pope Julius XI., during the whole time of his papacy, carried himself with great vigor and vehemence; and, because the times were agreeable, he prospered in everything. But had the times altered, and required other counsels, he had certainly been ruined, because he could never have complied. And the reason why we cannot change so easily with the times is twofold: first, because we cannot readily oppose ourselves against what we naturally desire; and next, because when we have often tried one way, and have always been prosperous, we can never persuade ourselves we could do so well any other; and this is the true cause why a prince's fortune varies so strangely, because he varies the times, but he does not alter the way of his administration. And it is the same in a commonwealth: if the variation of the times be not observed, and their laws and customs altered accordingly, many mischiefs must follow, and the government be ruined, as we have largely demonstrated before; but those alterations of their laws are more slow in a commonwealth, because they are not so easily changed, and there is a necessity of such times as may shake the whole state, to which one man will not be sufficient, let him change his proceedings and take new measures as he will.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, ANNO 1580, PERSUADING HER NOT TO MARRY WITH THE DUKE OF ANJOU.

[**Sir Philip Sidney,** born 1554, was fatally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, September 22, 1586. As a writer Sidney is best known by the *Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*, London, 1590, a romance, and *An Apologie for Poetrie*, 1595, afterwards entitled *The Defense of Poesy*.]

Most feared and beloved, most sweet and gracious sovereign: To seek out excuses of this my boldness, and to arm the acknowledging of a fault with reasons for it, might better show I knew I did amiss, than any way diminish the attempt, especially in your judgment; who being able to discern lively into the nature of the thing done, it were folly to hope, by laying on better colors, to make it more acceptable.

Therefore carrying no other olive branch of intercession than the laying myself at your feet, nor no other insinuation, either for attention or pardon, but the true vowed sacrifice of unfeigned love, I will in simple and direct terms (as hoping they shall only come to your merciful eyes) set down the overflowing of my mind in this most important matter, importing, as I think, the continuance of your safety; and, as I know, the joys of my life. And because my words (I confess shallow, but coming from the deep well-spring of most loyal affection) have delivered to your most gracious ear what is the general sum of my travailing thoughts therein; I will now but only declare what be the reasons that make me think that the marriage with Monsieur will be unprofitable unto you; then will I answer the objection of those fears which might procure so violent a refuge.

The good or evil that will come by it must be considered either according to your estate or person. To your estate what can be added to the being an absolute born and accordingly respected princess? But, as they say the Irishmen are wont to call over them that die, they are rich, they are fair, what needed they to die so cruelly? not unfitly of you, endowed with felicity above all others, a man might well ask, What makes you in such a calm to change course; to so healthful a body to apply so unsavory a medicine? What can recompense so hazardous an adventure? Indeed, were it but the altering of a well-maintained and well-approved trade; for, as in bodies natural every sudden change is full of peril, so in this body politic, whereof you are the only head, it is so much the more dangerous, as there are more humors to receive a hurtful impression. But hazards are then most to be regarded when the nature of the patient is fitly composed to occasion them.

The patient I account your realm; the agent Monsieur and his design; for neither outward accidents do much prevail against a true inward strength; nor doth inward weakness lightly subvert itself, without being thrust at by some outward force.

Your inward force (for as for your treasures indeed, the sinews of your crown, your majesty doth best and only know) consisteth in your subjects, generally unexpert in warlike defence; and as they are divided now into mighty factions (and factions bound in the never-dying knot of religion). The one of them, to whom your happy government hath granted the free exercise of the external truth; with this, by the continuance of time, by the multitude of them; by the principal offices and strength they hold; and lastly, by your dealings both at home and abroad against the adverse party; your state is so entrapped, as it were impossible for you, without excessive trouble, to pull yourself out of the party so long maintained. For such a course once taken in hand, is not much unlike a ship in a tempest, which how dangerously soever it may be beaten with waves, yet is there no safety or succor without it; these, therefore, as their souls live by your happy government, so are they your chief if not your sole strength; these, howsoever the necessity of human life makes them lack, yet can they not look for better conditions than presently they enjoy; these, how their hearts will be galled, if not alienated, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a Papist, in whom (howsoever fine wits may find further dealings or painted excuses) the very common people will know this, that he is the son of a Jezebel of our age: that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacres of our brethren in belief; that he himself, contrary to his promise, and all grateful-

ness, having his liberty and principal estate by the Huguenots' means, did sack Zacharists, and utterly spoil them with fire and sword. This I say, even at first sight, gives occasion to all, truly religious, to abhor such a master, and consequently to diminish much of the hopeful love they have long held to you.

The other faction, most rightly indeed to be called a faction, is the Papists; men whose spirits are full of anguish, some being infested by others, whom they accounted damnable; some having their ambition stopped, because they are not in the way of advancement; some in prison and disgrace; some whose best friends are banished practisers; many thinking you an usurper; many thinking also you had disannulled your right, because of the Pope's excommunication; all burthened with the weight of their conscience; men of great numbers, of great riches (because the affairs of state have not lain on them), of united minds (as all men that deem themselves oppressed naturally are); with these I would willingly join all discontented persons, such as want and disgrace keep lower than they have set their hearts; such as have resolved what to look for at your hands; such as Cæsar said, *Quibus opus est bello civili*, and are of his mind, *malo in acie, quam in fore cadere.*

ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

[**John Tillotson, D. D.,** born in Yorkshire, in 1630, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1691, died 1694, was a celebrated pulpit orator, and his sermons retained their popularity long after his death.

"The sermons of Tillotson were for half a century more read than any in our language. They are now bought almost as waste paper, and hardly read at all. Such is the fickleness of religious taste, as abundantly numerous instances would prove. Tillotson is reckoned verbose and languid. He has not the former defect in nearly so great a degree as some of his eminent predecessors; but there is certainly little vigor or vivacity in his style. . . . Tillotson is always of a tolerant and catholic spirit, enforcing right actions rather than orthodox opinions, and obnoxious, for that and other reasons, to all the bigots of his own age."—HALLAM: *Literary History of Europe.*]

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want, and then all his pains and labor to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction: so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false

foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation: for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings this to an issue in few words; it is like traveling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over, but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

RELIGION NOT HOSTILE TO PLEASURE.

[**Robert South, D. D.,** born 1633, died 1716, was very famous for pulpit eloquence, and one of the wittiest of English divines. Collective editions of his Works are Oxford (Clarendon Press), 1823, 7 vols.; Edin., 1843, 2 vols.; New York, 4 vols.

"Nor can the ingenuity, the subtlety, the brilliancy of South, though too exuberant in point, and drawing away the attention from the subject to the epigrammatic diction, be regarded otherwise than as proofs of the highest order of intellect."—LORD BROUGHAM.]

That pleasure is man's chiefest good (because, indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure) is an assertion most certainly true, though, under the common acceptance of it, not only false, but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part, or rather one part, of pleasure, such an one as it is. For pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of the fruitions belonging to both. Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon men the exercise of religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it: amongst which there is none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in pretence, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures, that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse, dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery: with which notion of religion nature and reason seem to have great reason to be dissatisfied. For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but withal prepared for it a suitable object, and that in order to its gratification, can we think that religion was designed only for a contradiction to nature, and with the greatest and most irrational tyranny in the world, to tantalize and tie men up from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment? to place men with the most furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has sealed up everything that is suitable under the character of unlawful? For certainly, first to frame appetites for to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a Touch not, taste not, can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire: a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature, and consequently to the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to religion both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it on this, that it interferes not with any rational pleasure,

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SUNRISE IN THE WOODS

that it bids nobody quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his reason can prove to him ought to be enjoyed. 'Tis confessed, when, through the cross circumstances of a man's temper or condition, the enjoyment of a pleasure would certainly expose him to a greater inconvenience, then religion bids him quit it; that is, it bids him prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and nature itself does no less. Religion, therefore, entrenches upon none of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures: it may, indeed, sometimes command us to change, but never totally to abjure them.

SUNRISE IN THE WOODS.

[**William Gilpin,** an English traveller and essay writer, Vicar of Boldre and Prebendary of Salisbury, born at Carlisle, 1724, died 1804, was the author of theological and biographical works, and works on the Picturesque in Landscape Scenery and Gardening, etc., in a Series of Tours and Essays, with 187 aquatinta engravings, London, 11 vols., comprising the following: *The River Wye*, 1782; *The Lake Country*, 1789; *Observations on Picturesque Beauty*, 1778, etc.; *Forest Scenery*, 1791; *Essay on Prints and Early Engravings*, 1798; *Western Parts of England and Isle of Wight*, 1798; *Coasts of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent.*

"Gilpin has described in several justly-esteemed tours the Picturesque Beauties of Great Britain. . . . All his works abound with ingenious reflections, proper to enrich the theory of the arts and to guide the practice of them."—*Biog. Universelle.*]

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing, progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What, in the confusion of twilight, perhaps, seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapors in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

> Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top,

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapor. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees, and ground, and radiance, and obscurity are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant (for it is always a vanishing scene), it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different, both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened, perhaps, by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no

object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.

BOOKS.

[**George Stillman Hillard,** an American lawyer and author, born at Machias, Me., 1808, died at Boston, 1879. He graduated at Harvard in 1828, acquired an extensive practice at the bar, was City Solicitor at Boston, State Senator in the Massachusetts Legislature, and U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, 1866–1870. From about 1833 he wrote copiously for the press, editing *The Christian Register*, a Unitarian journal, and afterward the *Boston Courier*. His principal writings are, *Memoir of Jeremiah Mason*, *Life of Captain John Smith* (in *Sparks' American Biography*), *Six Months in Italy*, 2 vols., 1853, and *Life of George Ticknor* (with Mrs. Ticknor), 1873.]

We cannot linger in the beautiful creations of inventive genius, or pursue the splendid discoveries of modern science, without a new sense of the capacities and dignity of human nature, which naturally leads to a sterner self-respect, to manlier resolves, and higher aspirations. We cannot read the ways of God to man as revealed in the history of nations, of sublime virtues as exemplified in the lives of great and good men, without falling into that mood of thoughtful admiration, which, though it be but a transient glow, is a purifying and elevating influence while it lasts. The study of history is especially valuable as an antidote to self-exaggeration. It teaches lessons of humility, patience, and submission. When we read of realms smitten with the scourge of famine or pestilence, or strewn with the bloody ashes of war; of grass growing in the streets of great cities; of ships rotting at the wharves; of fathers burying their sons; of strong men begging their bread; of fields untilled, and silent workshops, and despairing countenances,—we hear a voice of rebuke to our own clamorous sorrows and peevish complaints. We learn that pain and suffering and disappointment are a part of God's providence, and that no contract was ever yet made with man by which virtue should secure to him temporal happiness.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds. We should any of us esteem it a great privilege to pass an evening with Shakespeare or Bacon, were such a thing possible. But were we admitted to the presence of one of these illustrious men, we might find him touched with infirmity, or oppressed with weariness, or darkened with the shadow of a recent trouble, or absorbed by intrusive and tyrannous thoughts. To us the oracle might be dumb, and the light eclipsed. But when we take down one of their volumes, we run no such risk. Here we have their best thoughts embalmed in their best words; immortal flowers of poetry, wet with Castalian dews, and the golden fruit of wisdom that had long ripened on the bough before it was gathered. Here we find the growth of the choicest seasons of the mind, when mortal cares were forgotten, and mortal weaknesses were subdued; and the soul, stripped of its vanities, and its passions, lay bare to the finest effluences of truth and beauty. We may be sure that Shakespeare never out-talked his Hamlet, nor Bacon his Essays. Great writers are indeed best known through their books. How little, for instance, do we know of the life of Shakespeare; but how much do we know of him!

For the knowledge that comes from books, I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with gross vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible weaknesses; and that a community at once cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no over-statement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations,—if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul; and the train of Idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem, in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. To a

young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him; and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him, that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits in the Middle Ages were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle: you want but two of these agents,—the book and the candle.

CHARACTER OF ELIZABETH.

[**M. De Rapin, Sieur De Thoyras,** born at Castres, France, 1661, died 1725, was the author of *The History of England* (from the Earliest Period to the Revolution in 1688), written in French by Mr. Rapin de Thoyras, translated into English, with additional Notes (and a Continuation to the Accession of King George II.), by N. Tindal, M. A., London, 1743–47, 5 vols. folio.

"Hume wrote his History for fame, Rapin for instruction; and both gained their ends."—VOLTAIRE.]

Elizabeth had a great deal of wit, and was naturally of a sound and solid judgment. This was visible by her whole management, from one end of her reign to the other. Nothing shows her capacity more than her address in surmounting all the difficulties and troubles created by her enemies, especially when it is considered who these enemies were; persons the most powerful, the most artful, the most subtile, and the least scrupulous in Europe. The following are the maxims which she laid down for the rule and measures of her whole conduct, and from which she never swerved: "To make herself beloved by her people; to be frugal of her treasure; to keep up dissensions amongst her neighbors."

Her enemies pretend that her abilities consisted wholly in overstrained dissimulation and a profound hypocrisy. In a word, they say she was a perfect comedian. For my part, I don't deny that she made great use of dissimulation, as well with regard to the courts of France and Spain, as to the queen of Scotland and the Scots. I am also persuaded that, being as much concerned to gain the love and esteem of her subjects, she affected to speak frequently and with exaggeration of her tender affection for them. And that she had a mind to make it believed that she did some things from an excessive love to her people, which she was led to more by her own interest.

Avarice is another failing which her own friends reproach her with. I will not deny that she was too parsimonious, and upon some occasions stuck too close to the maxims she had laid down, not to be at any expense but what was absolutely necessary. However, in general, I maintain that, if her circumstances did not require her to be covetous, at least they required that she should not part with her money but with great caution, both in order to preserve the affection of her people and to keep herself always in a condition to withstand her enemies. . . . .

It is not so easy to justify her concerning the death of the Queen of Scots. Here, it must be owned, she sacrificed equity, justice, and it may be her own conscience, to her safety. If Mary was guilty of the murder of her husband, as there is ground to believe, it was not Elizabeth's business to punish her for it. And truly it was not for that she took away her life; but she made use of that pretense to detain her in prison, under the deceitful color of making her innocence appear. On this occasion her dissimulation was blameworthy. This first piece of injustice drew her in afterwards to use a world of artful devices to get a pretence

to render Mary's imprisonment perpetual. From hence arose in the end the necessity of putting her to death on the scaffold. This doubtless is Elizabeth's great blemish, which manifestly proves to what degree she carried the fear of losing a crown. The continued fear and uneasiness she was under on that account is what characterizes her reign, because it was the mainspring of almost all her acting. The best thing that can be said in Elizabeth's behalf is, that the Queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass that one of the two queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall. I don't believe anybody ever questioned her being a true Protestant. But, as it was her interest to be, some have taken occasion to doubt whether the zeal she expressed for her religion was the effect of her persuasion or policy. All that can be said is, that she happened sometimes to prefer her temporal concerns before those of religion. To sum up in two words what may serve to form Elizabeth's character, I shall add: she was a good and illustrious queen, with many virtues and noble qualities and few faults. But what ought above all things to make her memory precious is, that she caused the English to enjoy a state of felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most part of the kings, her predecessors.—*The History of England.*

THE PRIDE OF NOBLE BIRTH.

[**William Penn,** the founder of Pennsylvania, a man illustrious for wisdom and virtue, born in London, 1644, died 1718, was the author of *No Cross, No Crown, A Discourse Showing the Nature and Discipline of the Holy Cross of Christ,* London, 1669; *Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers,* London, 1694; *Fruits of a Father's Love,* being the advice of William Penn to his children, London, 1726, and of other works. See the *Select Works of William Penn, with a Journal of his Life,* London, 1771, folio 2 vols.; London, 1825, 3 vols. 8vo.

"To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first in human history establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct in the intercourse of nations."—CHARLES SUMNER: *The True Grandeur of Nations.*]

That people are generally proud of their persons is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often, for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first: what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what coat of arms they have? which had, of right, the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one descended, that is not of ill fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favors the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honor to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth: those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor: and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

"O," says the person proud of blood, "it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen!" But what should others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the True Church, because old, not because good; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No

such matter: it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age; for otherwise, a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer: which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man; the man that got it by his virtue: and those only are entitled to his honor that are imitators of his virtue; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is excluded; else blood would bar virtue, and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other; which were to stint and bound nobility for want of antiquity, and make virtue useless.

No: let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. 'Tis thus posited by God himself, that best knows how to apportion things with an equal and just hand. He neither likes nor dislikes by descent; nor does he regard what people were, but are. He remembers not the righteousness of any man that leaves his righteousness, much less any unrighteous man for the righteousness of his ancestor.—*No Cross, No Crown.*

PENN'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

Next, betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others; for we are all his creatures; remembering that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord.

Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others God will mete to you again. Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.

Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your Heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it: for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who

shall dwell upon thy holy hill?" answers, "He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoreth them who fear the Lord!"

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes, people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel: keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my "No Cross, No Crown." There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest, much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folks' matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men.

In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples.

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice: but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.—*Fruits of a Father's Love.*

WILLIAM PENN.

TITLES OF HONOR.

[**Robert Barclay,** born at Gordonstown, Morayshire, Scotland, 1648, died 1690, will always be known by *An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth, and preached by the People, Called, in Scorn, Quakers,* etc. Original edition in Latin, London, 1676. Translated into English (Aberdeen, Scotland), 1678; often reprinted in London, Philadelphia, etc.

"A man of eminent gifts and great endowments, expert not only in the language of the learned, but also well versed in the writings of the ancient Fathers, and other ecclesiastical writers, and furnished with a great understanding, being not only of a sound judgment, but also strong in arguments."—SEWEL: *History of the Quakers.*]

We affirm positively, That it is not lawful for Christians either to give or receive these titles of honor, as Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, etc.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving of them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel: but that in the speaking to kings, princes, or nobles, they used only a simple compellation, as, "O King!" and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, "O King Agrippa," etc.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the

persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some to whom it is said, "Your Excellency," having nothing of excellency in them; and who is called "Your Grace," appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called "Your Honor," is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the just judgment of God, that will make me account for every evil word. And to lie is something more. Surely, Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them. . . .

Fourthly, as to those titles of "Holiness," "Eminency," and "Excellency," used among the Papists to the Pope and Cardinals, etc.; and "Grace," "Lordship," and "Worship," used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use "Holiness" and "Grace," because these things ought to be in a Pope or in a Bishop, how come they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say, "Your Holiness," and "Your Grace," one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practiced and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors (and no otherwise) themselves, I judge, will confess any honor they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honor, nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, "If it please your Grace," "your Holiness," nor "your Worship;" they are neither called "My Lord Peter," nor "My Lord Paul;" nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Paul and Peter; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostasy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain: the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor permitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocricy.

Fifthly, as to that title of "Majesty," usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. . . . We find in the Scripture the proud King Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof by a sudden judgment which came upon him.

Therefore in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[**Captain Basil Hall, R. N.,** an English author of great versatility, was born in Edinburgh in 1788, and died in confinement from insanity in 1844. He wrote: *Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea, and the Great Loo Choo Island in the Japan Sea*, London, 1818; *Occasional Poems and Miscellanies, Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Year* 1820.]

A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old classical authorities, it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday, the 10th of June, 1826,—five months after the total ruin of his pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife.

In the days of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 North Castle Street, in a house befitting a rich baronet: but on reaching the door, I found the plate on it covered with rust (so soon is glory obscured), the window, shuttered up, dusty, and comfortless; and from the side of one

projected a board, with this inscription,—"To Sell;" the stairs were unwashed, and not a foot-mark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization; and, *vice versa*, those persons who decline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in David Street, No. 6.

I was rather glad to recognize my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door,—the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one's recollection on such occasions; and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner. Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved, his head-quarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the recorded honors of Lord Chatham, "thickened over him." Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbors both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and, in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists, who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended, I had almost said overpowered, by company. His wife is now dead,—his son-in-law and favorite daughter gone to London, and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which, perhaps, is the securest refuge for him,—his eldest son is married, and at a distance, and report speaks of no probability of the title descending; in short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those "curiosos impertinentes," drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long-projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile, not to mince the matter, the great man had, somehow or other, managed to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gasmakers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till, at a season of distrust in money matters, the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the unthrifty virgins, had no oil in his lamp, all his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back. But, like that able navigator, he is not cast away upon a barren rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach, but the hull of his fortune is above water still, and it will go hard indeed with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them, of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven amongst the breakers.

Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur*,—one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe; but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore; and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of

his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upwards, and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief, in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose, that among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible, to hide those finer emotions deep in the heart. He immediately began conversing in his usual style,—the chief topic being Captain Denham (whom I had recently seen in London) and his book of *African Travels*, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. . . . After sitting a quarter of an hour we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit,—and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline,—better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion, and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous.—*Captain Hall's Diary.*

OLD INVENTIONS REVIVED.

Steam locomotion, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blasco de Garay made his experiment in the harbor of Barcelona as early as 1543; Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steamboat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller, of Dalswinton, in 1788. Sages and poets have frequently foreshadowed inventions of great social moment. Thus, Dr. [Erasmus] Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his *Botanic Garden*, published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might almost be regarded as prophetic:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car."

Denis Papin first threw up the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthey, another Frenchman, in 1782 projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise by subterranean tubes, after the method recently patented and brought into operation by the London Pneumatic Despatch Company. The balloon was an ancient Italian invention, revived by Mongolfier long after the original had been forgotten. Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabe Googe, the translator of a book from the German, entitled *The Whole Arte and Trade of Husbandrie*, published in 1577, in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of the reaping-machine as a worn-out invention —a thing "which was woont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kinde of carre with a couple of wheeles, and the front armed with sharp syckles, whiche forced by the beaste through the corne, did cut down al before it. This tricke," says Googe, "might be used in levell and champion countreys, but with us it wolde make but ill-favoured woorke." The Thames tunnel was thought an entirely new manifestation of engineering genius; but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon, and that under the wide mouth of the harbor at Marseilles (a much more difficult work), show that the ancients were beforehand with us in the art of tunnelling. Macadamized roads are as old as the Roman empire; and suspension bridges, though comparatively new in Europe, have been known in China for centuries.

There is every reason to believe—indeed, it seems clear—that the Romans knew of gunpowder, though they only used it for purposes of fireworks; while the secret of the destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether. When gunpowder came to be used for purposes of war, invention busied itself upon instruments of destruction. When recently examining the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice, we were surprised to find numerous weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries embodying the most recent English improvements in arms, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, embodying Sir William Armstrong's modern idea, though in

a rude form, had been fished up from the bottom of the Adriatic, where the ship armed with them had been sunk hundreds of years ago. Even Perkins' steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes. The Congreve rocket is said to have an Eastern origin, Sir William Congreve having observed its destructive effects when employed by the forces under Tippoo Saib in the Mahratta war, on which he adopted and improved the missile, and brought out the invention as his own.

Coal-gas was regularly used by the Chinese for lighting purposes long before it was known amongst us. Hydropathy was generally practised by the Romans, who established baths wherever they went. Even chloroform is no new thing. The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and in his works he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his *Traité des Opérations sans Douleur*, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anæsthetics is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their nepenthe and mandragora, the Chinese their mayo, and the Egyptians their hachish (both preparations of Cannabis Indica), the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of chloroform. What is perhaps still more surprising, is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions, that of sun-painting by the daguerreotype, was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci, whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter. The idea, thus early born, lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerreotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphanie de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of *Giphantie*. Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copperplate has been found amongst the old household lumber of Matthew Boulton (Watt's partner), having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.

In like manner, the invention of the electric telegraph, supposed to be exclusively modern, was clearly indicated by Scherwenter in his *Délassements Physico-Mathématiques*, published in 1636; and he there pointed out how two individuals could communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle. A century later, in 1746, Le Monnier exhibited a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens at Paris, showing how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire 950 fathoms in length; and in 1753 we find one Charles Marshall publishing a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scots Magazine*, under the title of "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence." Again, in 1760, we find George Louis Lesage, professor of mathematics at Geneva, promulgating his invention of an electric telegraph, which he eventually completed and set to work in 1774. This instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other, and inclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk mounted with a little ball of elder-wood, suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the bar, the elder-ball at the opposite end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later we find Arthur Young, in his *Travels in France*, describing a similar machine invented by a M. Lomond, of Paris, the action of which he also describes. In these and similar cases, though the idea was born and the model of the invention was actually made, it still waited the advent of the scientific mechanical inventor who should bring it to perfection, and embody it in a practical working form. — *Industrial Biography*, chap. x.

SAMUEL SMILES, M. D.

THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

[**Emile Gaboriau**, a graphic French novelist and dramatist, was born at Sajon, 1835, died 1873. He began life in a cavalry regiment, which he relinquished for journalism. His humorous sketches obtained legitimate success, and his later novels brought the popular author into a new *rôle*, which may be termed judicial fiction. His most noted works are *L'Affaire Lerouge*,

1866; *Le Dossier* 113, 1867; *Le Crime d'Orcival*, 1867; *Monsieur Lecoq*, 1869; *La Dégringolade*, 1876, and *Les Gens de Bureau*, 1862.

From *L'Affaire Lerouge* we extract the opening scene. Gaboriau's novels are faithful pictures of French legal procedure, with its mode, so contrary to ours, of administering criminal law.]

The head of the police was no other than the celebrated Gévrol, who will not fail to play an important part in the drama of our nephews. He is unquestionably an able man; but he lacks perseverance, and he sometimes allows himself to be blinded by the most incredible obstinacy. If he loses a track, he cannot make up his mind to confess it, even less to retrace his steps. On the other hand, he is audacious and cool, and has never hesitated to confront the most dangerous criminals.

But his specialty, his glory, his triumph, is a memory for faces—so extraordinary as to exceed the limits of the credible. If he has seen a face for five minutes, it is done: the face is marked down. Everywhere, at any time, he will recognize it. The most impossible places, the most unlikely circumstances, the most incredible disguises, will not put him off the track. He says the reason is that in a man he only sees, only looks at, the eyes. He recognizes the glance, without troubling himself about the features.

His experience was tested a few months ago at Poissy. Three prisoners were draped under coverings in such a manner as to hide their figures; before their faces was put a thick veil, with holes for the eyes, and in this condition they were brought before Gévrol.

Without the slightest hesitation he recognized three of his customers, and named them.

Was it chance alone that helped him?

Gévrol's aide-de-camp on this day was a former convict, who had made his peace with the law—a clever fellow at his trade, as sharp as a needle, and jealous of his chief, whom he considered of mediocre ability. He was called Lecoq.

The justice of the peace, who began to feel his responsibility weigh upon him, welcomed the investigating judge[1] and his two agents as his deliverers. He quickly related the facts, and read his deposition.

"You have acted very well, sir," said the judge. "All this is very clear; only there is one circumstance that you have forgotten."

"Which, sir?" asked the justice.

"Which day was the Widow Lerouge seen for the last time, and at what hour?"

"I was coming to that, sir. She was seen on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, at twenty minutes past five. She was returning from Bougival with a basket of provisions."

"You are quite sure of the time, sir?" asked Gévrol.

"Quite; and this is why. The two witnesses whose testimony convinces me—the woman Tellier and a cooper, who live close by here—were getting out of the tramway-car which leaves Marly once an hour, when they saw the Widow Lerouge in the cross-road. They hurried on to catch her up, talked to her, and only left her at her own door."

"And what had she in her basket?" asked the judge.

"The witnesses do not know. They only know that she was carrying two bottles of wine and a quart of brandy. She complained of headache, and said that, although it was customary to enjoy oneself on Shrove Tuesday, she should go to bed."

"Ah, well," exclaimed the chief of the police, "I know where to look now."

"You think so?" asked M. Daburon.

"Pàrbleu! it is clear enough. The matter is to find the big brown fellow in the blouse. The brandy and the wine were destined for him. The widow expected him to supper. He came, this amiable gallant."

"O, but," insinuated the brigadier indignantly, "she was very ugly and dreadfully old!"

Gévrol gave the honest policeman a knowing look, and said,

"Let me tell you, brigadier, that a woman who has money is always young and pretty if she likes."

"Perhaps there may be something in that," said the judge; "but that is not what strikes me most. It is rather those words of the Widow Lerouge: 'If I wanted more money I should have it.'"

[1] The investigating judge (*juge d'instruction*) acts as a kind of public prosecutor, and makes inquiries in secret which may lead to the discovery of a criminal. He has a right to summon any witness whose testimony may be of use, and he may also arrest on suspicion any one whom he supposes to be guilty. The word in no way corresponds to the American notion of a judge.

"That is also what aroused my attention," confirmed the justice of the peace.

But Gévrol no longer took the trouble to listen. He had his clue. He examined carefully all the nooks and corners of the room. Suddenly he turned again to the justice.

"I have it!" exclaimed he. "Was it not on Tuesday that the weather changed? It had been freezing for a fortnight, and on Tuesday it rained. At what time did the rain begin?"

"At half-past nine," answered the brigadier. "I was coming from supper, and going to take a turn at the balls, when I was overtaken by a shower opposite the Rue des Pêcheurs. In less than ten minutes there was half an inch of water in the street."

"Very good," said Gévrol. "Then if the man came after half-past nine his boots must have been covered with mud; if not, he must have come before. You must have been able to see that, since the floor is polished. Were there any foot-marks, sir?"

"I must confess that we did not think about that."

"Ah!" said the police-agent, in a tone of vexation, "that is a pity."

"Wait a moment," said the justice; "there is still time to look; not in this room, but in the next. We have not moved a thing there. My steps and the brigadier's can easily be distinguished. Come."

As the justice opened the door into the other room, Gévrol stopped him.

"I will ask you, sir," said he, "to allow me to examine everything before any one enters. It is of importance to me."

"Certainly," said M. Daburon.

Gévrol entered first, and all behind him stopped on the threshold. Thus they took in at a glance the scene of the crime.

As the justice had said, everything appeared to have been turned upside down by some madman.

In the middle of the room a table was laid. A fine snow-white tablecloth covered it. Upon it stood a beautiful cut-glass goblet, a knife, and a china plate. There was also a bottle of wine almost untouched, and a bottle of brandy, from which about five or six little glasses had been drunk.

On the right, along the wall, stood two handsome walnut-wood cupboards, with wrought locks, one on each side of the window. Both were empty, and their contents lay strewn about over the whole floor. They were clothes and linen, unfolded, thrown about, and tumbled.

At the end of the room, near the fireplace, a large wall-cupboard, containing table utensils, stood open. On the other side of the fireplace an old writing-table, with a marble top, had been forced open, broken to pieces, and doubtless searched in its smallest cracks. The desk had been torn off, and hung on one hinge; the drawers had been pulled out and thrown on the ground; and on the left, the bed had been entirely undone and overhauled. Even the straw had been pulled out of the mattress.

"Not the faintest mark," muttered Gévrol, annoyed. "He must have come before half-past nine o'clock. We may go in, now, without any objection."

He went in, and walked straight up to the corpse of the Widow Lerouge, and knelt down next it.

"There is no denying it," muttered he: "it is neatly done. The murderer is no mere apprentice."

Then looking about him to right and left.

"Oho! oho!" continued he, "the poor thing was just cooking when the knock came. There is her saucepan on the ground, and her ham and eggs. The brute had not the patience to wait for his dinner. The gentleman was in a hurry; he gave the blow with an empty stomach, so that he cannot even urge in his excuse the merriment caused by the wine."

"It is plain," said the justice of the peace to the judge, "that theft was the motive of the crime."

"It is probable," said Gévrol slyly. "It must be for that reason that we do not see a trace of silver on the table."

"See, here are pieces of gold in this drawer!" exclaimed Lecoq, who was also rummaging. "Here are 320 francs!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Gévrol, somewhat disconcerted.

But he soon recovered from his surprise, and continued:

"He must have forgotten them; I have heard of stranger cases than that. I have seen an assassin who, when he had accomplished the murder, lost his head so completely that he no longer remembered what he had come for, and ran away without taking anything. Our friend may

have been overcome. Who knows whether he may not have been disturbed? Some one may have knocked at the door. What leads me to think that is, that the scoundrel did not leave the candle burning; he took the trouble to blow it out."

"Bah!" said Lecoq, "that does not prove anything. Perhaps he was an economical and careful man."

The two agents continued their investigations all through the house, but the most minute search failed to reveal anything. Not a convicting circumstance, not the slightest indication which could serve as mark or starting-point. Even all the Widow Lerouge's papers—if she had any—had disappeared. Not a letter was discovered, not a scrap of paper—nothing.

From time to time Gévrol stopped to swear or to grumble.

"Oh, it was neatly done! I call that work done in A 1 style. The scoundrel has some skill."

"Well, sirs?" at length asked the judge.

"We must begin again, sir," replied Gévrol; "the game is where it stood. The rascal had taken every precaution with the greatest care. But I will catch him yet. Before this evening I will have a dozen men about the country. Besides, we are sure of getting him. He has carried off silver and jewels. He is lost."

"But in spite of all that," said M. Daburon, "we are no further than we were this morning."

"By Jove! we do what we can," grumbled Gévrol.

"I say," said Lecoq, in a half whisper, "why is not Father Bring-to-light here?"

"What could he do more than we?" objected Gévrol, with a furious glance at his subordinate officer.

Lecoq bent his head down, and did not breathe another word, inwardly delighted to have wounded his superior's feelings.

"Who is this Father Bring-to-light?" asked the judge; "it seems to me I must have heard his name somewhere."

"He is a sharp man," exclaimed Lecoq.

"He was formerly employed at the Mont de Piété," added Gévrol—"a rich old man, whose real name is Tabaret. He acts as detective for his own amusement."

"And to add to his fortune," put in the justice.

"Not he!" answered Lecoq; "no fear of that. It is so entirely for glory that he labors that he is often out of pocket by it. Why, it is an amusement for him! We call him Bring-to-light among ourselves, because of a sentence that he is always repeating. Oh, he is great, that old mastiff! It was he who, in that affair about the banker's wife, you know, guessed that the woman had robbed herself, and proved it."

"That is true," broke in Gévrol sharply. "It was also he who almost cut the throat of that poor Derème, the little tailor, who was accused of killing his wife—a good-for-nothing—and who was innocent."

"We are wasting our time, gentlemen," interrupted the judge; and turning to Lecoq: "Go," said he, "and bring me Father Tabaret. I have often heard him spoken of; I shall not be sorry to see him at work."

Lecoq ran off. Gévrol was seriously annoyed.

"Sir," said he to the judge, "you have certainly a right to employ the services of whomever you please, but—

"Do not be vexed, M. Gévrol," broke in M. Daburon. "Our acquaintance is not of yesterday. I know what you are worth, only to-day we are of entirely different opinion. You cling obstinately to your dark man, while I am convinced that you are not on the track."

"I believe I am right," answered the head of the police, "and I hope to prove it to you. I will find the scoundrel, whoever he may be."

"I ask no more."

"Only, if you would allow me to give you—what shall I say, without being disrespectful?—some advice."

"Speak."

"Well, I would ask you to mistrust Father Tabaret."

"Indeed! and why?"

"Because the man is too excitable. He acts the part of detective for the sake of success, just as much as an author. And as he is vainer than a peacock, he is apt to be carried away, to jump at conclusions. The moment he comes into the presence of a crime—like the one to-day, for instance—he pretends to explain everything on the spot; and, in truth, he invents some story which exactly suits the situation. He pretends, from a single fact, to be able to build up all the scenes

of the assassination, like that learned man who could build up extinct animals from a single bone. Sometimes he guesses rightly, but often he is mistaken. Thus, in that affair of the tailor, that unfortunate Deréme, without me—"

"Thank you for your advice," broke in M. Daburon. "I shall make use of it. Now," continued he, turning to the justice of the peace, "we must try, at whatever cost, to discover from what part this Widow Lerouge came."

The troop of witnesses, led by the brigadier of police, began once more to defile before the judge.

But no new facts came to light.

. . . . . .

He was interrupted by Lecoq, who came in quite out of breath.

"Here is Father Tabaret," said he. "I met him as he was just going out. What a man! He would not even wait for the train to start: he gave, I don't know how much, to a coachman, and we have got here in fifty minutes—got ahead of the railway!"

Almost at the same moment there appeared on the threshold a man whose appearance, it must be confessed, by no means corresponded to the idea one might form of a detective for honor and glory.

He was about sixty, and did not seem to carry his years very lightly. Short, thin, and a little bent, he leaned on a thick stick with a carved ivory head.

His round face had that expression of perpetual astonishment mixed with alarm that has made the fortune of two Palais Royal comedians. He was carefully shaved, had a very short chin, thick good-humored lips, and his nose disagreeably turned up like the bell of some instruments of M. Sax.

His eyes of a dull gray, small, with red rims, said absolutely nothing; but they were wearying by their unendurable mobility. A few straight hairs shaded his forehead, retreating like a greyhound's, and did not succeed in hiding two large gaping ears standing out a long way from the head.

He was very comfortably dressed, as clean as a new shoe, displaying linen of a dazzling whiteness, and wearing silk gloves and gaiters. A long chain of very massive gold, of detestable taste, surrounded his neck three times, and fell in cascades into his waistcoat-pocket.

Father Tabaret, *alias* Bring-to-light, bowed to the ground in the doorway, bending his old back into a bow. In the humblest of voices, he asked,

"Has the judge condescended to send for me?"

"Yes," answered M. Daburon; and aside to himself he said, "If that is an able man, at any rate he does not look like it."

"I am here," continued the man, "quite at the service of Justice."

"The matter is," said the judge, "to see whether you, more fortunate than we have been, may succeed in discovering some token which may put us on the murderer's track. The matter shall be explained to you."

"O, I know enough about it," interrupted Father Tabaret; "Lecoq told me the whole thing on our way, quite as much as I need."

"Yet—" began the justice of the peace.

"Only trust to me, sir. I like to act without instructions, so as to be more sure of my own impressions. When one knows other people's opinions, one is apt to be influenced against one's will, so that —Well, I will begin my search with Lecoq."

While he was speaking, his little gray eyes kindled and lighted up like a carbuncle. His face reflected inward delight, and even his wrinkles seemed to laugh. He had drawn himself up, and, with almost a light step, he hastened into the second room.

He remained there about half an hour and then ran out. He returned to it, went out again; again reappeared, and went away again at once. The judges could not help noticing in him that restless and unquiet anxiety of a dog who is on the hunt. Even his trumpet-like nose was moving as though to breathe-in some subtle emanation from the murderer. As he came and went, he talked aloud, and gesticulated, apostrophized himself, called himself names, gave little cries of triumph, or encouraged himself. He did not leave Lecoq one moment's peace. He needed this or that or some other thing. He asked for pencil and paper, then he wanted a spade. Presently he called for some plaster, some water, and a bottle of oil.

After more than an hour, the judge, who was beginning to grow impatient,

inquired what had become of his volunteer.

"He is on the road," answered the brigadier, "lying face downwards in the mud, and he is mixing some plaster in a plate. He says he has almost finished and will come back directly."

In reality he came back almost immediately—joyous, triumphant, looking twenty years younger.

Lecoq followed him, carrying a large basket with the greatest care.

"I have it," said he to the judge; "it is complete. It is brought to light now, and as plain as daylight. Lecoq, my boy, put the basket on the table."

"Speak, M. Tabaret," said the judge.

The man had emptied the contents of his basket on to the table—a large lump of clay, several large sheets of paper, and three or four little pieces of still wet plaster. Standing before this table, he looked almost grotesque, strikingly resembling those gentlemen who, on the public places, perform juggling tricks with nutmegs and the pence of the public. His dress had suffered considerably; he was almost covered with mud.

"I commence," said he, in a voice almost conceitedly modest. "The theft is of no account in the crime that we are considering."

"No, on the contrary," muttered Gévrol.

"I will prove it," continued Father Tabaret, "by evidence. I will also presently give my humble opinion on the manner of the murder. Well, the murderer came here before half-past nine—that is to say, before the rain. Like M. Gévrol, I also found no muddy footprints; but under the table, on the spot where the murderer's feet must have rested, I have found traces of dust. So we are quite certain now about the time. The Widow Lerouge did not at all expect the comer. She had begun to undress, and was just winding up her cuckoo-clock, when this person knocked."

"What minute details!" said the justice of the peace.

"They are easy to verify," replied the voluntary detective. "Examine this clock above the writing-table. It is one of those that go for fourteen or fifteen hours, not more, as I have ascertained. Then it is more than probable—it is certain—that the widow wound it up in the evening before going to bed. How is it that the clock stopped at five o'clock? Because she touched it. She must have begun to pull the chain when some one knocked. To prove what I have stated, I show you this chair below the clock; and on the stuff of the chair the very plain mark of a foot. Then look at the victim's costume. She had taken off the body of her dress; to open the door more quickly she did not put it on again, but hastily threw this old shawl over her shoulders."

"Christi!" exclaimed the brigadier, whom this had evidently impressed.

"The widow," continued Tabaret, "knew the man who struck her. Her haste in opening the door leads us to suspect it; what followed proves it. Thus the murderer was admitted without any difficulty. He is a young man, a little over the average height, elegantly dressed. That evening he wore a tall hat; he had an umbrella, and was smoking a trabucos with a mouthpiece."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Gévrol; "that is too strong!"

"Too strong, perhaps," answered Father Tabaret; "in any case, it is the truth. If you are not particular as to detail, I cannot help it; but, for my part, I am. I seek, and I find. Ah, it is too strong, you say! Well, condescend to cast a glance at these lumps of wet plaster. They represent the heels of the murderer's boots, of which I found a most perfect imprint near the ditch in which the key was found. On these pieces of paper I have chalked the impression of the whole foot, which I could not carry away, as it is on sand. Look, the heel is high, the instep well marked, the sole little and narrow—evidently the boot of a fine gentleman, whose foot is well cared for. Look there, all along the road, you will see it twice more. Then you will find it five times in the garden, into which no one has penetrated; and this proves also that the murderer knocked not at the door, but at the shutter, under which a ray of light was visible. On entering the garden, my man jumped, to avoid a garden-bed; the deeper imprint of the toe proves that. He made a spring of almost two yards with ease; therefore he is nimble—that is to say, young."

Father Tabaret spoke in a little clear penetrating voice. His eye moved from

one to another of his hearers, watching their impressions.

"Is it the hat that surprises you, M. Gévrol?" continued Father Tabaret.—"Just look at the perfect circle traced on the marble of this writing-table, which was a little dusty. Is it because I fixed his height that you are surprised? Be so good as to examine the top of these cupboards, and you will see that the murderer has passed his hands over it. Then he must be taller than I am. And do not say that he climbed on a chair; for in that case he would have seen, and would not have been obliged to feel. Are you astonished at the umbrella? This lump of earth retains an excellent impression, not only of the point, but also of the round of wood which holds the stuff. Is it the cigar that amazes you? Here is the end of the trabucos, which I picked up among the ashes. Is the end of it bitten? Has it been moistened by saliva? No. Then whoever smoked it made use of a mouth-piece."

Lecoq with difficulty restrained his enthusiastic admiration; noiselessly he struck his hands together. The justice of the peace was amazed, the judge seemed delighted. As a contrast, Gévrol's face became noticeably longer. As for the brigadier, he was petrified.

"Now," continued Tabaret, "listen attentively. Here is the young man introduced. How he explained his presence at that time I do not know. What is certain is, that he told the Widow Lerouge he had not dined. The worthy woman was delighted, and immediately set about preparing a meal. This meal was not for herself. In the cupboard I have found the remains of her dinner; she had eaten fish; the post-mortem will prove that. Besides, as you see, there is only one glass on the table, and one knife. But who is this young man? Evidently the widow considered him very much above her. In the cupboard there is a tablecloth that is still clean. Did she make use of it? No. For her guest she got out white linen, and her best. She meant this beautiful goblet for him; it was a present, no doubt. And finally, it is evident that she did not commonly make use of this ivory-handled knife."

"All that is exact," muttered the judge, "very exact."

"The young man is seated, then; he has begun by drinking a glass of wine, while the widow was putting her saucepan on the fire. Then his courage began to fail him; he asked for brandy, and drank about five little glasses full. After an inner conflict of about ten minutes—it must have taken this time to cook the ham and the eggs to this point—the young man rose, approached the widow, who was then bending down and leaning forward, and gave her two blows on the back. She did not die instantly. She half rose, and clutched the murderer's hands. He also retreated, lifted her roughly, and threw her back into the position in which you see her. This short struggle is proved by the attitude of the corpse. Bent down and struck in the back, she would have fallen on her back. The murderer made use of a sharp fine weapon, which, if I am not much mistaken, was the sharpened end of a fencing-foil, with the button removed. Wiping his weapon on the victim's skirt, he has left us this clue. The victim clutched his hands tightly; but as he had not taken off his gray gloves—"

"Why, that is a regular romance!" exclaimed Gévrol.

"Have you examined the Widow Lerouge's nails, sir? No. Well, go and look at them; you will tell me if I am mistaken. Well, the woman is dead. What does the murderer want? Is it money or valuables? No, no: a hundred times no! What he wants, what he seeks, what he requires, are papers that he knows to be in the victim's possession. To find them he turns over everything; he upsets the cupboards, unfolds the linen, breaks open the writing-table, to which he has not the key, and turns out the mattress.

"At last he finds them. And what do you think he does with these papers? He burns them; not in the fireplace, but in the little stove in the first room. Now his end is accomplished. What will he do? Fly, and carry off all the valuables he can find, to put the search on a wrong track, and point to a robbery. Having seized everything, he wraps it in the napkin he was to use for his dinner, and blowing out the light, takes to flight, locks the door outside, and throws the key in a ditch. There you are!"

"M. Tabaret," said the judge, "your investigation is excellent, and I am convinced that you are in the right."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lecoq, "is he not splendid, my Papa Bring-to-light?"

"Gigantic!" said Gévrol, ironically overbidding him. "Only I think that this worthy young man must have found a parcel, wrapped in a napkin, that could be seen from a distance, rather a hindrance."

"Yes, and he did not carry it a hundred miles," replied Father Tabaret. "You may fancy that, to reach the station, he was not fool enough to make use of the tramcar. He went there on foot, by the shortest path along the river. Then, on reaching the Seine, unless he was much stronger than I fancy, his first care was to throw away this traitorous parcel."

"Do you think so, Papa Bring-to-light?" asked Gévrol.

"I would lay any wager, and the proof is that I have sent three men, under the conduct of a policeman, to search the Seine at the spot nearest here. If they find the parcel I have promised them a reward."

"Out of your own pocket, you excitable old fellow?"

"Yes, M. Gévrol; out of my own pocket!"

"And yet, if this parcel could be found," muttered the judge.

At these words a policeman entered.

"Here," said he, bringing a wet napkin containing silver, money, and jewels, "is what the men have found. They demand 100 francs, which have been promised them."

Father Tabaret took out of his pocket-book a banknote, which he gave to the policeman.

"Now," asked he, crushing Gévrol with a proud look, "what does the judge think?"

"I believe that, thanks to your wonderful penetration, we shall succeed, and—"

He did not finish. The doctor came to conduct the examination of the victim.

The doctor, having finished his repugnant task, could but confirm the assertions and conjectures of Father Tabaret. Thus he explained in the same way the position of the corpse. In his opinion also there must have been a struggle. Even round the victim's neck he pointed out a hardly perceptible bluish ring, probably produced by extreme pressure of the murderer's hands. Finally, he stated that the Widow Lerouge had eaten about three hours before she was struck.

There only remained to collect some of the proofs, which might serve later on to confound the criminal.

Father Tabaret examined most carefully the dead woman's nails, and with extreme precaution he succeeded in extracting some scraps of kid which had clung there. The largest of these fragments did not measure two millimetres, but the color could easily be distinguished. He also put aside the piece of skirt on which the murderer had wiped his weapon. This, with the parcel discovered in the Seine, and the several footprints carried off by Tabaret, was all that the murderer had left behind him.

It was nothing; but this nothing was enormous in M. Daburon's eyes, and he was very hopeful. The greatest obstacle to examinations of mysterious crimes is a mistake about the circumstances. If the search takes a wrong direction, it departs further and further from truth the more it is continued. Thanks to Father Tabaret, the judge was almost certain that he was not mistaken.

[As frequently happens with enthusiastic theorizers, Father Tabaret was not quite correct in his surmises, but after some very serious blunders by the detectives the real culprit was discovered and executed. Part of the success of the discovery of the murderer was due to the enthusiasm, if not to the acumen, of the "amateur detective."]

LORD AMHERST AT THE CHINESE COURT.

[**Sir Henry Ellis,** a British writer, traveller, and ambassador (1775–1855), accompanied Lord Amherst's embassy to China in 1816, and published a *Narrative of the Embassy* in 1817, in 2 vols. Reprinted, 1818.]

Mandarins of all buttons were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them; the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment into which we were huddled now witnessed a scene unparalleled in the history of even oriental diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat when Chang delivered a message from Ho (Koong-yay), stating that the emperor wished to see the ambassador and the commissioners immediately. Much surprise was naturally ex-

pressed ; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of His Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue and deficiency of every necessary equipment was strongly urged. During this time the room had filled with spectators, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their curiosity. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this, it was said that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting through the Koong-yay a humble request to his imperial majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that His Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst, having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that if he went to the Koong-yay this plea would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. He shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him ; he further pointed out the gross insult he had already received in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign. At all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his imperial majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private. This Lord Amherst declined. The Koong-yay, having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject. A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford to His Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and His Excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection. And however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands.

ON POVERTY IN MARRIAGE.

Thrice wretched he, that's poor, and takes a wife,
And doth engender children!—Oh fool, fool!
Who, undefended, bare of necessaries,
Soon as ill fortune comes, that comes to all,
Can't wrap his miseries in affluence;
But in a naked, wretched poverty,
Freezes, like winter;—misery his portion;
Too amply dealt, and every good denied.

MENANDER.

ON COVETOUSNESS.

The man, who sacrifices, Pamphilus,
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or sheep;
Or prepares golden vestments, purple raiment,
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;
Thinking,
Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Most grossly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanness, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murderer, robber,
In quest of gain. Covet not, Pamphilus,
Even a needleful of thread; for God,
Who, always near thee, always sees thy deeds

MENANDER.

LUCKNOW.[1]

[**Alexander M'Laggan** was born at Bridgend, Perth, on the 3d of April, 1811, and died at Edinburgh in 1879. He was to trade a plumber, but latterly he devoted himself almost exclusively to literary pursuits.]

"DINNA YE HEAR IT?"

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she longed for the peace of her dear native glen.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart,
The foes of Auld Scotland for ever will fear it;
"We are saved!—we are saved!" cried the brave Highland maid,
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O, dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O, dinna ye hear it?"

A moment the tempest of battle was hush'd,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal:
Again to their shot-shattered ramparts they rush'd—
Again roar'd the cannon, again flash'd the steel!
Still the Highland maid cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
The death-mists are thick, but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing 'The Campbells are coming!'
They are charging and cheering!
O, dinna ye hear it!"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
etc.

Ye heroes of Lucknow, fame crowns you with glory;
Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your praise;
And brave Jessie Brown with her soul-stirring story
Forever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to our Queen, and the hearts who defend her!
Success to our flag! and when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Campbells are coming!"
And an angel voice crying, "O, dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O, dinna ye hear it?"

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

[**Robert T. S. Lowell, D. D.**, an American clergyman, poet, and romance writer (brother of James Russell Lowell), was born in Boston in 1816, graduated at Harvard in 1833, became an Episcopal clergyman, and settled in Newfoundland. In 1873 he became professor of Latin in Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. His books embrace *The New Priest of Conception Bay* (1859); *Poems* (1860); and *Anthony Brade* (1874).]

O, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! then please wauken me."

[1] The *Times* correspondent from India stated as a fact that when the defenders of Lucknow were in their direst straits a Highland girl, long before all others, heard the sound of the bagpipes coming.

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
  In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
  And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
  And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
  Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
  Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; but one wild scream
  Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
  Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
  And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! O, dinna ye hear
  The slogan far awa?
The McGregors',—O, I ken it weel;
  It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
  We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
  Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
  Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
  But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
  Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
  And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
  But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
  Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
  But the pipes we could not hear:
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
  A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
  Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And now they played *Auld Lang Syne!*
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
  And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
  Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
  Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
  Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
  As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne.*

THE ORATION AGAINST THE CROWNING OF DEMOSTHENES.[1]

[Æschines, next to Demosthenes, the greatest orator of antiquity (b. 398 B. C., d. 314 B. C.), is handed down to posterity as a great master of reasoning and a noble speaker. His style was full, diffusive, and sonorous, yet he was a stranger to the glowing expressions and daring figures of his great rival Demosthenes. His writings consist of some epistles and three orations, which are excellent in their kind, and worthy the perusal of the politest scholar. But if we would view his abilities to the greatest advantage, we must not compare him with the immortal Demosthenes. Then will his figures appear to want neither beauty nor grandeur; then will his easy and natural manner be seen in its proper point of view; and a just attention will discover no small degree of force and energy in his diction, which at first appears only flowing and harmonious.

Æschines and Demosthenes had ever been distinguished by their weight and influence in the assemblies of their state. They had adopted different systems of politics, and stood at the head of two opposite parties, each so powerful as to prevail by turns, and to defeat the schemes of their antagonist. The leaders had, on several occasions, avowed their mutual opposition and animosity. Demosthenes, in particular, had brought an impeachment against his rival, and obliged him to enter into a formal defence of his conduct during an embassy at the Macedonian court. His resentment was confirmed by his oration against Ctesiphon, who had proposed a decree in the senate that Demosthenes should be crowned in full theatre for his distinguished virtue and eminent services to the republic. He there

[1] See *The Oration of Demosthenes in Reply to Æschines*, page 36, Vol. IX.

attempts to prove it illegal in itself and in all its circumstances. He then takes an occasion of calling in question his conduct in public life, and inveighs against him with the utmost acrimony.]

"Indulge me, for a moment, and imagine that you are now not in this tribunal, but in the theatre; imagine that you see the herald approaching, and the proclamation prescribed in the decree on the point of being delivered, and then consider whether will the friends of the deceased shed more tears at the tragedies, at the pathetic stories of the great characters to be presented on the stage, or at the insensibility of their country? What inhabitant of Greece, what human creature, who hath imbibed the least share of liberal sentiments, must not feel the deepest sorrow when he reflects on one transaction which he must have seen in the theatre; when he remembers—if he remembers nothing else—that on festivals like these, when the tragedies were to be presented, in those times, when the state was well governed and directed by faithful ministers, a herald appeared, and introducing those orphans whose fathers had died in battle, now arrived at maturity, and dressed in complete armor, pronounced this noble proclamation, and highest incentive to valor and glorious achievements. 'These orphans, whose fathers lost their lives in defence of their country, the people of Athens have educated to this age, and having now armed them, with all good wishes of success, invite them to contend for the first honors of state.'

"Thus did the herald at that time address the people; but very different this present proclamation. For having presented to them the person who deprived those orphans of their fathers, what can he say? what shall he proclaim? Altho' he pronounce the stated terms of your decree, yet the turpitude arising from truth will not be silent, but will seem to proclaim in direct opposition to the herald's voice: 'The people of Athens crown this "worst bad man" (if, indeed, he deserves the name of man) for his virtue: this coward, this deserter of his post in battle, for his courage.'

"Do not, in the name of Jupiter, and all our other gods, I conjure you, oh, Athenians—do not erect a trophy over yourselves in the theatre of Bacchus; nor in the presence of all the Grecian states convict the Athenian people of such exceeding folly. Do not oblige the unhappy Thebans to recollect this incurable, this irreparable misfortune—whom this Demosthenes hath driven out of their native country, and whom you have received into your city; whose temples, houses, and sepulchres his avarice and the Persian gold have totally destroyed.

"But since you were not personally present, now with the eye of indignation behold them in their affliction: Imagine you see their city taken, their walls in ruins, their houses in flames, their wives and children dragged into slavery, their aged men and women, venerably old, thus late unlearning the happy lesson of liberty, weeping, imploring your companion, not angry with their oppressors, but with the authors of their calamities; conjuring you never to crown this pest of Greece, but studiously to avoid the genius and ill-fortune inseparably attending upon his person.

"When the Thessalians resolved to invade the republic, and the young monarch in the first transports of his anger had invested Thebes, Demosthenes, being appointed your ambassador to intercede for the besieged, betook himself to flight from the middle of Mount Citheron, and returned to Athens: proving himself, neither in peace nor war, a valuable, useful citizen."

. . . . . .

The conclusion of his oration is nervous, spirited, and pathetic:

"When he calls upon his partners and associates of his corruptions to be his advocates, imagine you behold upon this very tribunal where I stand the persons who have eminently well deserved of the republic, ranged in opposition to their arrogance: Solon, who adorned your democracy with the wisest laws; Solon, equally eminent as a philosopher and a legislator—imagine you behold him imploring you with that modest dignity so befitting his character, never to suffer the eloquence of Demosthenes to have a greater influence over you than the religion of your oath and the obligation of your laws. Imagine Aristides, who regulated with so much equity the general contributions of the people portioned after his death; imagine him in anguish and

sorrow deploring the contumely with which justice is treated, and asking if your ancestors almost put to death the Zelite Arthmius, an inhabitant of Athens, and received by her people with the public rites of hospitality, because he brought gold from Persia into Greece; if they banished him by proclamation, not from Athens only, but from all her dominions, will you not blush to crown Demosthenes with a golden crown, who did not indeed bring gold from Persia, but hath amassed it by every kind of corruption, and who is now in the possession of his ill-gotten treasures? Will not Themistocles and they who died at Marathon and Plateæ? will not the very sepulchres of your ancestors burst forth into groans if he, who confesses he conspired against Greece with the barbarians, should be crowned by your decree?

"Hear, therefore, O Earth, and Sun, and Virtue, and Intelligence, and Erudition, by which we distinguish between things beautiful and deformed; be witness I have endeavored to support your influence, and have pleaded the cause of the republic. If I have spoken with that force and dignity befitting this impeachment, I have spoken to the utmost of my wishes; if not, to the utmost of my abilities. May you, both from the arguments I have enforced and those I have passed over in silence, pronounce such a sentence as in itself may be most agreeable to justice and conducive to the prosperity of the republic."

[This extraordinary contest raised so much the curiosity of the Athenians that they flocked from all parts to hear these famous orators who had such personal enmity to each other. However, Demosthenes' superior eloquence prevailed; and, notwithstanding Æschines was condemned to pay a small fine, yet he preferred perpetual banishment rather than live at Athens under the character of an informer. He retired to Rhodes, where he opened a school for eloquence. He began his lectures with his and his adversary's orations. Great applause was given his; but when that of Demosthenes was read, the acclamations were redoubled; on which Æschines addressed himself to his auditors:

"If you are so delighted with the bare rehearsal of this oration, what would you have been had you heard him deliver it himself, with all his fire and force?"

History relates that, as our unhappy orator was retiring from Athens, Demosthenes followed him, and forced him to accept of a large present of money in his then distressed state of finances.]

LUXURY AND POVERTY.

[**Plautus**, the excellent Roman poet, may be called the prince of comic writers. Was born at Sarsina about 254, died 184 B. C., and is highly commended by Pliny the younger and Gellius for his learning. Quintilian tells us that Ælius Stolo made no scruple of affirming that if the muses were to speak in Latin they would make use of the language of Plautus.

He appeared when very young upon the stage as an actor and author, and although the son of a slave, nature was so bountiful to this celebrated wit that, following the natural bent of his inclinations, he became the wonder and admiration of his age. The ancients were more zealous in treasuring up for posterity the writings of great men than in the recital of their actions; they are, in a manner, silent respecting the private character of this famous writer. If, however, we may credit Crinitus, a Florentine, our poet was born in Sarsina, a town in Umbria. 'Tis certain that he was living in Rome, and in great reputation, in the time of P. Scipio, Fulvius, and M. Cato.

The Latin language no doubt owed its first charms to the masterly fertile pen of Plautus. He carried comedy to the highest degree of perfection. Between him and *Terence*, says Thornton, there is not perhaps so much difference but that we may apply to them the words in the Prologue of Adrian:

"Know one, and you know both; in argument
Less different than in sentiment and stile."
—*Colman.*

Plautus knew the human heart, and was a perfect master of the follies, crimes, and virtues of his countrymen. The plan, indeed, of his pieces was not his own; he always worked upon the canvas of others, as he took the Greeks, Philemon, Menander, etc., for his guide. Epicharmus, the Sicilian, was his principal model, and he carefully studied every line of that great master; from this source he drew the grace, attic salt, brilliant sallies, and warm coloring of his dialogue.

Plautus has been honored with the appellation of the *Tenth Muse*, the *Roman Syren*, etc. Horace, however, blames him for his conforming too much to the manners of his age, by frequently adopting their coarsest jokes and vulgarisms.

The interval between the last comedy of Plautus and the first of Terence was but twenty years, yet the revolution in tastes and manners was astonishing; we can, therefore, easily account for the superiority of the latter in point of style and delicacy; nevertheless Plautus was to Terence what Homer was to Virgil.

His *Amphitryon* has been imitated by several moderns, particularly Molière and Dryden. This piece had the celebrity of being represented 500 years after the poet's death in the feasts consecrated to Jupiter. Horace also says:

"Make the Greek authors your supreme delight,
Read them by day, and study them by night.
And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear;
Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear."]

The characters of LUXURY *and* POVERTY, *by way of prologue.*

LUXURY.

Follow me, daughter, that you may perform
Your office.

POVERTY.

I do follow; but am ignorant
Where will your journey end.

LUXURY.

'Tis here: . . . . behold,
This is the house: go in. [*Exit* POVERTY.

LUXURY.

[*To the spectators.*

Lest any of you
Be lost in error, I'll in brief conduct you
In the right road, provided you will hear.
First, then, and who I am, and who she is
That enter'd here, I'll tell you, if you'll attend.
Plautus has given me the name of *Luxury*,
The other is my daughter, *Poverty*.
Now, at my impulse why she enter'd here,
Learn, and be all attention, while I tell:
There is a certain youth dwells in this house
Who by my aid has squandered his estate.
Since, then, for my support there's nothing left,
I've given him my daughter, whom to live with.

EUCLIO OR THE MISER.

I would at last have found it in my heart
T' have done things handsome at my daughter's wedding.
I come to th' market—ask the price of fish—
I find it very dear—lamb dear, beef deer,
Veal dear; nay, ev'ry thing in short was dear;
What made them dearer still, I had no money.
Seeing that there was nothing I could purchase
I came away in rage, and bid adieu
To the vile rascals. As I trudg'd along
I with myself reflected: "Feast to-day
Makes fast to-morrow." So I brought my mind
And stomach to this wise resolve—to marry
My daughter with as little charge as possible.
. . . . . .

[*Going up to his house.*

But ha! what do I see?
The door is open!
And there's a noise within! I'm robbed! I'm plunder'd!

COOK [*within*].

Go borrow, if you can, a larger *pot*
Among the neighborhood; this is too little.

EUCLIO.

Oh, I'm undone!
They've seiz'd my gold; they're asking for my *pot*.
I'm a dead man if I don't run this instant.
Apollo, come to my assistance; kill
These robbers with your arrows.
But why do I delay from running in
Before I'm ruin'd past recovery?
. . . . . .

EUCLIO.

[*Re-entering with his pot of money.*

He's gone. Good heav'ns! how rash a thing it is
For a poor man like me to have concern
Or dealings with a rich one. Megadorus
Tries to surprise me ev'ry way whatever.
Under pretense, forsooth, to do me honor,
He sent these cooks in to purloin this from me.

[*Pointing to his money.*

The cock, too, which belongs to the old jade,
Had near undone me; he began to scratch
The ground up all about where this was buried.
. . . . . .
My dear pot! thou hast many enemies;
So has the gold committed to thy care.
The best that I can do now is to carry thee
Straight to the temple of the goddess *Faith*—
There hide thee.

[*Goes to the Temple of Faith.*

STROBILUS (*the servant*).

[*From his lurking-place.*

What did I hear him say? Immortal gods!
That he had hid a pot brimful of gold
Here in this temple? I beseech you, *Faith*,
Be not to him more *faithful* than to me.
I'll in, and rummage the whole temple o'er
To find this treasure, now that he's employ'd.
If I do find it, *Faith*, I'll offer to you

A gallon of wine, and *faithful* measure—
I'll offer—but I'll drink it all myself.
[*Goes to the Temple of Faith.*

. . . . . .

EUCLIO [*returning*].

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven
On my left hand: and once he scraped the ground,
And then he croaked—it made my heart to jump
And flutter in my breast—why don't I run?

. . . . . .

STROBILUS [*alone*].

I'd rather die the worst of deaths than now
Not lay in ambush for this old man's money.

. . . . . .

EUCLIO.

[*Returns with his pot of money.*

Faith had more *faith*, I thought; but she has made
An ass of me downright. If this same raven
Had not stood by me, oh! I had been ruin'd.
Would I could meet this honest bird again
That gave this foreboding! I would give him—
Good words, at least. Good words, they say, cost nothing.
Now, let me see; where can I find a place—
A lonely one—where I may hide this treasure?
[*Meditating.*
There is a grove without the city walls
Thick set with willows; on that spot I'll fix.
Sylvanus will I sooner trust than *Faith*.

STROBILUS [*alone*].

I'll run before him, climb into a tree,
And watch where this old fellow hides his money.

. . . . . .

STROBILUS.

[*Re-enters with the pot of money.*

The griffins dwelling on the golden mountains
Are not as rich as I. Of other kings
I speak not—beggarly, poor abject fellows—
I am King Philip's self—
I'll go and lay this pot up safe at home.

. . . . . .

EUCLIO *enters.*

I'm dead! kill'd, murder'd! whither shall I run?
Whither not run? Stop thief! stop thief! who? what?
I know not—I see nothing—I walk blind—
I cannot tell for certain where I'm going,
Or where I am, or who I am.

. . . . . .

Oh, what have I
To do with life depriv'd of such a treasure?
A treasure that I kept so carefully,
And robb'd myself of comfort! others now
Rejoice thro' my mishap, and make them merry
At my expense. Oh, oh, I cannot bear it.

PLAUTUS.

TREATING OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL BROKER AND A DOG.

It was a couple of weeks, or thereabouts, after this episode that Euphemia came down to the gate to meet me on my return from the city. I noticed a very peculiar expression on her face. She looked both thoughtful and pleased. Almost the first words she said to me were these:

"A tramp came here to-day."

"I am sorry to hear that," I exclaimed. "That's the worst news I have had yet. I did hope that we were far enough from the line of travel to escape these scourges. How did you get rid of him? Was he impertinent?"

"You must not feel that way about all tramps," said she. "Sometimes they are deserving of our charity, and ought to be helped. There is a great difference in them."

"That may be," I said; "but what of this one? When was he here, and when did he go?"

"He did not go at all. He is here now."

"Here now!" I cried. "Where is he?"

"Do not call out so loud," said Euphemia, putting her hand on my arm. "You will waken him. He is asleep."

"Asleep!" said I. "A tramp? Here?"

"Yes. Stop, let me tell you about him. He told me his story, and it is a sad one. He is a middle-aged man—fifty perhaps—and has been rich. He was once a broker in Wall Street, but lost money by the failure of various railroads—the Camden and Amboy, for one."

"That hasn't failed," I interrupted.

"Well then it was the Northern Pacific, or some other one of them—at any rate I know it was either a railroad or a bank,—and he soon became very poor. He has a son in Cincinnati, who is a successful merchant, and lives in a fine house, with horses and carriages, and all that; and this poor man has written to his son, but has never had any answer. So now he is going to walk to Cincinnati to see him. He knows he will not be turned away if he can once meet his son, face to face. He was very tired when he stopped here,—and he has ever and ever so far to walk yet, you know,—and so after I had given him something to eat, I let him lie down in the outer kitchen, on that roll of rag-carpet that is there. I spread it out for him. It is a hard bed for one who has known comfort, but he seems to sleep soundly."

"Let me see him," said I, and I walked back to the outer kitchen.

There lay the unsuccessful broker fast asleep. His face, which was turned toward me as I entered, showed that it had been many days since he had been shaved, and his hair had apparently been uncombed for about the same length of time. His clothes were very old, and a good deal torn, and he wore one boot and one shoe.

"Whew!" said I. "Have you been giving him whiskey?"

"No," whispered Euphemia, "of course not. I noticed that smell, and he said he had been cleaning his clothes with alcohol."

"They needed it, I'm sure," I remarked as I turned away. "And now," said I, "where's the girl?"

"This is her afternoon out. What is the matter? You look frightened."

"Oh, I'm not frightened, but I find I must go down to the station again. Just run up and put on your bonnet. It will be a nice little walk for you."

I had been rapidly revolving the matter in my mind. What was I to do with this wretch who was now asleep in my outer kitchen? If I woke him up and drove him off,—and I might have difficulty in doing it,—there was every reason to believe that he would not go far but return at night and commit some revengeful act. I never saw a more sinister-looking fellow. And he was certainly drunk. He must not be allowed to wander about our neighborhood. I would go for the constable and have him arrested.

So I locked the door from the kitchen into the house and then the outside door of the kitchen, and when my wife came down we hurried off. On the way I told her what I intended to do, and what I thought of our guest. She answered scarcely a word, and I hoped that she was frightened. I think she was.

The constable, who was also coroner of our township, had gone to a creek, three miles away, to hold an inquest, and there was nobody to arrest the man. The nearest police-station was at Hackingford, six miles away, on the railroad. I held a consultation with the station-master, and the gentleman who kept the grocery-store opposite.

They could think of nothing to be done except to shoot the man, and to that I objected.

"However," said I, "he can't stay there;" and a happy thought just then striking me, I called to the boy who drove the village express wagon, and engaged him for a job. The wagon was standing at the station, and to save time, I got in and rode to my house. Euphemia went over to call on the groceryman's wife until I returned.

I had determined that the man should be taken away, although, until I was riding home, I had not made up my mind where to have him taken. But on the road, I settled this matter.

On reaching the house, we drove into the yard as close to the kitchen as we could go. Then I unlocked the door, and the boy—who was a big strapping fellow—entered with me. We found the ex-broker still wrapped in the soundest slumber. Leaving the boy to watch him I went up stairs and got a baggage tag which I directed to the chief of police at the police station in Hackingford. I returned to the kitchen, and fastened this tag, conspicuously, on the lappel of the sleeper's coat. Then, with a clothes-line, I tied him up carefully, hand and foot. To all this he offered not the slightest opposition. When he was suitably packed, with due regard to the probable tenderness of wrist and ankle in one brought up in luxury, the boy and I carried him to the wagon.

He was a heavy load, and we may have bumped him a little, but his sleep was not disturbed. Then we drove him to the express office. This was at the railroad, and the station-master was also express

agent. At first he was not inclined to receive my parcel, but when I assured him that all sorts of live things were sent by express, and that I could see no reason for making an exception in this case, he added my arguments to his own disposition, and so gave me a receipt, and pasted a label on the ex-broker's shoulder. I set no value on the package, which I prepaid.

"Now then," said the station-master, "he'll go all right, if the express agent on the train will take him."

This matter was soon settled, for, in a few minutes, the train stopped at the station. My package was wheeled to the express car, and two porters, who entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, hoisted it into the car. The train-agent, who just then noticed the character of the goods, began to declare that he would not have the fellow in his car; but my friend the station-master shouted out that everything was all right,—the man was properly packed, invoiced, and paid for, and the train, which was behind time, moved away, before the irate agent could take measures to get rid of his unwelcome freight.

"Now," said I, "there'll be a drunken man at the police-station in Hackingford in about half-an-hour. His offense will be as evident there as here, and they can do what they please with him. I shall telegraph, to explain the matter and prepare them for his arrival."

When I had done this Euphemia and I went home. The tramp had cost me some money, but I was well satisfied with my evening's work and felt that the township owed me, at least, a vote of thanks.

But I firmly made up my mind that Euphemia should never again be left unprotected. I would not even trust to a servant who would agree to have no afternoons out. I would get a dog.

The next day I advertised for a fierce watch-dog, and in the course of a week I got one. Before I procured him I examined into the merits, and price, of about one hundred dogs. My dog was named Pete, but I determined to make a change in that respect. He was a very tall, bony, powerful beast, of a dull black color, and with a lower jaw that would crack the hind-leg of an ox, so I was informed. He was of a varied breed, and the good Irishman of whom I bought him, said he had fine blood in him, and attempted to refer him back to the different classes of dogs from which he had been derived. But after I had had him a while I made an analysis based on his appearance and character, and concluded that he was mainly blood-hound, shaded with wolf-dog and mastiff, and picked out with touches of bull-dog.

The man brought him home for me, and chained him up in an unused wood-shed, for I had no dog-house as yet.

"Now thin," said he, "all you've got to do is to keep 'im chained up there for three or four days till he gets used to ye. An' I'll tell ye the best way to make a dog like ye. Jist give him a good lickin'. Then he'll know yer his master, and he'll like ye iver aftherward. There's plenty of people that don't know that. And, by the way, sir, that chain's none too strong for 'im. I got it when he wasn't mor'n half grown. Ye'd better git him a new one."

When the man had gone, I stood and looked at the dog, and could not help hoping that he would learn to like me without the intervention of a thrashing. Such harsh methods were not always necessary, I felt sure.

After our evening meal—a combination of dinner and supper, of which Euphemia used to say that she did not know whether to call it dinper or supner—we went out together to look at our new guardian.

Euphemia was charmed with him.

"How massive!" she exclaimed. "What splendid limbs! And look at that immense head! I know I shall never be afraid now. I feel that that is a dog I can rely upon. Make him stand up, please, so I can see how tall he is."

"I think it would be better not to disturb him," I answered, "he may be tired. He will get up of his own accord very soon. And indeed I hope that he will not get up until I go to the store and get him a new chain."

As I said this I made a step forward to look at his chain, and at that instant a low growl, like the first rumbling of an earthquake, ran through the dog.

I stepped back again, and walked over to the village for the chain. The dog-chains shown me at the store all seemed too short and too weak, and I concluded to buy two chains such as used for hitching horses and to join them so as to make a long as well as a strong one of them. I

wanted him to be able to come out of the wood-shed when it should be necessary to show himself.

On my way home with my purchase the thought suddenly struck me, how will you put that chain on your dog? The memory of the rumbling growl was still vivid.

I never put the chain on him. As I approached him with it in my hand, he rose to his feet, his eyes sparkled, his black lips drew back from his mighty teeth, he gave one savage bark and sprang at me.

His chain held and I went into the house. That night he broke loose and went home to his master, who lived fully ten miles away.

When I found in the morning that he was gone, I was in doubt whether it would be better to go and look for him or not. But I concluded to keep up a brave heart, and found him, as I expected, at the place where I had bought him. The Irishman took him to my house again and I had to pay for the man's loss of time as well as for his fare on the railroad. But the dog's old master chained him up with the new chain and I felt repaid for my outlay.

Every morning and night I fed that dog, and I spoke as kindly and gently to him as I know how. But he seemed to cherish a distaste for me, and always greeted me with a growl. He was an awful dog.

About a week after the arrival of this animal I was astonished and frightened on nearing the house to hear a scream from my wife. I rushed into the yard and was greeted with a succession of screams from two voices, that seemed to come from the vicinity of the woodshed. Hurrying thither, I perceived Euphemia standing on the roof of the shed in perilous proximity to the edge, while near the ridge of the roof sat our hired girl with her handkerchief over her head.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried Euphemia. "Climb up here! The dog is loose! Be quick! Be quick! Oh! he's coming, he's coming!"

I asked for no explanation. There was a rail-fence by the side of the shed and I sprang on this, and was on the roof just as the dog came bounding and barking from the barn.

Instantly Euphemia had me in her arms, and we came very near going off the roof together.

"I never feared to have you come home before," she sobbed. "I thought he would tear you limb from limb."

"But how did all this happen?" said I.

"Och! I kin hardly remember," said the girl from under her handkerchief.

"Well, I didn't ask you," I said, somewhat too sharply.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said Euphemia. "There was a man at the gate and he looked suspicious and didn't try to come in, and Mary was at the barn looking for an egg, and I thought this was a good time to see whether the dog was a good watch-dog or not, so I went and unchained him—"

"Did you unchain that dog?" I cried.

"Yes, and the minute he was loose he made a rush at the gate, but the man was gone before he got there, and as he ran down the road I saw that he was Mr. Henderson's man, who was coming here on an errand, I expect, and then I went down to the barn to get Mary to come and help me chain up the dog, and when she came out he began to chase me and then her; and we were so frightened that we climbed up here, and I don't know, I'm sure, how I ever got up that fence; and do you think he can climb up here?"

"Oh no! my dear," I said.

"An' he's just the beast to go afther a stip-ladder," said the girl, in muffled tones.

"And what are we to do?" asked Euphemia. "We can't eat and sleep up here. Don't you think that if we were all to shout out together, we could make some neighbor hear?"

"Oh yes!" I said, "there is no doubt of it. But then, if a neighbor came, the dog would fall on him—

"And tear him limb from limb," interrupted Euphemia.

"Yes, and besides, my dear, I should hate to have any of the neighbors come and find us all up here. It would look so utterly absurd. Let me try and think of some other plan."

"Well, please be as quick as you can. It's dreadful to be—who's that?"

I looked up and saw a female figure just entering the yard.

"Oh, what shall we do?" exclaimed Euphemia. "The dog will get her. Call to her!"

"No, no," said I, "don't make a noise. It will only bring the dog. He

seems to have gone to the barn, or somewhere. Keep perfectly quiet and she may go up on the porch, and as the front door is not locked, she may rush into the house, if she sees him coming."

"I do hope she will do that," said Euphemia, anxiously.

"And yet," said I, "it's not pleasant to have strangers going into the house when there's no one there."

"But it's better than seeing a stranger torn to pieces before your eyes," said Euphemia.

"Yes," I replied, "it is. Don't you think we might get down now? The dog isn't here."

"No, no! cried Euphemia. "There he is now coming this way. And look at that woman! She is coming right to this shed."

Sure enough, our visitor had passed by the front door, and was walking toward us. Evidently she had heard our voices.

"Don't come here!" cried Euphemia. "You'll be killed! Run! run! The dog is coming! Why, mercy on us! It's Pomona!"

Sure enough, it was Pomona. There stood our old servant-girl, of the canal-boat, with a crooked straw bonnet on her head, a faded yellow parasol in her hand, a parcel done up in newspaper under her arm and an expression of astonishment on her face.

"Well, truly!" she ejaculated.

"Into the house, quick!" I said. "We have a savage dog!"

"And here he is!" cried Euphemia. "Oh! she will be torn to atoms."

Straight at Pomona came the great black beast, barking furiously. But the girl did not move; she did not even turn her head to look at the dog, who stopped before he reached her, and began to rush wildly around her, barking terribly.

We held our breath. I tried to say "get out!" or "lie down!" but my tongue could not form the words.

"Can't you get up here?" gasped Euphemia.

"I don't want to," said the girl.

The dog now stopped barking, and stood looking at Pomona, occasionally glancing up at us. Pomona took not the slightest notice of him.

"Do you know, ma'am," said she to Euphemia, "that if I had come here yesterday, that dog would have had my life's blood."

"And why don't he have it to-day?" said Euphemia, who, with myself, was utterly amazed at the behavior of the dog.

"Because I know more to-day than I did yesterday," answered Pomona. "It is only this afternoon that I read something, as I was coming here on the cars. This is it," she continued, unwrapping her paper parcel, and taking from it one of the two books it contained. "I finished this part just as the cars stopped, and I put my scissors in the place; I'll read it to you."

Standing there with one book still under arm, the newspaper half unwrapped from it, hanging down and flapping in the breeze, she opened the other volume at the scissors-place, turned back a page or two, and began to read as follows:

"Lord Edward slowly san-ter-ed up the bro-ad anc-es-tral walk, when sudden-ly from out a copse there sprang a fur-i-ous hound. The marsh-man, con-ce-al-ed in a tree, expected to see the life's blood of the young nob-le-man stain the path. But no, Lord Edward did not stop nor turn his head. With a smile, he strode stead-i-ly on. Well he knew that if, by be-traying no em-otion, he could show the dog that he was walking where he had a right, the bru-te would re-cognize that right and let him pass un-sca-thed. Thus in this moment of peril his nob-le courage saved him. The hound, abashed, returned to his cov-ert, and Lord Edward pass-ed on.

"'Foiled again,' mutter-ed the marsh-man."

"Now then," said Pomona, closing the book, "you see I remembered that, the minute I saw the dog coming, and I didn't betray any emotion. Yesterday, now, when I didn't know it, I'd 'a been sure to betray emotion, and he would have had my life's blood. Did he drive you up there?"

"Yes," said Euphemia; and she hastily explained the situation.

"Then I guess I'd better chain him up," remarked Pomona; and advancing to the dog she took him boldly by the collar and pulled him toward the shed. The animal hung back at first, but soon followed her and she chained him up securely.

"Now you can come down," said Pomona.

I assisted Euphemia to the ground, and

Pomona persuaded the hired girl to descend.

"Will he grab me by the leg?" asked the girl.

"No; get down, gump," said Pomona, and down she scrambled.—*Rudder Grange.*

F. R. STOCKTON.

A SNOW-STORM IN VERMONT.

[**Charles Gamage Eastman,** an American journalist and writer of poems, was born in Fryeburg, Maine, in 1816, being the son of a watchmaker. At eighteen years he entered the University of Vermont, supporting himself by contributions to the press and teaching. He became editor and owner of the *Vermont Patriot,* at Montpelier, the capital, in 1846, which he held until his death in 1861. He was a member of the Vermont State Senate for years. An edition of his poems, which first appeared in 1848, was republished by his widow, with additions, in 1880, at Montpelier.]

'Tis a fearful night in the Winter-time,
As cold as it ever can be:
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime
Of the waves of an angry sea.
The moon is full, but the wings to-night
Of the furious blast dash out her light;
And over the sky, from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the storm comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day,
As it never came down before,
Till over the ground, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet or more.
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curb gone;
The haystack rose to a mountain lift;
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came wind and hail,
While the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful gale
Was heard on the distant hill;
And the norther! see, on the mountain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, Ho! ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad!
In the hail and the freezing air,
Lies a shivering dog, in the field by the road,
With the snow on his shaggy hair.
As the wind drives, see him crouch and growl,
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl;
Then, to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet:—
Pray, what does the dog do there?

An old man came from the town to-night,
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with main and might
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But deeper still the snow-drifts grew,
And colder still the fierce wind blew;
And his mare—a beautiful Morgan brown—
At last o'er a log had floundered down,
That deep in a hollow lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,
She made in the heavy snow;
And her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb, and had lost their might:
So he struggled back again to his sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives with a wistful cry
To catch the glance of his drowsy eye;
And wags his tail when the rude winds flap
The skirts of his coat across his lap,
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, the storm is o'er;
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The forest writhes and bends no more,
In the rush of the sweeping blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light
On the high old hills, with the snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
Of ledge and tree, and ghostly stump,
On the silent plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town:
The man in the sleigh, the faithful dog,
And the beautiful Morgan brown!

He sits in his sleigh; with steady grasp
He holds the reins in his icy clasp;
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet
Where she lay when she floundered down.

SEVENTEEN.

[**Amelia B. Welby, née Coppuck,** born in St. Michaels, Md., 1821; removed to Louisville, Ky., about 1835, and was married to George B. Welby, of that city, 1838; died at Lexington, Ky., May 2, 1852. She became known at an early age by poetical contributions to *The Louisville Journal*, under the signature of Amelia. A volume of poems by Amelia was published at Boston, 1844, 8vo., and four large editions followed within the next four years. A new and enlarged edition, illustrated with original designs, by Robert W. Weir, 8vo. and 12mo., was published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in 1850. We give an example of her excellent style in *Seventeen.*]

I have a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen.
She dwells among us like a star
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this.

I do not mean that flattery
Has never reached her ear;
I only say its siren song
Has no effect on her;
For she is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild;
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child.

And yet within the misty depths
Of her dark, dreamy eyes
A shadowy something like deep thought
In tender sadness lies;
For though her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years,
Its wildness and its lustre now
Are softened down by tears.

Tears that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For none but lovely feelings in
Her gentle breast have met;
For every tear that gems her eye
From her young bosom flows,
Like dewdrops from a golden star,
Or sweetness from a rose.

For e'en in life's delicious spring
We oft have memories
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;
For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reached that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart is thrown
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

I do not know if round her heart
Love yet hath thrown his wing;
I rather think she's like myself,
An April-hearted thing.
I only know that she is fair,
And loves me passing well,
But who this gentle maiden is
I feel not free to tell.

DEDICATION OF THE INSTITUTES.

[**John Calvin,** one of the most celebrated divines of the orthodox church, was a Frenchman. Born at Noyon in 1509, he died in 1564 at Geneva. Educated at Paris, and endowed with a most acute intellect, he early studied dialectics and the scholastic philosophy, shunning society and intensely devoted to study. Calvin began to preach at nineteen, but soon went to Orleans, where he studied law. Espousing the Protestant faith, he gave up the legal profession, and devoted himself to the church. A keen controversialist, he wrote in Latin his *Institutes of the Christian Religion* (1536), the work by which he is best known, though he wrote some forty volumes of commentaries on the Scriptures. Removing to Geneva, he became the leader of the Swiss Reformers, and appeared as the accuser of Servetus, charged with heresy in doctrine, and condemned to be burned at the stake (1553). Calvin's assertion of ecclesiastical discipline was extreme, and brought him into collision both with the authorities and the populace.

A SEIFERT PINX

LUBIN & CO

He was an ascetic in life, and his theology asserts the doctrines of predestination, election, and the sacraments as its cardinal features.]

When I began this work, sire, nothing was farther from my thoughts than writing a book which would afterwards be presented to your majesty. My intention was only to lay down some elementary principles by which inquirers on the subject of religion might be instructed in the nature of true piety. And this labor I undertook chiefly for my countrymen, the French, of whom I apprehend multitudes to be hungering and thirsting after Christ, but saw very few possessing any real knowledge of him. But when I perceived that the fury of certain men in your kingdom had grown to such a height as to leave no room in the land for sound doctrine, I thought I should be usefully employed if in the same work I delivered my instructions to them, and exhibited my Confession to you, that you may know the nature of that doctrine which is the object of such unbounded rage to those madmen who are now disturbing the country with fire and sword. For I shall not be afraid to acknowledge that this treatise contains a summary of that very doctrine which, according to their clamors, deserves to be punished with imprisonment, banishment, proscription, and flames, and to be exterminated from the face of the earth. I well know with what atrocious insinuations your ears have been filled by them, in order to render our cause most odious in your esteem; but your clemency should lead you to consider that if accusation be accounted a sufficient evidence of guilt, there will be an end of all innocence in words and actions. . . . .

Therefore, I beseech you, sire—and surely it is not an unreasonable request—to take upon yourself the entire cognizance of this cause, which has hitherto been confusedly and carelessly agitated without any order of law, and with outrageous passion rather than judicial gravity. Think not that I am now meditating my own individual defence in order to effect a safe return to my native country; for though I feel the affection which every man ought to feel for it, yet, under the existing circumstances, I regret not my removal from it. But I plead the cause of all the godly, and consequently of Christ himself, which having been in these days persecuted and trampled on in all ways in your kingdom, now lies in a deplorable state; and this indeed rather through the tyranny of certain pharisees than with your knowledge. . . . . This is a cause worthy of your attention, worthy of your cognizance, worthy of your throne. This consideration constitutes true royalty, to acknowledge yourself in the government of your kingdom to be the minister of God. For where the glory of God is not made the end of the government it is not a legitimate sovereignty but an usurpation. And he is deceived who expects lasting prosperity in that kingdom which is not ruled by the sceptre of God—that is, his holy word; for that heavenly oracle cannot fail who declares that "where there is no vision the people perish." . . . .

Let not your majesty be at all moved by those groundless accusations with which our adversaries endeavor to terrify you: as, that the sole tendency and design of this new gospel—for so they call it—is to furnish a pretext for seditions and to gain impunity for all crimes. . . . . It is unjust to charge us with such motives and designs, of which we have never given cause for the least suspicion. Is it probable that we are meditating the subversion of kingdoms?—we who were never heard to utter a factious word; whose lives were ever known to be peaceable and honest while we lived under your government; and who now, even in our exile, cease not to pray for all prosperity to attend yourself and your kingdom. . . . . But if the gospel be made a pretext for tumults—which has not yet happened in your kingdom; if any persons make the liberty of divine grace an excuse for the licentiousness of their vices—of whom I have known many—there are laws and legal penalties by which they may be punished according to their deserts: only let not the gospel of God be reproached for the crimes of wicked men. . . . .

But if your ears are so preoccupied with the whispers of the malevolent as to leave no opportunity for the accused to speak for themselves; and if these outrageous furies, with your connivance, continue to persecute with imprisonments, scourgings, tortures, confiscations, and flames, we shall indeed, like sheep destined to the slaughter, be reduced to the greatest extremities. Yet shall we in patience possess our souls, and wait for the mighty

hand of the Lord, which undoubtedly will in time appear, and show itself armed for the deliverance of the poor from their affliction, and for the punishment of their despisers, who now exult in such perfect security. May the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness, and your kingdom with equity.

THE HUMAN MIND NATURALLY ENDUED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

We lay it down as a position not to be controverted that the human mind, even by natural instinct, possesses some sense of a deity. For that no man might shelter himself under the pretext of ignorance, God hath given to all some apprehension of his existence, the memory of which he frequently and insensibly renews; so that as men universally know that there is a God, and that he is their Maker, they must be condemned by their own testimony for not having worshipped him, and consecrated their lives to his service. If we seek for ignorance of a deity, it is nowhere more likely to be found than among tribes the most stupid and farthest from civilization. But, as the celebrated Cicero observes, there is no nation so barbarous, no race so savage, as not to be firmly persuaded of the being of a God. Even those who in other respects appear to differ but little from brutes always retain some sense of religion, so fully are the minds of men possessed with this common principle which is closely interwoven with their original composition. Now, since there has never been a country or family, from the beginning of the world, totally destitute of religion, it is a tacit confession that some sense of the divinity is inscribed on every heart. Of this opinion idolatry itself furnishes ample proof; for we know how reluctantly man would degrade himself to exalt other creatures above him.—*Institutes*, Book I., Chap. I.

JOHN CALVIN.

FRENCH CHARACTERISTICS.

[**Victor E. Philarète-Chasles**, a French historian and critic, was born in 1798 at Chartres, and died in 1873. In youth he lived seven years in England, where he superintended in Valpy's printing-office impressions of the Greek and Latin classics. In 1827 he bore off the prize for eloquence proposed by the French Academy, and soon became attached as editor to the *Journal de Débats*, which he never afterwards quitted, besides writing copiously for the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The principal works of M. Chasles are: *Etudes de Littérature Comparée*, *Etudes sur l'Espagne*, *Etudes sur la Révolution d'Angleterre*, *Etudes sur l'Homme et les Moeurs*, *au XIXième Siècle*, *Etudes sur les Anglo-Américains*, *Voyages d'un Critique à travers la Vie et les Livres*, *Etudes sur l'Allemagne*, and *La Psychologie Sociale*.]

France, from the first germ of being, was not endowed with the calculating spirit—the *talent for affairs*, I name it. Her genius was for glory. The Celts of the ancient world were famed as brilliant adventurers. The sword, wielded by them, glittered throughout the East and West, and they were known as the most valiant of warriors. Such is the Gallic character. The Gallo-Roman, scarcely modified by twenty centuries' affiliation, under Bonaparte, pointed her sabre at the base of the pyramids. This son of the army of Brennus shook the capital, but it trembled only for a moment. In spite of affiliations of diverse Gauls from the North and South, who are grouped by conquest around the central country, does not France remain the same? Pre-eminently social, living with others and for others, more alive to honor than fortune, to vanity than power. These are their ineffaceable elements. We became Romans as the Russians became French. What we borrowed, above all, from our masters, was not their discipline, but their elegance, their obedience, their oratory, and their poetry. Christianity afterwards diffused among us her sweet charities; the charm of social life was augmented. In fine, the German irruption inspired France with a taste for military prowess; but still she had a warlike garrulity, if I may so style it, easy and gay, which was evinced by the narrations of our first chroniclers and fablers. In the meantime, there was no place for the *spirit of affairs*.

Chivalry, elsewhere serious, was with us a charming and delightful parade. At the epoch of the crusades, our seigneurs put their châteaux in pledge, and joined in the Holy Wars. In the sixteenth century, Francis I., who spent all in beautiful costumes, had not money to pay his

ransom. Under Henry IV., the counts sold their property, and *wore their estates upon their shoulders;* as said Fœneste. Under Louis XIII. we borrowed the grave courtesy of the Spaniard, his gallantry, his romantic dramas and dramatic romances. The same passion, augmented in the reign of Louis XIV., a remarkable epoch in France. Then all the ancient elements of the French character shone with intense lustre. Sociability became general, talent was honored, the clergy civilized the people, and obtained for recompense that pontificate of which Bossuet was first crowned. The fine arts satisfied the national vanity, and even our defects appeared a generous efflorescence, which consoled a people easy to console.

As to good financial administration, the progress of industry, the development of the business talent in France, I sought it in vain in her history. Some partial efforts and heroic starts, little supported, seemed to betray that our nation had no aptitude for modest endeavor, and contentment with moderate success. The financial history of France is composed of a series of mad speculations. In vain Colbert and Louis XIV. pretended to foster industry. France, in servitude, possessed not the first condition. Industry, daughter of independence, was doomed to attempt her achievements in trammels. Colbert put commerce under regulations and protecting stratagems, when the invasion of France and political events extinguished her manufactures in their cradle. During the regency, many futile attempts were made to create industry. Societies were formed; galleons were expedited to the Indies. Government was the godfather and victim to the jugglery which duped itself in duping others.

During all this time, England, her credit established, founded free corporations, under the enlightened reign of William the Third. Later, in France, the combination of riches and labor could do nothing. Voltaire, Diderot, and all the learned men, thought only of destroying the *rotten social organization.* From 1789 to 1793 their previsions were justified, and their efforts responded to. Soon followed the fourteen years of the republic—the *maximum* and the *guillotine.* Nothing of all this could create a healthy industry, but the spoliations turned to the profit of energetic men. Napoleon reigned, and he believed to sustain industry by the war which destroyed it. In depriving France of exterior resources, she was forced to resort to artificial means to supply her needs. But England, in her struggle, maintained her resources. . . . It is impossible not to recognize that the antecedents of France are opposed to the development of this new social phasis, called the industrial. Industry cannot result in riches of an individual or a people, excepting under certain moral conditions. Is France possessed of them?

She possesses exactly the contrary elements. France was in a chaotic state—a fusion of all ranks—no social basis, no principle, no conviction, but in a morbid state of exhaustion and weariness. There was no centre in society, no point to lean upon. Each man was his own centre, as he might and could be. Scarcely had one obtained an individuality, by riches, by credit, or fame, to be able to form a group of individualities impregnated with his principles, than, the apprenticeship served, these satellites would detach themselves, and form centres in their turn. They called that independence, but it was dissolution. There is such liberty, when the elements of the body are scattered in the tomb. From 1825 to 1840, there were everywhere little centres, without force, sufficient attraction, or radiation. There had not been, since Napoleon, one centre, political, intellectual, moral, which had the least solidity—a theory that was complete, a light which was not vacillating.—*Notabilities in France and England.*

A SIMPLE HOUSEHOLD.

[**Victor Cherbuliez,** one of the most popular of the modern novelists of France, was born in 1828 at Geneva. He began to write early in life for the *Revue de Deux Mondes,* in which appeared a long series of his romances, from 1863 to the present time. Among his best known works are: *Le Comte Kostia* (1863); *Le Prince Vitale* (1864); *Meta Holdenis* (1873); *Miss Rovel* (1875); *Samuel Brohl et Cie.* (1876); *Jean Têterol* (1878); and *Le Revanche de Joseph Noirel* (1880). Cherbuliez also contributed largely to the journal *Le Temps* articles of criticism and biography, as well as political comments. He was elected to the French Academy in 1882.]

One day we took a long horseback-ride.

I was riding a chestnut full of pluck and fire; and Harris, who was an adept in horsemanship, and rather chary of his compliments, having deigned to praise my talents in that direction, I flattered myself that I was cutting something of a figure in the world. In the evening we stopped at a country inn for refreshments. At the extremity of the arbor, where we had taken our seats, sat a family, just finishing a rural meal. A young girl of about eighteen, apparently the oldest of the children, stood facing me at the table, evidently fulfilling the duties of major-domo, for she was carving a fowl. To protect herself against the sun, that here and there slid through the foliage, she had put a *fichu* on her head. It was this which first attracted my attention, but the face underneath it interested me far more. Harris asked me jestingly what I could find to admire in so ugly a creature; but I gave him to understand that he was no judge in the matter. This ugly creature, as he called her, was a brunette; rather short than tall, with chestnut hair, eyes of the clearest and sweetest blue—indeed, two veritable turquoises—and a beauty-mole on the left cheek. She was neither handsome nor pretty; her nose was too heavy, her chin too square, her mouth too large, her lips too thick; but she had, on the other hand, that peculiar charm of I don't know what, which bewitches: a nectarine complexion; cheeks like those fruits one longs to bite into; a face that resembles no other face; an ingenuous air, a caressing look, an angelic smile, and a singing voice. Her way of carving fowls was indeed adorable! Her four younger sisters and two little brothers were holding up their plates to her, opening their beaks like so many little chickens waiting for their food. She helped them all to their satisfaction. Her father, who had his back to me, called to her in a honeyed voice and German accent, which sounded strangely familiar to me, "Meta, you keep nothing to yourself, my dear!" She replied in German, and she must have said something charming, for he cried, "*Allerliebst!*" an exclamation I had no need of going to Dresden to understand. At the same time he turned toward me, and I recognized the venerable face of my traveling companion.

M. Holdenis, who was to live henceforth in my memory as the father of the most charming ugly creature I had ever met, remembered me at once, and, as I advanced toward him, received me with open arms. He asked permission to introduce me to Madame Holdenis, a large, stout woman, round as a ball, rosy, ugly, and not the least charming. I excused myself for not having called on him before, and did not leave till I had obtained an invitation to dinner for the next day. . . .

M. Holdenis lived in a comfortable country-house, five minutes' walk from the town. The place was called Florissant, and the house Mon-Nid; you will see by-and-by that I have had good reasons for remembering these names. I was punctual at the rendezvous, despite Harris, who had sworn to make me miss it. M. Holdenis welcomed me with the most amiable cordiality. He collected immediately his seven children, placed them like organ pipes all in a row, according to age and size, and gave me their names. I had to listen to the story of their precocious exploits, their winning ways, their natural wit. I expressed my delight and put Madame Holdenis into ecstasy. "They are the very children of their mother!" said the husband—and, looking lovingly at her, he kissed chivalrously both her very red hands.

During this time the busy Meta came and went, lighting the lamps, making bouquets to stand on the mantle-piece, sliding into the dining-room to help the servant in setting the table, and from there darting into the kitchen to give an eye to the roast. Her father told me that they called her, in the house, "Little Mouse," *das Mäuschen*, because she moved about so noiselessly; she had the secret of being everywhere at once. The meal seemed to me delicious—for had she not had a hand in it? But what appeared still more admirable was the appetite of my host; I was, indeed, afraid he would hurt himself; all went off well, however; we took our coffee on the veranda in the starlight—the honeysuckle and jasmines intoxicating us with their perfumes. "What matters it whether one lives in a palace or in a hut?" remarked Monsieur Holdenis to me, "provided one keeps a window open to a bit of blue sky?"

Having called back his progeny, he arranged them in a circle, and made them sing psalms. Meta beat the time for the young concert-singers, and at times gave

them the key-note; she had a nightingale-voice, pure as crystal. We returned into the parlor. Games followed the psalms, until, the clock having struck ten, the worthy pastor of the flock made a sign well understood by all, which stopped all merriment and introduced family worship.

He then opened an enormous folio Bible, over which, bending his patriarchal head, he remained a few moments silent as if to collect his thoughts, and then began to improvise a homily upon the text of the Apocalypse: "These are the two olivetrees, and the two candlesticks, standing before the God of the earth." I thought I understood him to mean that the two candlesticks represented Monsieur and Madame Holdenis; the little Holdenises were as yet only bits of candles, but with proper efforts were expected to grow into wax-tapers.

As soon as he had closed his big Bible, I rose to take my leave. He grasped both my hands, and looking at me tenderly with tears in his eyes, said: "Behold our every-day life. You have found Germany even in this foreign country. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but Germany is the only place in the world that knows what real family life means—that perfect union of souls, that poetic and ideal sentiment of things. And," added he, with an amiable smile, "I do not think I am mistaken when I say that you seem to me worthy in every way to become a German."

I assured him, looking sideways at Meta, that he was not mistaken; that I felt within me something that looked very much like a touch of divine grace.

Half an hour later I repeated the same to Harris, who was waiting for me furiously impatient, before two bottles of rum and a pack of cards. "Out of what holy-water font do you come?" cried he, when he saw me; "you smell of virtue half a mile off." And, taking a brush, he dusted me from head to foot. He further tried to make me promise that I would not return to Florisant; but in vain. To punish me, he attempted to make me drunk, but, when one thinks of Meta, one does not get intoxicated on mere rum.

If Mon-Nid proved to my taste, my dear madame, the compliment was reciprocated, for Mon-Nid was also well pleased with me; I felt a welcome guest there; was made a great deal of; was liked, in short. When I submitted my project to learn German, to M. Holdenis, he offered with a rare kindness to give me every day a lesson; and, as on the same occasion I expressed to him a great desire to paint his daughter's portrait, he granted me the request without very much ado. The consequence was that the nephew of my uncle Gedeon spent every day several hours in the sanctuary of virtue; the time given to Ollendorf's Grammar, however, was by no means the most agreeable; not that M. Holdenis was a bad teacher, but his disquisitions seemed to me rather long-winded. He repeated too often that the French were a giddy people, that their poets and artists were devoid of ideality, that Corneille and Racine were cold rhetoricians, that La Fontaine was wanting in grace and Molière in mirth. He demonstrated also, at too great a length, that the German was the only language that could express the depths of the soul and the infinitude of sentiment.

On the other hand, I always found Meta's sittings too short. The portrait I had undertaken was to me the most attractive I had ever attempted, but also the most laborious of tasks. I often despaired of going creditably through with it, so hard was it for me to express what I saw and felt. Is there anything more difficult than to reproduce with the brush the charm that is not beautiful? to fix on the canvas a face without decided lineaments and features, whose whole worth rests on ingenuousness of expression, on blushing candor, on the caresses of the eye, and the luminous grace of the smile? Nor was that all: there lurked in that angelic face something else, which I strove in vain to render. . . . She seemed always very willing to sit for me, and appeared to like my company. She was, by turns, serious and playful. When serious, she would question me about the Louvre, or the history of painting. When inclined to merriment, she amused herself talking German to me, and made me repeat ten times the same word after her. I generally answered as well as I could, making use of all I knew. My cock-and-bull stories made her sometimes laugh until the tears came. I gained by it the right to call her by her pet name Mäuschen, which I managed to bring in in all I had to say; and as the word was hard

to pronounce, it proved the most useful of exercises to me. At the end of every sitting, and to pay me for my trouble, she would recite to me *The King of Thule.* She recited with exquisite taste, and whenever she came to the last lines—

> "Die Augen thaten ihm sinken,
> Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr,"

her eyes filled with tears, and her voice became so faint and trembling that it seemed to die away. She sang that beautiful song so often to me that I soon knew it by heart, and indeed know it yet.—*Meta Holdenis.*

META AS GOVERNESS.

While I was all admiration, and wandered through the fields, Meta Holdenis was quietly making the conquest of every inhabitant of Les Charmilles. A few days sufficed her to subdue the ungovernable Lulu. She had requested that nobody should come between her and the child; that no one should interfere with the rules she had laid down, or the punishments she would judge proper to inflict. It was a hard point to gain with Madame de Mauserre; she yielded, however, to the representations of her husband. At the first great misbehavior Lulu became guilty of, her governess shut herself up with her in a large room where there was nothing to break; then taking a seat with her work by the window, she began to sew, letting Lulu storm as much as she pleased. Lulu did her best; she stamped with her feet, threw the chairs about, howled. For three consecutive hours there was such a noise, that God's thunder would scarcely have been heard. Her governess kept on sewing, without appearing to be either moved or irritated by this fearful hubbub, until, completely exhausted in strength and lungs, Lulu fell asleep on the floor. After two or three experiences of this kind, she discovered that she had found a master; and as, after all, this master seemed to love her, and asked of her nothing but what was reasonable, she concluded that it was best to submit.

Children are so constituted that they esteem what resists them; and a calm reason, that acts instead of reasoning, works upon them like a charm. Lulu, who, despite her mettle, was a good child, became gradually attached to her governess to such a degree that she would not leave her any more, and often preferred her lessons to playing. . . . I do not know where Meta found the time to do all she did without appearing the least over-busy. Lulu's education was not a sinecure; and yet, she undertook, along with it, the housekeeping. Madame de Mauserre had too good a heart to govern a house properly. Her only ambition was to see happy faces around her. I remember, one day, when the rain had driven us for refuge into a wretched inn in the suburb of Rome, she ate up to the last morsel a detestable omelet, merely that the feelings of the innkeeper might not be wounded. She confessed to this weakness herself. "When I have scolded my maid, and she looks cross," she said, "I hasten to make amends, *e m' avoilisco.*"

Her servants, whom she spoiled, took advantage of it. Meta was not long in discovering that certain portions of the house-service were neglected, and that there was waste. On her remarks upon the subject, M. de Mauserre, who was not close with his money, but who loved order in everything, begged his wife to let Meta assist her in the government of the house, which, in a short time, was reformed, like Lulu. She had an eye on everything, in the laundry as well as in the pantry. Her mouse-like tread was constantly heard on the stairs, and the trail of her gray dress, which, without being new, was always so fresh and clean that it seemed just come from the hands of the mantua-maker, was sweeping noiselessly along the passages. The subalterns were not very willing, at first, to recognize her authority, and there was a good deal of ill-feeling and rude behavior towards her; but Meta's patience here again triumphed, and she succeeded in disarming them by opposing to their somewhat wanton familiarity or bluntness an unalterable politeness. She possessed the tact to tame all sorts of animals; the very dogs of the château had presented their duties to her on the first day of her arrival. To rule was truly her vocation.

At six o'clock the Mouse took off her gray vestments and putting on a black silk dress, which she relieved with a crimson bow, an ornament of similar color was put in her hair, and this formed her dinner toilet. She spoke very little during

meals; her attention was chiefly directed upon her pupil, whose exuberance of spirits required close watching. Between eight and nine o'clock she put Lulu to bed, and returned immediately to the drawing-room, where she was always impatiently expected. Everybody at Les Charmilles—M. de Mauserre especially—was passionately fond of music, and there was no other performer except Madame d'Arci, whose voice, though timid, was correct and agreeable. I cannot recollect a single instance of musical memory to be compared with Meta's; her head was a complete repertory of operas, oratorios and sonatas. She played or sang all the airs she was asked, supplying as well as she could what escaped her; after which, to please herself, she would conclude her concert with a piece from Mozart. Then her face would light up and her eyes sparkle; and it was then that, according to M. Mauserre's expression, her ugliness became luminous. He had at last conceded to me that, no doubt, Velasquez and Rembrandt would have preferred this ugliness to beauty.

Three weeks after her arrival at Les Charmilles, Meta Holdenis had so well defined her place there, that it seemed as if she had always belonged to the household, and that it would have been impossible to get along without her. If, at the house when we used to meet in the drawing-room, she was detained in her room, every one would say, coming in, "Is Mademoiselle Holdenis here? Where is Mademoiselle Holdenis?" M. d'Arci himself, in his better hours, would confess that he began to be reconciled with the ideal. Madame de Mauserre was never tired of chanting the praises of this pearl of governesses; she called her her angel, and could not bless enough the American Harris for having sent her that good, that amiable girl, that innocent heart, pure as a sky in spring-time. It was thus she gave vent to her enthusiasm. Of course, I was the last person to contradict her.—*Meta Holdenis.* VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

THE ROWAN TREE.

Oh, Rowan tree! Oh, Rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me,
Intwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy;
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the simmer's pride;
There was nae sic a bonnie tree, in a' the country side.
Oh, Rowan tree!

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright,
We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran;
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang.
Oh, Rowan tree!

On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see;
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be;
My mother! oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see;
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee!
Oh, Rowan tree!

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.
Oh, Rowan tree! LADY NAIRNE.[1]

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

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[1] See Vol. V., page 241.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glistn'ing e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and aye be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

[**Hector MacNeill**, a Scottish poet and prose writer, was born in 1746, and died at Edinburgh in 1818. He wrote among other things: *The Harp* (1789); *The Links of Forth* (1796); *Memoirs of Charles Macpherson; The Pastoral and Lyric Muse of Scotland;* and *A Scottish Adventurer*. We give the two following as perhaps the finest among his many songs.]

Come under my plaidie; the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, fo' twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye micht be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.

I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu' or tichtly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hail o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;
But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
I ha'e little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gi'e me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;
I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnnie was listnin', and heard her tell a':
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.
He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The howlet was screaming, while Johnnie cried, Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

O, the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four score and twa:

The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards be wary! tak' tent wha you marry;
Young wives wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthful and bonnie,
And they'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

SAW YE MY WEE THING?

[Frequently called "Mary of Castle Cary." It was first printed in the *Bee*, in 1791.]

O saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:—
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart! modest her nature!
She never lo'ed onie, till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e!—
Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts an' your scorning:
Defend ye fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling:—
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie forgi'e me; your heart's constant to me:
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!

HECTOR MACNEILL.

THE INSURRECTION OF JACK CADE IN 1450.

[**Robert Fabyan**, or **Fabian**, b. London, near the middle of the fifteenth century, an English chronicler, alderman, and sheriff of London. His *Chronicle* extends from the time when "*Brute entered first the île of Albion*" to the year 1485. The chief value of the work is its details of city government and ceremonial, and his record of events which occurred in his own time.]

And in the month of June this year, the commons of Kent assembled them in great multitude, and chose to them a Captain, and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York; but of most he was named Jack Cade. This kept the people wondrously together, and made such ordinances among them that he brought a great number of people unto the Black Heath, where he devised a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and showed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such

as were about the king, a few persons in number, and all under color to come to his above. The king's council, seeing this bill, disallowed it, and counselled the king, which by the 7th day of June had gathered to him a strong host of people, to go again' his rebels, and to give unto them battle. Then the king, after the said rebels had holden their field upon Black Heath seven days, made toward them. Whereof hearing, the Captain drew back with his people to a village called Sevenoaks, and there embattled. Then it was agreed by the king's council that Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, with William his brother, and other certain gentlemen, should follow the chase, and the king with his lords should return unto Greenwich, weening to them that the rebels were fled and gone. But, as before I have showed, when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near unto Sevenoaks, he was warned of the Captain that there abode with his people. And when he had counselled with the other gentlemen, he, like a manful knight, set upon the rebels, and fought with them long; but in the end the Captain slew him and his brother, with many other, and caused the rest to give back. . . .

And so soon as Jack Cade had thus overcome the Staffords, he anon apparelled him with the knight's apparel, and did on him his bryganders set with gilt nails, and his salet and gilt spurs; and after he had refreshed his people, he returned again to Black Heath, and there pight again his field, as heretofore he had done, and lay there from the 29th day of June, being St. Peter's day, till the first day of July. In which season came unto him the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham, with whom they had long communication, and found him right discreet in his answers; howbeit they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him unto the king's grace.

In this while the king and the queen, hearing of the increasing of his rebels, and also the lords fearing their own servants, lest they would take the Captain's party, removed from London to Killingworth, leaving the city without aid, except only the Lord Scales, which was left to keep the Tower, and with him a manly and warly man named Matthew Gowth. Then the Captain of Kent thus hoving at Black Heath, to the end to blind the more the people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a petty captain of his named Paris, for so much as had offended again' such ordinances as he had established in his host. And hearing that the king and all his lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the city; so that upon the first day of July he entered the borough of Southwark, being then Wednesday, and lodged him there that night, for he might not be suffered to enter the city. . . .

And the same afternoon, about five of the clock, the Captain with his people entered by the bridge; and when he came upon the drawbridge, he hewed the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations in the king's name, that no man, upon pain of death, should rob or take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword, and said: "Now is Mortimer lord of this city." And when he had thus showed himself in divers places of the city, and showed his mind to the mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he before had done; his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would. Then upon the morn, being the third day of July and Friday, the said Captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Saye to be fette from the Tower, and led into the Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices. Then the Lord Saye desired that he might be judged by his peers. Whereof hearing, the Captain sent a company of his unto the hall, the which per force took him from his officers, and so brought him unto the standard in Cheap, where, or he were half shriven, they strake off his head; and that done, pight it upon a long pole, and so bare it about with them. . . .

Then toward night he returned into Southwark, and upon the morn re-entered the city, and dined that day at a place in St. Margaret Patyn parish, called Gherstis House; and when he had dined, like an uncurteous guest, robbed him, as the day

before he had Malpas. For which two robberies, albeit that the porail and the needy people drew unto him, and were partners of that ill, the honest and thrifty commoners cast in their minds the sequel of this matter, and feared lest they should be dealt with in like manner, by means whereof he lost the people's favor and hearts. For it was to be thought if he had not executed that robbery, he might have gone fair and brought his purpose to good effect, if he had intended well; but it is to deem and presuppose that the intent of him was not good, wherefore it might not come to any good conclusion.

Then, upon the fifth day of July, the Captain being in Southwark, caused a man to be beheaded, for cause of displeasure to him done, as the fame went; and so he kept him in Southwark all that day; howbeit he might have entered the city if he had wold. And when night was coming, the mayor and citizens, with Matthew Gowth, like to their former appointment, kept the passage of the bridge, being Sunday, and defended the Kentish men, which made great force to re-enter the city. Then the Captain, seeing this bickering begun, yode to harness and called his people about him, and set so fiercely upon the citizens that he drave them back from the stulpes in Southwark, or bridge-foot, unto the drawbridge. Then the Kentishmen set fire upon the drawbridge. In defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain. . . .

But it was not long after that the Captain with his company was thus departed that proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Sussex, and Sowtherey, that who might take the aforesaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand mark for his travail. After which proclamation thus published, a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time that he took him in a garden in Sussex, where in the taking of him the said Jack was slain; and so being dead was brought into Southwark the —— day of the month of September, and then left in the King's Bench for that night. And upon the morrow the dead corpse was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

[**Joseph Rodman Drake.** See Vol. III., p. 211.]

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the Stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
  The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her Eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic Monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
  When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on—
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet—
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall—
There shall thy meteor-glances glow,
  And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
  That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy Stars shall glitter o'er the brave:
When Death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy Stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard-sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE PARTING KISS.

[**Robert Dodsley,** an English bookseller and author, born in 1703, died in 1764. He was originally a servant, but in 1732 he put forth a little volume of poems entitled *The Muse in Livery*, and soon after wrote *The Toy Shop*, a dramatic piece, which was acted at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1735. Aided by Pope and others, he opened a bookseller's shop in London, an enterprise which was very successful, and he became the leading publisher of his day, and was on intimate terms with the principal British authors.[1]]

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

[**Alfred Domett,** an English writer of verse, is the original of Robert Browning's poem entitled "*Waring.*" Born in England in 1811 or 1815 (for the authorities are at variance), Domett contributed lyrics to *Blackwood's Magazine* as long ago as 1837. His early poetical promise was not fully realized because of his insatiable zeal for travelling, which would not let him rest. His productions dated from every quarter of the globe, till finally he disappeared completely, and after an absence of some thirty years, during which Browning wrote the poem beginning "What's become of Waring?" he turned up from Australia, with a long South Sea idyl. He published in 1877 a volume of lyrics, entitled *Flotsam and Jetsam*. We quote what is perhaps his finest poem. He died in 1887.]

I.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

II.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

III.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air, how calm, and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

IV.

O strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why:
The world was listening unawares.—
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!

[1] See page 307, Vol. VI.

To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

V.

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn—
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

TO HERODOTUS.

[**Andrew Lang**, a British poet and essayist, was born in Scotland in 1844, educated at Oxford, and has recently lived in London. His prose translations from Homer and the Greek pastoral poets are notably good. He is a leading member of the Folk-Lore Society, and has published *Custom and Myth* (1884); *Verses à la Mode*, which are light society poems (1885); and *Letters to Dead Authors* (1886). We cite from the last-named book.]

To Herodotus of Halicarnassus, greeting.—Concerning the matters set forth in your histories, and the tales you tell about both Greeks and Barbarians, whether they be true, or whether they be false, men dispute not little but a great deal. Wherefore I, being concerned to know the verity, did set forth to make search in every manner, and came in my quest even unto the ends of the earth. For there is an island of the Cimmerians beyond the Straits of Heracles, some three days' voyage to a ship that hath a fair following wind in her sails; and there it is said that men know many things from of old: thither, then, I came in my inquiry. Now, the island is not small, but large, greater than the whole of Hellas; and they call it Britain. In that island the east wind blows for ten parts of the year, and the people know not how to cover themselves from the cold. But for the other two months of the year the sun shines fiercely, so that some of them die thereof, and others die of the frozen mixed drinks; for they have ice even in the summer, and this ice they put to their liquor. Through the whole of this island, from the west even to the east, there flows a river called Thames: a great river and a laborious, but not to be likened to the River of Egypt.

The mouth of this river, where I stepped out from my ship, is exceedingly foul and of an evil savor by reason of the city on the banks. Now this city is several hundred parasangs in circumference. Yet a man that needed not to breathe the air might go round it in one hour, in chariots that run under the earth; and these chariots are drawn by creatures that breathe smoke and sulphur, such as Orpheus mentions in his *Argonantica*, if it be by Orpheus. The people of the town, when I inquired of them concerning Herodotus of Halicarnassus, looked on me with amazement, and went straightway about their business—namely, to seek out whatsoever new thing is coming to pass all over the whole inhabited world, and as for things old, they take no keep of them.

Nevertheless, by diligence I learned that he who in this land knew most concerning Herodotus was a priest, and dwelt in the priests' city on the river which is called the City of the Ford of the Ox. But whether Io, when she wore a cow's shape, had passed by that way in her wanderings, and thence comes the name of that city, I could not (though I asked all men I met) learn aught with certainty. But to me, considering this, it seemed that Io must have come thither. And now farewell to Io.

To the City of the priests there are two roads: one by land; and one by water, following the river. To a well-girdled man, the land journey is but one day's travel; by the river it is longer but more pleasant. Now that river flows, as I said, from the west to the east. And there is in it a fish called chub, which they catch; but they do not eat it, for a certain sacred reason. Also there is a fish called trout, and this is the manner of his catching. They build for this purpose great dams of wood, which they call weirs. Having built the weir, they sit upon it with rods in their hands, and a line on the rod, and at the end of the line a little fish. There then they "sit and spin in the sun," as one of their poets says, not for a short time, but for many days, having

rods in their hands and eating and drinking. In this wise they angle for the fish called trout; but whether they ever catch him or not, not having seen it, I cannot say; for it is not pleasant to me to speak things concerning which I know not the truth.

Now, after sailing and rowing against the stream for certain days, I came to the City of the Ford of the Ox. Here the river changes his name, and is called Isis, after the name of the goddess of the Egyptians. But whether the Britons brought the name from Egypt or whether the Egyptians took it from the Britons, not knowing I prefer not to say. But to me it seems that the Britons are a colony of the Egyptians, or the Egyptians a colony of the Britons. Moreover, when I was in Egypt I saw certain soldiers in white helmets, who were certainly British. But what they did there (as Egypt neither belongs to Britain nor Britain to Egypt) I know not, neither could they tell me. But one of them replied to me in that line of Homer (if the *Odyssey* be Homer's), "We have come to a sorry Cyprus, and a sad Egypt." Others told me that they once marched against the Ethiopians, and having defeated them several times, then came back again, leaving their property to the Ethiopians. But as to the truth of this I leave it to every man to form his own opinion.

Having come into the City of the Priests, I went forth into the street, and found a priest of the baser sort, who for a piece of silver led me hither and thither among the temples, discoursing of many things.

Now it seemed to me a strange thing that the city was empty, and no man dwelling therein, save a few priests only, and their wives, and their children, who are drawn to and fro in little carriages dragged by women. But the priest told me that during half the year the city was desolate, for that there came somewhat called "The Long," or "The Vac," and drave out the young priests. And he said that these did no other thing but row boats, and throw balls from one to the other, and this they were made to do, he said, that the young priests might learn to be humble, for they are the proudest of men. But whether he spoke truth or not I know not, only I set down what he told me. But to any one considering it, this appears rather to jump with his story—namely, that the young priests have houses on the river, painted of divers colors, all of them empty.

Then the priest, at my desire, brought me to one of the temples, that I might seek out all things concerning Herodotus the Halicarnassian, from one who knew. Now this temple is not the fairest in the city, but less fair and goodly than the old temples, yet goodlier and more fair than the new temples; and over the roof there is the image of an eagle made of stone—no small marvel, but a great one, how men came to fashion him; and that temple is called the House of Queens. Here they sacrifice a boar once every year; and concerning this they tell a certain sacred story which I know but will not utter.

Then I was brought to the priest who had a name for knowing most about Egypt, and the Egyptians, and the Assyrians, and the Cappadocians, and all the kingdoms of the great King. He came out to me, being attired in a black robe, and wearing on his head a square cap. But why the priests have square caps I know, and he who has been initiated into the mysteries which they call "Matric" knows, but I prefer not to tell. Concerning the square cap, then, let this be sufficient. Now, the priest received me courteously, and when I asked him, concerning Herodotus, whether he were a true man or not, he smiled, and answered "Abu Goosh," which, in the tongue of the Arabians, means "The Father of Liars." Then he went on to speak concerning Herodotus, and he said in his discourse that Herodotus not only told the thing which was not, but that he did so wilfully, as one knowing the truth but concealing it. For example, quoth he, "Solon never went to see Crœsus, as Herodotus avers; nor did those about Xerxes ever dream dreams; but Herodotus, out of his abundant wickedness, invented these things.

"Now behold," he went on, "how the curse of the Gods falls upon Herodotus. For he pretends that he saw Cadmeian inscriptions at Thebes. Now I do not believe there were any Cadmeian inscriptions there: therefore Herodotus is most manifestly lying. Moreover, this Herodotus never speaks of Sophocles the Athenian, and why not? Because he, being a child at school, did not learn Sophocles

by heart: for the tragedies of Sophocles could not have been learned at school before they were written, nor can any man quote a poet whom he never learned at school. Moreover, as all those about Herodotus knew Sophocles well, he could not appear to them to be learned by showing that he knew what they knew also." Then I thought the priest was making game and sport, saying first that Herodotus could know no poet whom he had not learned at school, and then saying that all the men of his time well knew this poet, "about whom every one was talking." But the priest seemed not to know that Herodotus and Sophocles were friends, which is proved by this, that Sophocles wrote an ode in praise of Herodotus.

Then he went on, and though I were to write with a hundred hands (like Briareus, of whom Homer makes mention) I could not tell you all the things that the priest said against Herodotus, speaking truly, or not truly, or sometimes correctly and sometimes not, as often befalls mortal men. For Herodotus, he said, was chiefly concerned to steal the lore of those who came before him, such as Hecatæus, and then to escape notice as having stolen it. Also he said that, being himself cunning and deceitful, Herodotus was easily beguiled by the cunning of others, and believed in things manifestly false, such as the story of the Phœnix-bird.

Then I spoke, and said that Herodotus himself declared that he could not believe that story; but the priest regarded me not. And he said that Herodotus had never caught a crocodile with cold pig, nor did he ever visit Assyria, nor Babylon, nor Elephantine; but, saying that he had been in these lands, said that which was not true. He also declared that Herodotus, when he travelled, knew none of the Fat Ones of the Egyptians, but only those of the baser sort. And he called Herodotus a thief and a beguiler, and "the same with intent to deceive," as one of their own poets writes. And, to be short, Herodotus, I could not tell you in one day all the charges which are now brought against you; but concerning the truth of these things, *you* know, not least, but most, as to yourself being guilty or innocent. Wherefore, if you have anything to show or set forth whereby you may be relieved from the burden of these accusations, now is the time. Be no longer silent; but, whether through the Oracle of the Dead, or the Oracle of Branchidæ, or that in Delphi, or Dodona, or of Amphiaraus at Oropus, speak to your friends and lovers (whereof I am one from of old) and let men know the very truth.

Now, concerning the priests in the City of the Ford of the Ox, it is to be said that of all men whom we know they receive strangers most gladly, feasting them all day. Moreover, they have many drinks, cunningly mixed, and of these the best is that they call Archdeacon, naming it from one of the priests' offices. Truly, as Homer says (if the *Odyssey* be Homer's), "when that draught is poured into the bowl then it is no pleasure to refrain."

Drinking of this wine, or nectar, Herodotus, I pledge you, and pour forth some deal on the ground, to Herodotus of Halicarnassus, in the House of Hades.

And I wish you farewell, and good be with you. Whether the priest spoke truly, or not truly, even so may such good things betide you as befall dead men.

TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Sir, — There are moments when the wheels of life, even of such a life as yours, run slow, and when mistrust and doubt overshadow even the most intrepid disposition. In such a moment, towards the ending of your days, you said to your son, M. Alexandre Dumas, "I seem to see myself set on a pedestal which trembles as if it were founded on the sands." These sands, your uncounted volumes, are all of gold, and make a foundation more solid than the rock. As well might the singer of Odysseus, or the authors of the *Arabian Nights* or the first inventors of the stories of Boccaccio, believe that their works were perishable (their names, indeed, have perished), as the creator of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* alarm himself with the thought that the world could ever forget Alexandre Dumas.

Than yours there has been no greater nor more kindly and beneficent force in modern letters. To Scott, indeed, you owed the first impulse of your genius;

but, once set in motion, what miracles could it not accomplish? Our dear Porthos was overcome, at last, by a superhuman burden; but your imaginative strength never found a task too great for it. What an extraordinary vigor, what health, what an overflow of force was yours! It is good, in a day of small and laborious ingenuities, to breathe the free air of your books, and dwell in the company of Dumas's men—so gallant, so frank, so indomitable, such swordsmen, and such trenchermen. Like M. de Rochefort in *Vingt Ans Après*, like that prisoner of the Bastille, your genius "n'est que d'un parti, c'est du parti du grand air."

There seems to radiate from you a still persistent energy and enjoyment; in that current of strength not only your characters live, frolic, kindly, and sane, but even your very collaborators were animated by the virtue which went out of you. How else can we explain it, the dreary charge which feeble and envious tongues have brought against you, in England and at home? They say you employed in your novels and dramas that vicarious aid which, in the slang of the studio, the "sculptor's ghost" is fabled to afford.

Well, let it be so; these ghosts, when uninspired by you, were faint and impotent as "the strengthless tribes of the dead" in Homer's Hades, before Odysseus had poured forth the blood that gave them a momentary valor. It was from you and your inexhaustible vitality that these collaborating spectres drew what life they possessed; and when they parted from you they shuddered back into their nothingness. Where are the plays, where the romances which Maquet and the rest wrote in their own strength? They are forgotten with last year's snows; they have passed into the wide waste-paper basket of the world. You say of D'Artagnan, when severed from his three friends—from Porthos, Athos, and Aramis—"he felt that he could do nothing, save on the condition that each of these companions yielded to him, if one may so speak, a share of that electric fluid which was his gift from heaven."

No man of letters ever had so great a measure of that gift as you; none gave of it more freely to all who came—to the chance associate of the hour, as to the characters, all so burly and full-blooded, who flocked from your brain. Thus it was that you failed when you approached the supernatural. Your ghosts had too much flesh and blood, more than the living persons of feebler fancies. A writer so fertile, so rapid, so masterly in the ease with which he worked, could not escape the reproaches of barren envy. Because you overflowed with wit, you could not be "serious;" because you created with a word, you were said to scamp your work; because you were never dull, never pedantic, incapable of greed, you were to be censured as desultory, inaccurate, and prodigal.

A generation suffering from mental and physical anæmia—a generation devoted to the "chiselled phrase," to accumulated "documents," to microscopic porings over human baseness, to minute and disgustful records of what in humanity is least human—may readily bring these unregarded and railing accusations. Like one of the great and good-humored Giants of Rabelais, you may hear the murmurs from afar, and smile with disdain. To you, who can amuse the world—to you who offer it the fresh air of the highway, the battle-field, and the sea—the world must always return: escaping gladly from the boudoirs and the *bouges*, from the surgeries and hospitals, and dead rooms, of M. Daudet and M. Zola and of the wearisome De Goncourt.

With all your frankness, and with that queer morality of the Camp which, if it swallows a camel now and again, never strains at a gnat, how healthy and wholesome, and even pure, are your romances! You never gloat over sin, nor dabble with an ugly curiosity in the corruptions of sense. The passions in your tales are honorable and brave, the motives are clearly human. Honor, Love, Friendship make the threefold cord, the clue your knights and dames follow through how delightful a labyrinth of adventures! Your greatest books, I take the liberty to maintain, are the Cycle of the Valois (*La Reine Margot*, *La Dame de Montsoreau*, Les Quarante-cinq), and the Cycle of Louis Treize and Louis Quatorze (*Les Trois Mousquetaires*, *Vingt Ans Après*, *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*); and, beside these two trilogies—a lonely monument, like the sphinx hard by the three pyramids—*Monte Cristo*.

In these romances how easy it would

have been for you to burn incense to that great goddess, Lubricity, whom our critic says your people worship. You had Brantôme, you had Tallemant, you had Rétif, and a dozen others, to furnish materials for scenes of voluptuousness and of blood that would have outdone even the present *naturalistes*. From these alcoves of *Les Dames Galantes*, and from the torture chambers (M. Zola would not have spared us one starting sinew of brave La Mole on the rack) you turned, as Scott would have turned, without a thought of their profitable literary uses. You had other metal to work on: you gave us that superstitious and tragical true love of La Mole's, that devotion—how tender and how pure!—of Bussy for the Dame de Montsoreau. You gave us the valor of D'Artagnan, the strength of Porthos, the melancholy nobility of Athos: Honor, Chivalry, and Friendship. I declare your characters are real people to me and old friends. I cannot bear to read the end of *Bragelonne* and to part with them forever. "Suppose Porthos, Athos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches." How we would welcome them, forgiving D'Artagnan even his hateful *fourberie* in the case of Milady. The brilliance of your dialogue has never been approached: there is wit everywhere; repartees glitter and ring like the flash and clink of small-swords. Then what duels are yours! and what inimitable battle-pieces! I know four good fights of one against a multitude, in literature. These are the Death of Gretir the Strong, the Death of Gunnar of Lithend, the Death of Hereward the Wake, the Death of Bussy d'Amboise. We can compare the strokes of the heroic fighting-times with those described in later days; and, upon my word, I do not know that the short sword of Gretir, or the bill of Skarphedin, or the bow of Gunnar was better wielded than the rapier of your Bussy or the sword and shield of Kingsley's Hereward.

They say your fencing is unhistorical; no doubt it is so, and you knew it. La Mole could not have lunged on Coconnas "after deceiving circle;" for the parry was not invented except by your immortal Chicot, a genius in advance of his time. Even so Hamlet and Laertes would have fought with shields and axes, not with small swords. But what matters this pedantry? In your works we hear the Homeric Muse again, rejoicing in the clash of steel; and even, at times, your very phrases are unconsciously Homeric.

Look at these men of murder, on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, who flee in terror from the Queen's chamber, and "find the door too narrow for their flight:" the very words were anticipated in a line of the *Odyssey* concerning the massacre of the Wooers. And the picture of Catherine de Médicis, prowling "like a wolf among the bodies and the blood," in a passage of the Louvre—the picture is taken unwittingly from the *Iliad*. There was in you that reserve of primitive force, that epic grandeur and simplicity of diction. This is the force that animates *Monte Cristo*, the earlier chapters, the prison, and the escape. In later volumes of that romance, methinks, you stoop your wing. Of your dramas I have little room, and less skill, to speak. "Antony," they tell me, was "the greatest literary event of its time," was a restoration of the stage. "While Victor Hugo needs the cast-off clothes of history, the wardrobe and costume, the sepulchre of Charlemagne, the ghost of Barbarossa, the coffins of Lucretia Borgia, Alexandre Dumas requires no more than a room in an inn, where people meet in riding cloaks, to move the soul with the last degree of terror and of pity."

The reproach of being amusing has somewhat dimmed your fame—for a moment. The shadow of this tyranny will soon be overpast; and when *La Curée* and *Pot-Bouille* are more forgotten than *Le Grand Cyrus*, men and women—and, above all, boys—will laugh and weep over the page of Alexandre Dumas. Like Scott himself, you take us captive in our childhood. I remember a very idle little boy who was busy with *The Three Musketeers* when he should have been occupied with *Wilkins' Latin Prose*. *Twenty Years After* (alas and more) he is still constant to that gallant company; and, at this very moment, is breathlessly wondering whether Grimaud will steal M. de Beaufort out of the Cardinal's prison. ANDREW LANG.

THE YOUTH OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

[**Arsène Houssaye,** one of the most vivacious and entertaining of living French writers, was born in 1815, at Bruyères, whence he came to Paris, making his *début* in literature in 1836. With his friends, Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, and Jules Sandeau, he soon became a much sought-for contributor to literary and other journals. He wrote copiously on art, society, history, etc., and in 1846 published a magnificent *History of Flemish and Dutch Painting*. In 1849 he became, by the aid of the great actress, Rachel, director of the Comédie-Française, where he brought out the great works of Victor Hugo, Dumas, Musset, Mme. de Girardin, Sandeau, etc. The numerous works of M. Houssaye include romances, dramas, poetry, and criticism. In 1861 he became principal conductor of the daily journal, *La Presse*, to which he contributed a daily *feuilleton*. We cite among his works: *Les Trois Soeurs* (1847); *Les Filles d'Eve* (1852); *Marie* (1843); *Mlle. de la Vallière* (1860); *Mlle. Cléopâtre* (1864); *Blanche et Marguerite* (1865); *Les Grandes Dames* (1868); *Les Parisiennes* (1869); *Alice* (1877); *Les Trois Duchesses* (1878); *Philosophes et Comédiennes* (1850); *Les Hommes et les Femmes du 18me Siècle* (1851). The last two have been translated into English.]

The age of Louis XIV. is still the most brilliant page in the history of France. Voltaire, were he alive, would say so now as he did a hundred years ago; for a great age is not one made up merely of noble actions and heroic conquests, but one which gives birth simultaneously to great captains and great philosophers, to great poets and to great artists. People will always speak of the age of Pericles and the age of Augustus, of the age of Leo X. and the age of Louis XIV. They will never speak of the age of Napoleon, because under Napoleon's sway there was but one man worthy of bronze and granite in the eyes of that proud and haughty muse called history; that man was Napoleon himself. I prefer the court of Louis XIV. to the sun of Austerlitz. At the court of Louis XIV. I see a glorious Olympus in all its integrity; Turenne and Condé, Malebranche and Pascal, Corneille and Molière, Poussin and Lesueur, Mansard and Perrault. I have not named all the gods in this list; for instance, there are Puget, La Fontaine, Racine, and Sully. As for the demi-gods of this golden age of genius, they are not to be counted.

Every man fond of art chooses some luminous point in the past where he may take refuge in a gallery of living faces. The dead are not those who live the least. Who can doubt the immortality of the soul, when he feels the spirit of the great men who have illustrated past ages animate himself? Who would dare to affirm that Molière is dead? Have I not met him twenty times near the Theatre Français? And Le Fontaine? Who has not seen him when the dew was on the ground, or the wild thyme perfumed the air, studying the comedy of life in the open theatre of the country, or taking the longest road to go to the Academy?

There are even some faces—women's faces—which have only handed down to us the reputation of their beauty, and which will yet be adored by future ages. Who has not been in love, more or less, with the Fornarina, with Madame de la Vallière, or the Marquise de Pompadour? Does she whom you pursue at the ball, or in the public promenades, possess more life in your eyes than these all-brilliant apparitions?

Madame de Maintenon does not appear to us in this guise: her boxwood rosaries have estranged from her many first-rate minds. People did not know on what terms to visit her. Is she a heroine of romance? Is she a St. Theresa? Is she a favorite of the seraglio of Versailles? Is she a Queen of France and of Navarre? Her partisans were few; her enemies were innumerable. I confess that when I look upon her portrait, engraved by Mercuri, I am one of her partisans; but this same portrait, copied from Petitot, was it really taken from life, with strict regard to nature and to truth?

It is a proud, charming style of beauty, robust yet delicate. Since the period of the Psyche of Praxiteles, never was hair more becomingly dressed: St. Theresa herself did not possess so delicate a neck, or so magnificent a shoulder. But this voluptuousness is corrected by an expression of pride apparent in the features: the mind domineers over the heart. Such as she is, however, we should love her, even though we were Louis XIV. himself, the king who thought that he was more than mortal.

As we pass by, let us salute the form of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon, and whose adventurous career would furnish matter for a curious romance. "In those days the mind was fashioned at an early age to

works of intelligence, as the body was to the fatigues of war. When he was six years old he could read four languages; and when he was seven translate the *Crito* of Plato. When he had attained his tenth year, his father, the old Huguenot soldier, said to him, as they passed through Amboise, and saw the heads of the conspirators still fixed to the battlements of the town: 'The murderers! They have decapitated France!' and then continued, as he placed his hand on the boy's forehead: 'My son, you must not spare your head, when mine is lost, to avenge these honorable chiefs; if you do, I shall curse you.'" Such was the robust school in which those men studied who prepared the age of Louis XIV. For further information, we refer the reader to D'Aubigné's Memoirs. He was a man of superior mind, and one who spoke what he thought. On his return from a perilous mission, the King of Navarre gave him his portrait; it was all a king of Navarre could give. D'Aubigné wrote underneath the picture:

> "Ce prince est d'étrange nature,
> Je ne sais qui diable l'a fait;
> Ceux qui le servent, en effet,
> Il les récompense en peinture."

He used to be called the *man of rude probity*, and wrote as follows to Henry IV.: "Sire, your memory will reproach you with twelve years of my service, and twelve wounds of my body: it will call to your mind your prison, and the hand that broke open your prison bolts; and that that same hand has remained pure while serving you, ignorant of your favors and exempt from corruption, both with respect to your enemy and yourself." Such were then the servants of royalty; for in that age, men believed in God and their own soul. At the hour of death D'Aubigné, being pressed by his wife to partake of some food, replied to her: "My sweet, let me depart in peace: I am about to go and eat heavenly bread." His death was in keeping with his life!

Throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, men were more firmly rooted in their virtue or their vice. For example, find, if you can, now-a-days, an instance of rude probity like that of Agrippa d'Aubigné, or of daring and obstinate vice like that of his son, Constant d'Aubigné, the father of Madame de Maintenon. This Constant d'Aubigné was a rascal tricked out in the seven capital sins, after a most marvellous fashion. Molière and Rembrandt would have been the only men daring enough to select his pompous figure for their works; witness this curious fragment in Agrippa's Memoirs: "As Heaven does not attach its grace to mere flesh and blood, my son Constant does not resemble his father, although I educated him at as much expense as if he had been a prince. This worthless wretch, having commenced by gambling and drunkenness, completed his ruin in the Dutch musicoes, in the company of abandoned women. After this, he married a poor creature whom he subsequently killed. Wishing to withdraw him from the court, where he still continued his course of debauchery, I got him a regiment; but nothing could curb the passions of his fickle, libertine, and daring spirit. He returned to the court, where he lost twenty times more than he possessed in the world." He played on his word of honor; he might as well have offered a phantom as security. He had only one thing left—his religion: he sold it. Without hearth or home—without law or gospel—he returned to his father, to rob him of his two towns of Maillezais and Doignon. Agrippa, unable to believe in the possibility of so much perversity, gave him the command of Maillezais; he thought he had to deal with a rascal, but, at least, with a Protestant; for his son had abjured his religion secretly, in order not to give the alarm, and to be enabled to play the traitor more easily. Under the command of Constant d'Aubigné, Maillezais soon became "a public gaming-house, paved with women of abandoned character, and a perfect nest of coiners." He sold his faith—he sold his father,—he sold, by degrees, all he could sell. Agrippa disinherited and cursed him. What mattered that? He had still something left to sell—his country, France. He entered into a secret understanding with the English Government; but this last act of treachery was the cause of his being thrown into prison. This is the reason why Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, was born in the prison of Niort, A. D. 1635. In all his shipwrecks, Constant d'Aubigné had invariably found a sheet anchor. Thus, Mademoi-

selle de Cardillac, the daughter of Pierre de Cardillac and Louise de Montalembert, had fallen in love with, and married him, for his chivalric appearance. Though stained with every crime, he was brave and fascinating. He squandered away the property of his second wife, loved her with passion, and ill-treated her, as if she had been a courtesan, but did not kill her as he had killed his first one. Mademoiselle de Cardillac was allowed to exist, but on what conditions? In prisons or in exile. Accordingly, as Monsieur de Noailles informs us, "she possessed that expression of seriousness which is imparted by misfortune. Her example was a brilliant lesson of virtue." Madame de Villette, Constant d'Aubigné's sister, being even more touched at his misery than shocked by his crimes, came to the prison of Niort to fetch away his three children, whom she took to her chateau of Murcay. The little Françoise had the same nurse as her own daughter. Poor Madame d'Aubigné thought herself cursed both by God and man, because, in the very prison where she was praying and mending her husband's trunk-hose, Constant d'Aubigné used to coin bad money. She wrote as follows, with a deep sentiment of misery and degradation, to Madame de Villette: "I am very much afraid that that poor little slut of a daughter of mine will give you a great deal of trouble; may Heaven be graciously pleased to put it in her power to repay you!" What a singular contrast between the cradle and the tomb! She, who was born in a prison and lived on charity, was destined to die the wife of Louis XIV.

Françoise d'Aubigné never forgot the all-maternal attention of her aunt. At a later period, when they were endeavoring to make her abjure Calvinism, she said, "I will believe whatever you like, provided I am not obliged to believe that my aunt De Villette will be damned."

One word more concerning her father. He was set at liberty, and proceeded with his wife and children to Martinique. This man, who had exhausted the patience of fortune so often, seized hold of her once more; but hardly was he again rich, ere he played and lost all. He left his wife nothing beyond the bed on which he died. It was necessary for his family to return to France; they did so, trusting for the future in Heaven. But in one thing, at least, they were fortunate; and that was in the fact of their vessel being relieved of the weight of the wretched Constant d'Aubigné, whom they had left behind and whom the severe lessons of misfortune had been unable to convert.

Already, at this early period, the hand of romance had glided some of its improbable pages in the life of Françoise d'Aubigné. While in Martinique, she was, like Alexander, nearly devoured by a serpent, and, during the passage, she was on the point of being thrown overboard for dead; but when her mother was about to give her the last kiss, she stretched out her arms to her, and opened her eyes. Nor was this all: the vessel that carried her was attacked by pirates. I do not mention the fortune-tellers, who predicted that she would be queen: who is not king or queen here below, if it be merely for an hour? The sybils are always right.

On her return to France, Mademoiselle Françoise d'Aubigné was once more received by her aunt, Madame de Villette, who had remained a Protestant as much out of respect for her father as for Calvin. Françoise professed the religion of her aunt.

At this period, when religious controversy supplied the place of politics, every one was greatly taken up with the task of conversion. Madame de Neuillant, a relation of Madame d'Aubigné, procured an order of the Court to withdraw Françoise from the maternal guardianship of Madame de Villette. Françoise cried bitterly on being informed of this; for the chateau of Murcay was, as it were, her native place. At length she left, to follow Madame de Neuillant; but she did not leave her faith behind her—she clung to it with obstinacy. At first caresses, and afterwards humiliations, were employed. She was treated like one of the servants; she was looked upon as a sort of Cinderella, and made to mind the turkeys. She herself has said, somewhere or other, "I wielded the supreme authority in the farm-yard; it is there that my reign commenced." She who raised herself to a throne might be seen every morning, "with a mask on her face to preserve her complexion, a straw-hat upon her head, a switch in her hand and a little basket on her arm. She used to be sent to take care of the turkeys; and was prohibited from touching the contents of the basket before

she had learned by heart five of Pibrae's quatrains." What did the basket contain? Some black bread and cherries. She only eat the cherries, and thought they were paid for if she learned one quatrain.

Madame de Neuillant was too violent a Catholic not to resort to other measures. She had Françoise forcibly conveyed to the convent of the Ursulines at Niort; but Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was soon sent away again, as Madame de Neuillant refused to pay for a Protestant. She went back to her mother, who had not yet dried her tears. "When I returned to my mother, who was a good Catholic, she took me to Mass, and tried to force me to kneel down before the altar; but directly she did so, I turned my back upon it; and as often as she altered my position, so often did I repeat my manœuvre, being persuaded that it was an act of idolatry to adore Jesus Christ in the Host." Madame d'Aubigné took the rebellious girl to the Ursuline Convent at Paris, "where most of the nuns went through some little scene or other on seeing me; one ran away in affright, a second made a face at me, while another promised me an *Agnus*." At the Ursulines in Paris, however, they had the sense not to force the Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; and as soon as she was left to her own free will, she abjured.

Mademoiselle d'Aubigné left the convent to enter the world through Scarron's door.

Scarron, who sprung from the people, who suffered and joked—Scarron the grotesque but witty cripple, who married Francoise d'Aubigné—who, in her turn, married Louis XIV.—protested gayly against the visible grandeur of this world by a grandeur which was invisible—against birth by wit—against the pretentious and romantic hotel by a house resplendent with the liberty of thought. Voiture, at the Hotel Rambouillet, wrapped himself up in the swaddling clothes of tradition: Scarron, seated beside his humble hearth, between Marion Delorme and Ninon, would slightly ridicule the courtiers who came to "listen." "I, too, have a marquisate," he used to say to these noblemen, "the Marquisate of Quinet" (Quinet was the name of his publisher).

The men of letters who grouped themselves round Scarron were Ménage, Pelisson, Scudéry, Benserade, Sarrazin—*his neighbor*—Marigny, Segrais, and Saint-Amand. Many of these poets were not sufficiently celebrated or sufficiently well-dressed to present themselves at the Hotel Rambouillet. Such was pretty nearly the *canaille* of the cripple's house; but, at the same time, at his fireside or his table might be seen the Marshal d'Albret, the Duke de Vivonne, the Marquis de Sévigné, the Count de Grammont, Coligny, Mortemart, Beautru, la Sablière and twenty others, belonging to the very first families. The ladies, it is true, did not feel inclined to dispute the possession of the place with Ninon or Marion, and the exquisites who wanted to travel on the map of Tender went to the Hotel Rambouillet.

One night, in this cripple's house, where loud laughing and good suppers were very popular, there appeared a young girl of fifteen, "already beautiful but timid, and who, directly she entered, burst out crying, being ashamed of her gown, which was too short." She came from the country, where she had not followed the fashions of the court. Her mother brought her. This young girl spoke only with her fine eyes, but every one understood this eloquence of the heart. Scarron was moved to tears. The two ladies had been announced as Madame and Mademoiselle d'Aubigné. Scarron was very witty, as usual. The young girl was much more struck with the originality of his mind, which dared to raise itself above the prejudices of the time, than with all the fine airs of the noblemen, who, that evening, endeavored to show off before her. It is evident that, from the beginning, her mind infringed upon her heart.

Madame d'Aubigné returned to Poitou with her daughter. She soon afterwards died there, and Françoise d'Aubigné was left alone in the world, as her aunt de Villette was also dead. She was obliged to go and live once more with her aunt de Neuillant. "Madame de Neuillant, who, although her relation, from avarice, left her without a rag," as Tallemant des Reaux says. The preface to Françoise d'Aubigné's life was certainly not a very cheerful one.

Besides Scarron, she had left at Paris another sympathetic soul, Mademoiselle de Saint-Hermant, to whom she writes in the following terms from Niort:—"I am con-

tented neither with my expressions nor my thoughts; if I do not use one of your pens, I only say half what I have to say; I promise to let you have the other half when I possess as much wit as Monsieur Scarron." Françoise d'Aubigné had knocked at the wrong door when she came to Paris; she ought to have gone to the Hotel de Rambouillet.

Scarron saw this letter, and answered it:—"Mademoiselle, I had a very shrewd idea, that the little girl I saw enter my room, six months ago, with a gown that was too short for her, and who burst into tears—why, I am puzzled to say—was as witty as she looked; and I cannot imagine for what reason you took as much care to conceal your wit as all other persons take to display theirs." This was the first letter containing anything like a compliment that Françoise d'Aubigné ever received. It is thus very evident that she as decidedly began with Scarron as she ended with Louis XIV.

She found others, however, on her way; at her very outset, for instance, the Chevalier de Meré, who boasted of making women witty. Mademoiselle de Lesdiguières, as we know, had said to him: "I want to possess wit." "Very well, you shall," replied the chevalier. He inspired, however, neither wit nor love. Françoise d'Aubigné allowed him to believe that she paid attention to his instruction, and read "his slovenly style," as Madame de Sévigné expresses it; but her real master was Plutarch.

She had returned to Paris with Madame de Neuillant, who took her a little into society, and was quite proud and jealous of her beauty. She became almost a celebrity; people related her romantic life, and surnamed her the Young Indian. Every one asked, towards what dark or brilliant future would tend the path of this orphan girl, so beautiful to behold, and so beautiful, also, to listen to—for she spoke like some charming book. She feared the convent as she did the tomb; she loved God, but in all the brightness of life; nor did she wish to remain an old maid. She was, also, perfectly aware that a young girl without a dowry could only marry some wit retired from the world, or some soldier born to wander over it. She herself had wandered sufficiently already. When Scarron, who loved her as he would have loved a daughter, a sister, an ideal mistress, offered her his roof for want of a better, she was not offended, and no doubt thought that between Scarron and herself there would be nothing more than a marriage of the mind. The marriage was celebrated in the spring of 1652. "When the contract was drawn up, Scarron declared that the bride brought with her an annual income of four louis, two large and very mischievous eyes, a very fine bust, a fine pair of hands, and a large amount of wit." The notary inquired what dowry he gave her. "Immortality," he replied. "The names of kings' wives die with them; that of *the Wife of Scarron* will live forever."

Mademoiselle de Pons lent the bride some clothes for the marriage day. Françoise was grave and dignified. In one day she changed the character of her husband's house. "I will not play her many tricks, but I will teach her a good number," Scarron had said; but he was wrong. To his house, which was frequented by a circle of visitors who were rather lax in their ideas, she restored virtue;—virtue seventeen years old, and smiling through its grace. She was present at every conversation and every supper that took place in the house, but, as her historian has it, "she commanded respect without hindering pleasure;" and, according to Madame de Caylus, "she used, during Lent, to eat a herring at the bottom of the table, because she felt that by pursuing, at her age, a less strict and less austere line of conduct, she would be unable to fix any limits to the licence of the young gallants who visited her house."

The day after her marriage she set up for a learned woman, with a grace and modesty worthy of all praise. She was, at the same time, Scarron's scholar, critic, and secretary, without one instant ceasing to be his all-devoted wife. When he was ill, she was by his side, just the same as when he was pouring forth his sallies of wit. She studied Spanish, Italian, and even Latin; but she also became acquainted with life. Little by little, Scarron's royalty vanished from his house before the splendor of his wife's. It was no longer his society, but hers, that people sought. "She had," says Monsieur de Noailles, "acquired a most winning style of conversation; and every one has heard of the servant who, one day at table, whispered in her ear: 'Madam, here's another cap-

ital subject for a story,—we have no meat for dinner.' "

Scarron was no richer after his marriage than he was before it. There was often no *meat for dinner;* but he did not, on that account, cease to live in great style. Like Scudéry, he even affected to encourage art. We learn from a letter of Poussin, that in the stormy times of the Fronde, this great artist painted two pictures ordered by Scarron—a Feast of Bacchus, and a Feast of Love. Mignard was a friend of the family. Scarron ordered pictures of him also. He drew the first and last portrait of Madame de Maintenon, the one in 1659, the other in 1694. It is unfortunate that we only possess the latter of these two portraits. "We are only acquainted with her when old," says Monsieur de Noailles; "we always imagine her in a *feuille-morte* dress, with her peculiar head-gear, severe-looking and devout: the head of a court that had become as serious as herself." Mignard has painted her as St. Frances, noble and commanding, but dark and sorrowful, with no ray of her youth to lighten up her sombre countenance. This portrait is like the Voltaire of painters and sculptors, "the cacochymical old man," burdened with eighty-four winters. Those around whose heads glory has cast its rays appear before us with a crown of cypress and laurel. Ideal beings, or those whom death has cut down in their youth, are the only ones that are crowned with violets and roses.

There is another portrait of Madame Scarron by Mademoiselle Scudéry, who introduces her in *Clélie*, under the name of Lyriane: "Nothing could be compared to her, without doing her wrong. She was tall, and of a handsome figure, but entirely free from awkwardness. She did not set up for a beauty, although she most certainly was one in a very high degree. Her mind was made expressly for her person."

Madame Scarron lived in retirement at home; because, in the first place, as Scarron wrote to Monsieur de Villette, "she is very unfortunate in not possessing either wealth or equipages to go where she likes." Then again, Scarron himself kept her at his bed-side. She entrenched herself more and more behind her virtue, for she well understood that, as it had been her sole dowry, it would also be her sole refuge. Did Villarceaux love her without her being alarmed at his adoration? Doubts have been cast on Madame Scarron's virtue, because it appeared almost singular in the circle by which she was surrounded; but she has in her favor that scandal-monger, Tallemant, who says: "Madame Scarron is well received everywhere, and as yet nothing can be said against her."

I am inclined to think that there was some connecting link between Scarron and Louis XIV.; Villarceaux, for instance. When Ninon was questioned about the wild virtue of Madame Scarron, she replied: "I know nothing about it. I have never seen anything; but she and Villarceaux have often been alone in my yellow chamber." At all events, it was dangerous to keep such close company with Villarceaux, who had kept Ninon prisoner in the country for three years!

Madame Scarron visited Ninon frequently. This is certainly a singular coincidence. I am well aware that she sought the mind more than the person, as she had done with her husband. But the mind also has moments of guilty curiosity; the mind likes to judge the heart, and it likes to judge from experience. Madame Scarron, from seeing Ninon loved and courted by the fashionable world, after thirty years of amorous folly, had a fatal example set before her eyes; and so much the more fatal, because Ninon, who formed a charming book that was never closed, had not devoted a single page of her life to repentance.

Scarron died like a stoic, after a few brilliant successes. He was interred beneath the epitaph which he himself had written, and nothing more was thought of him.[1] "A long silence closed over his tomb," eloquently remarks the Duke de Noailles. "No one dared call his name to mind in presence of the destiny which raised Madame de Maintenon so high." The solemn moment for Louis XIV. to ascend the throne was come, and all the grandeur of France had already mounted it with him.

Louis XIV., who thought that all the passions of France beat in his own breast, soon exclaimed: "*L'Etat, c'est moi!*"

[1] Here is this touching epitaph, worthy of antiquity:

"Trav'ller, let your step be light,
So that sleep these eyes may close,
For poor Scarron, till to-night,
Ne'er was able e'en to doze."

(I AM THE STATE!) because he saw himself surrounded by bravery and genius. That was, indeed, a noble time when he accompanied, at full speed, Mademoiselle de Montpensier to the Luxembourg, outstripping the guards, and whispering to his fair companion: "How I should like to be attacked by brigands now!"

Scarron's widow did not belong to that noble time. When she reached Louis XIV., the king's horses had left off running away. Let us not follow her further. For some, she ascends, ascends, ascends continually; for us, she descends from the pinnacle of her beauty and of her wit. Besides which, every one is acquainted with the life of Madame de Maintenon, when old and devout, for her life almost belongs to the history of France. In her youth, she illumined with her smile the sufferings of Scarron; in her old age, she covered royal dignity with a mask of sternness.

Louis XIV. thought he should be able to render his youth perpetual, like all those who have really enjoyed it. There were always two men in him; the demi-god descended from Olympus, and the cavalier eager for adventures.

Louis XIV. has been lately too much judged as a ballet-dancer. When Alexander, at a festival, played the lute with the grace of Orpheus, Philip said to him: "Are you not ashamed of playing so well?" This fine remark of Philip does not take a single ray from the glory of Alexander. In the same manner, it is in vain for the historian to quarrel with the dancing of Louis XIV., for he cannot suppress a single one of his conquests. Besides, we are not entirely of the opinion of Anthisthenes, who said, after listening to a fine player on the flute: "Ismenias is a most insignificant being, otherwise he would not be a beautiful flute-player." Let us be somewhat less Spartan, at the remembrance of those gods of Olympus who did not disdain the joyous festivals of the mind.

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH.

[**Sidney Lanier,** one of the younger American poets, was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842, died at Baltimore, in 1881. He was educated at Oglethorpe College, and served in the Confederate army, after which he practised law until 1872. Removing to Baltimore in 1874, he became Professor of Literature in the Johns Hopkins University. He wrote the *Ode* for the Centennial celebration, or World's Fair, at Philadelphia, in 1876. His poems evince great elevation of thought, conveyed in musical and carefully modulated verse. His published writings include: *Tiger Lilies* (1867); a volume of *Poems* (1877); and *The Science of English Verse* (1880).]

It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken lay;
And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hillside, and sifted along through the bracken and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;
In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the form of a deer;
And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slowlier came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting, and wonder, and fear.

Then Alan, the huntsman, sprang over the hillock, the hounds shot by,
The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvellous bound,
The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to the hunt had waxed wild,
And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the hounds
For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds;
"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight of the wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen stand;
But he hurried tall Hamish, the henchman, ahead: "Go turn,"

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

Cried Maclean, "if the deer seek to cross to the burn,
Do thou turn them to me; nor fail, lest thy back be red as thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath with the height of the hill,
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the does
Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away to the burn.
But Maclean, never bating his watch, tarried waiting below.
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eyeballs shone,
As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see.
"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke Hamish, full mild,
"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown, and they passed;
I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."
Cried Maclean: "Now, a ten-tined buck in the sight of the wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a snail's own wrong!"
Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clansmen all:
"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the last he smiled.
"Now, I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it still may be,
If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and over the hill
Sped Maclean, with an outward wrath for an inward shame;
And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-backed Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and about turns he.
"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!" he screams under breath.
Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart goes dead for a space,
Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks through the glen,
And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals all the tale untold.
They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the sea,
And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall hook him and hold

Fast Hamish back from the brink!" and ever she flies up the steep,
And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jostle and strain.
But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all stand still.
And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her knees,
Crying: "Hamish! oh, Hamish! but please, but please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child, with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a gibe, and a song,
Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child, if, in sight of ye all,
Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth was red,
Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never shall be!
Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the sea, if dead?

Say yea! Let them lash *me*, Hamish?" "Nay!"
"Husband, the lashing will heal;
But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!"
Then Maclean 'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to the earth;
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would tremble and lag;
"Strike hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;
Then he struck him, and "One!" sang Hamish, and danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each stroke with a song.
When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace down the height,
And he held forth the child in the heart-aching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there, as the motherly arms stretched out with the thanksgiving prayer—
And there, as the mother crept up with a fearful swift pace,
Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—
In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the child in the air,
And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible height in the sea,
Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and pallid Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back drip-dripped in the brine,
And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began to shine.

TO BEETHOVEN.

In o'er-strict calyx lingering,
Lay music's bud too long unblown,
Till thou, Beethoven, breathed the spring:
Then bloomed the perfect rose of tone.

O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
O Troubadour of love and strife,
Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
Sole Hymner of the whole of life,

I know not how, I care not why,—
Thy music sets my world at ease,
And melts my passion's mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies.

It soothes my accusations sour
'Gainst thoughts that fray the restless soul:
The stain of death; the pain of power;
The lack of love 'twixt part and whole.

The yea-nay of Freewill and Fate,
Whereof both cannot be, yet are;
The praise a poet wins too late
Who starves from earth into a star;

The lies that serve great parties well,
While truths but give their Christ a cross;
The loves that send warm souls to hell,
While cold-blood neuters take no loss;

Th' indifferent smile that nature's grace
On Jesus, Judas, pours alike;
Th' indifferent frown on nature's face
When luminous lightnings strangely strike

The sailor praying on his knees
And spare his mate that's cursing God;
How babes and widows starve and freeze,
Yet Nature will not stir a clod;

Why Nature blinds us in each act,
Yet makes no law in mercy bend,
No pitfall from our feet retract,
No storm cry out *Take shelter, friend;*

Why snakes that crawl the earth should ply
Rattles, that whoso hears may shun,
While serpent lightnings in the sky
But rattle when the deed is done;

How truth can e'er be good for them
That have not eyes to bear its strength,
And yet how stern our lights condemn
Delays that lend the darkness length;

To know all things, save knowingness;
To grasp, yet loosen, feeling's rein;
To waste no manhood on success;
To look with pleasure upon pain;

Though teased by small mixt social claims,
To lose no large simplicity,
And midst of clear-seen crimes and shames
To move with manly purity;

To hold, with keen, yet loving eyes,
Art's realm from Cleverness apart,
To know the Clever, good and wise,
Yet haunt the lonesome heights of Art;

O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
O Troubadour of love and strife,
Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
Sole Hymner of the whole of life,

I know not how, I care not why,
Thy music brings this broil at ease,
And melts my passion's mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies.

Yea, it forgives me all my sins,
Fits life to love like rhyme to rhyme,
And tunes the task each day begins
By the last trumpet-note of Time.

SIDNEY LANIER.

EXTRACT FROM THE ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

[**Peter Daniel Amadeus Atterbom,** 1790-1855; a poet of Sweden. He was a leader among the students in the University of Upsal, who formed the association known as the "Aurora," designed to release Swedish literature from slavery to French models and taste. He travelled in Germany and Italy, and became German tutor to Prince Oscar; he was afterwards Professor at Upsal, and still later a member of the Academy which he had so violently assailed. He was the founder and editor of the *Poetical Calendar,* which had much influence on the æsthetic culture of the people. Besides many poems, he was the author of a valuable review of Swedish literature.]

SVANHVIT (*alone in her chamber*).

No Asdolf yet,—in vain and everywhere
Hath he been sought for, since his foaming steed,
At morn, with vacant saddle, stood before
The lofty staircase, in the castle yard.
His drooping crest, and wildly rolling eye,
And limbs with frenzied terror quivering,
All seemed as though the midnight fiends had urged
His swiftest flight, through many a wood and plain.
O Lord! that know'st what he hath witnessed there,
Wouldst thou but give one single speaking sound
Unto the faithful creature's silent tongue,
That momentary voice would be, for me,
A call to life, or summons to the grave.

[*She goes to the window.*

And yet what childish fears are these! How oft
Hath not my Asdolf boldest feats achieved
And ever home returned, unharmed and beautiful!
Yes, beautiful, alas! like this cold flower
That proudly glances on the frosty pane.
Short is the violet's, short the cowslip's spring;—
The frost-flowers live far longer; cold as they
The beautiful should be, that it may share
The splendor of the light without its heat;
For else the sun of life must soon dissolve
The hard, cold, shining pearls to liquid tears;
And tears—flow fast away.

[*She breathes on the window.*

Become transparent, thou fair Asdolf-flower,
That I may look into the vale beneath!
There lies the city,—Asdolf's capital.—
How wondrously the spotless vest of snow

On roof, and mount, and market-place now smiles
A glittering welcome to the morning sun,
Whose blood-red beams shed beauty on the earth!
The Bride of Sacrifice makes no lament,
But smiles in silence,—knowing sadly well
That she is slighted, and that he, who could
Call forth her spring, doth not, but rather dwells
In other climes, where lavishly he pours
His fond embracing beams, while she, alas!
In wintry shade and lengthened loneliness
Cold on the solitary couch reclines.—

[*After a pause.*

What countless paths wind down, from divers points,
To yonder city gates!—O, wilt not thou,
My star, appear to me on one of them?
Whate'er I said,—thou art my worshipped sun.
Then pardon me;—thou art not cold;—O, no!
Too warm, too glowing warm, art thou for me.
Yet thus it is! Thy being's music has
A thousand chords with thousand varying tones,
Whilst I but one poor sound can offer thee
Of tenderness and truth. At times, indeed,
This, too, may have its power;—but then it lasts
One and the same forever, sounding still
Unalterably like itself alone;
A wordless prayer to God for what we love,
'Tis more a whisper than a sound, and charms
Like new-mown meadows, when the grass exhales
Sweet fragrance to the foot that tramples it.
Kings, heroes, towering spirits among men,
Rush to their aim on wild and stormy wings,
And far beneath them view the world, whose form
For ever varies on from hour to hour.
What would they ask of love? That, volatile,
In changeful freshness it may charm their ears
With proud, triumphant songs, when high in air
Victorious banners wave; or sweetly lull
To rapturous repose, when round them roars
The awful thunder's everlasting voice!
Mute, mean, and spiritless to them must seem
The maid who is no more than woman. How
Should she o'er-sound the storm their wings have raised?—

[*Sitting down.*

Great Lord! how lonely I become within
These now uncheerful towers! O'er all the earth
No shield have I,—no mutual feeling left!
'Tis true that those around me all are kind,
And well I know they love me,—more, indeed,
Than my poor merits claim. Yet, even though
They raised me to my Asdolf's royal throne,
As being the last of all his line,—ah, me!
No solace could it bring;—for then far less
Might I reveal the sorrow of my soul!
A helpless maiden's tears like rain-drops fall,
Which in a July night, ere harvest-time,
Bedew the flowers, and, trembling, stand within
Their half-closed eyes unnumbered and unknown.

[*She rises.*

Yet One there is, who counts the maiden's tears;—
But when will their sad number be fulfilled?—

[*Walking to and fro.*

How calm was I in former days!—I now
Am so no more! My heart beats heavily,
Oppressed within its prison-cave. Ah! fain
Would I that it might burst its bonds, so that
'Twere conscious, Asdolf, I sometimes had seemed
Not all unworthy in thine eyes.

[*She takes the guitar.*

A gentle friend—the Master from Vallandia—
Has taught me how I may converse with thee,
Thou cherished token of my Asdolf's love!
I have been told of far-off lakes, around
Whose shores the cypress and the willow wave,
And make a mournful shade above the stream,
Which, dark, and narrow on the surface, swells
Broad and unfathomably deep below;—
From those dark lakes at certain times, and most
On Sabbath morns and eves of festivals,
Uprising from the depths, is heard a sound
Most strange and wild, as of the tuneful bells
Of churches and of castles long since sunk;
And, as the wanderer's steps approach the shore,

He hears more plainly the lamenting tone
Of the dark waters, whilst the surface still
Continues motionless and calm, and seems
To listen with a melancholy joy,
While thus the swelling depths resound,
So let me strive to soften and subdue
My heart's dark swelling with a soothful song.

[*She plays and sings.*

"The maiden bound her hunting-net
At morning fresh and fair—"

Ah, no! that lay doth ever make me grieve.
Another, then! that of the hapless flower,
Surprised by frost and snow in early spring.

[*Sings.*

Hush thee, O, hush thee,
Slumber from snow and stormy sky,
Lovely and lone one!
Now is the time for thee to die,
When vale and streamlet frozen lie.
Hush thee, O, hush thee!

Hours hasten onward;—
For thee the last will soon be o'er.
Rest thee, O, rest thee!
Flowers have withered thus before,—
And, my poor heart, what wouldst thou more?
Rest thee, O, rest thee!

Shadows should darkly
Enveil thy past delights and woes.
Forget, O, forget them!
'Tis thus that eve its shadow throws;
But now, in noiseless night's repose,
Forget, O, forget them!

Slumber, O, slumber!
No friend hast thou like kindly snow,
Sleep is well for thee,
For whom no second spring will blow;—
Then why, poor heart, still beating so?
Slumber, O, slumber!

Hush thee, O, hush thee!
Resign thy life-breath in a sigh,
Listen no longer,
Life bids farewell to thee,—then die!
Sad one, good night!—in sweet sleep lie!
Hush thee, O, hush thee!

[*She bursts into tears.*

Would now that I might bid adieu to life;
But, ah! no voice to me replies, "Sleep well!"

THE HYACINTH.[1]

The heart's blood am I of expiring strength,
Engraved on mine urn is its cry.
My dark glowing pangs, to thee are they known?
Art thou, too, as tranger 'mid life's shadows thrown,
Deceived by its dreamery?
Learn that youth-giving joy to the stars alone
Was allotted! Their youth in the sky
With circling dances they celebrate,
And our steps from the cradle illuminate
To the grave.

Why longer endeavors thine earnest glance
To a merciless Heaven to pray?
An adamant door bars its tower of light;
To earth's abyss from its dizzying height
What bridge may open a way?
There Blessedness, Truth, may be throned in might;
But thou, canst thou destiny sway?
Of suffering only can dust be secure;
Who rises, thy happier lot to insure,
From the grave?

Hope points, indeed, to a verdant shore,
Where the beautiful Sirens sing,
And waken their harps, while bright shines the sun;
But the bone-whitened coast shows where murder is done,
And treachery dwells on each string.
Illusions, on distaffs of Nornas spun,
To the feeble distraction bring:
He is wise who disdains to fear or implore;
But wisest he who desires nothing more
Than a grave.

Yet within thee, to battle with time and fate,
There blazes a fire divine:
Whate'er's evanescent its flame shall consume;
And if clouded the course of the planets in gloom,
Thy star on the conflict shall shine;

[1] The old Greek fable makes the Hyacinth spring from the blood of Ajax.

And soon shall the long, happy night of the tomb,
With peace and her laurels, be thine.
He, whose bosom of heaven and hell holds the fires,
Suffices himself, and no solace requires
But the grave.

PETER DANIEL AMADEUS ATTERBOM.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

[**Eric Johan Stagnelius.** The most signal specimen of a genius at once precocious and productive, which the annals of Swedish literature afford, is Stagnelius. He died at the age of thirty, but has left behind him three epic poems,—one of which, though never completed, was written at the age of eighteen,—five tragedies, and seven other dramatic sketches, and a very large collection of elegies, sonnets, psalms, ballads, and miscellaneous lyrics; making, in all, three large octavo volumes, written in the space of twelve years, and marked with the impress of a high poetic genius.

Stagnelius was the son of a parish priest in Oland (afterwards Bishop of Kalmar), and was born in 1793. He studied first at the University of Lund, and then at Upsala, where, upon passing his examination in 1814, he was made clerk in the Department of Ecclesiastical Affairs. This, or some similar office, he held until his death, in 1823. His brief existence, though completely barren of incident, was rich in intellectual achievements.]

Behold! the birds fly
From Gauthiod's strand,
And seek with a sigh
Some far foreign land.
The sounds of their woe
With hollow winds blend:
"Where now must we go?
Our flight whither tend?"
'Tis thus unto heaven that their wailings ascend.

"The Scandian shore
We leave in despair,
Our days glided o'er
So blissfully there:
We there built our nest
Among bright blooming trees,
There rocked us to rest
The balm-bearing breeze:—
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

"With rose-crown all bright
On tresses of gold,
The midsummer night
It was sweet to behold:
The calm was so deep,
So lovely the ray,
We could not then sleep,
But were tranced on the spray,
Till wakened by beams from the bright car of Day.

"The trees gently bent
O'er the plains in repose;
With dew-drops besprent
Was the tremulous rose:
The oaks now are bare,
The rose is no more;
The zephyr's light air
Is exchanged for the roar
Of storms, and the May-fields have mantles of hoar.

"Then why do we stay
In the North, where the sun
More dimly each day
His brief course will run?
And why need we sigh?
We leave but a grave,—
To cleave through the sky
On the wings which God gave;—
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave!"

Of rest thus bereaved,
They soar in the air,
But soon are received
Into regions more fair;
Where elms gently shake
In the zephyr's light play,
Where rivulets take
Among myrtles their way,
And the groves are resounding with Hope's happy lay.

When earth's joys are o'er,
And the days darkly roll,
When autumn winds roar,—
Weep not, O my soul!
Fair lands o'er the sea
For the birds brightly bloom;
A land smiles for thee,
Beyond the dark tomb,
Where beams never fading its beauties illume!

Translated in Quarterly Review.

AMANDA.

Where sun and flower are beaming,
Amanda's charms appear;
Her beauty's rays are streaming
Round all this earthly sphere:
The breeze, when gently blowing,—
The rose that scents the grove,—
The vine, when brightly glowing,—
All tell of her I love.

I hear her song's sweet numbers,
When Zephyr's breezy wings
Sweep o'er the gold harp's slumbers,
And wake its tuneful strings.
All—all the charms of nature
Amanda's beauty bear,
And show, in every feature,
Her godhead imaged there.

The spirits of the dying
Must quit this clay's control;
But they to rest are flying
In regions of the soul;—
The floods, now onward striding,
Are foaming, fierce, and free;
Yet soon their waves, subsiding,
Will slumber in the sea.

But I must vainly languish
For joys I ne'er can know,
And wear a cureless anguish
In loneliness and woe!
Fair goddess! I shall ever
Behold thy beauty shine
Like stars above,—but never
Can hope to call thee mine!

STAGNELIUS.—*Translated in Quarterly Review.*

TO THE MOON—A DEDICATION.

[**Eric Sjöberg,** born at Södermanland, Sweden, 1794, who wrote under the pseudonym of *Vitalis*, has a distinguished name and place among the modern poets of Sweden. He is one of those poets who, struggling with want and disease, die young, and leave behind them a melancholy fame. His poems are chiefly lyrical; and though some of them are of a humorous nature, yet through them all "the features of settled despondency are still distinctly seen." The genius of this poet will be seen in the passages of his works which follow. They show great tenderness and delicacy of feeling, a profound sense of the beauties of nature, a sensibility tremblingly alive to the whispering leaves of the woods, the tints of the flowers, the warbling of the birds, and to the silent language of the landscape, which he interprets in a gentle moralizing vein. The beautiful poem, entitled "Spring Fancy," which is very well translated, will remind the reader, by its flowing verse, its graceful imagery, the pensive melancholy of its tone, and the delicate and gentle sentiment which pervades it, of some of Bryant's best pieces. He died 4th of March, 1828.]

My gentle book I take beneath my arm,
And audience, O Moon! I here implore,
Led by a secret, sympathetic charm
To thee, for thou art rich in silvery store.

Enlightened patron! tell me, will thou give
What may be deemed a reasonable fee?
If thou refuse, thy service I must leave,
And dedicate to other than to thee.

Yet no! for kindly thou wilt earthward wend,
Where, cap in hand, submissively I stay;
And from thy height to me wilt downward send
At times a little, little silvery ray.

SPRING FANCY.

Love now is found;—for from the lips of all
He murmurs forth in tones most wonderful;
Is manifest alike in hues and sounds,
And beautiful alike in every tongue.
Within the verdant sanctuary of groves
The zephyr steals along to kiss the earth,
And by his kiss gives life to fragrant flowers:
The children of Platonic love are they.
So, too, the trees with green and various tongues
In gentle whisperings own, at eventide,
Their mutual and mysterious love; as low
They downward bend their heads embracingly
In twilight, when no watchful eyes are on them.
The flowerets also love; and though no tongue
Have they, to tell their tenderness, they gaze
With streaming looks into each other's eyes,
And understand each other, although dumb:
Earth never hears a sweeter language spoken
Than that invented by these fond ones, who
With fervent glance fulfil the want of tongues.
The streamlet, too, clasping, with constant arms,
And folding to its breast the green Lemoniade,

Arrayed in living rubies and in gold,
Sighs forth its tender love in broken tones.
Nature! I know thy heart's deep meaning well,
Thy flowery writings and discourse of birds,
Whereof the fair interpreting by thee
Was written on my heart's pure page with fire.
A word it was of holy flame, long stifled,
But now set free; like to the enfranchised bird,
Which high upsoars and fills the air with songs,
Forgetting how of late the prison pressed
That love of song within his heart to pain,
While with a voiceful flight he mounts to heaven,
His home. Though o'er the wide earth none these sounds
May understand, they still are known to God.
Ye flowerets! I will gently dream among ye;
And I will give to ye a human heart,
And thus empower ye to return my love.
Sweet, even as childhood's sinless beauty, shines
The glance that greets me through your trembling tears.
Fair angels! blooming in eternal youth,
Ye ne'er survive your early loveliness,
But even in death itself are beautiful.
And yet ye do not die,—but sink to rest,
When ruthless northern tempests raging come.
Ye will not look on life when stormful; ne'er
Save when, in child-like sweetness, it disports
With Nature in the western breeze. But when
Destruction, striding o'er the fresh green fields,
Goes forth to battle with this blissful life,
Then ye close down your lovely lids in slumber,
And on your mother's beauteous breast repose,
Until, the contest done, victorious life
In light and song reveals itself once more.
Then God arouses ye again from sleep,
Sending sweet May to whisper in your ears
That spring is blooming in the vaulted heaven,
And that 'tis time for you yourselves to bloom,
Ye then put off your verdant veil,—and feel
The spring-breeze spreading life upon your cheeks,
Which vie with roses planted by the Morn
Along the Garden of the East. And when
The sun shall come, your forms so bright and fair
Will shine forth more magnificently still.
Thus I, too, shall not die; men call it death,
When mortals soar unto the eternal Father,
Who yonder dwells upon the horizon's verge,
Where earth and heaven mingle in harmony and joy!

SJÖBERG.—*Translated in Quarterly Review.*

LIFE AND DEATH.

At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
In its May-wreath crowned, and there
Saw day-rise in gold and in purple glow,
And I cried: "O Life, how fair!"

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,
When the dawning time was nigh,
So wakened for song in the breast of man
A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar
From home afar in its flight,
To roam, like the sun, still from shore to shore,
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
And, rapt in devotion and prayer,
Saw night-rise in silver and purple glow,
And I cried: "O Death, how fair!"

And when that the soft evening wind, so meek,
With its balmy breathing came,
It seemed as though Nature then kissed my cheek
And tenderly sighed my name!

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children the stars to her came;
The exploits of man then seemed to me small,—
Naught great save the Infinite's name.

Ah! how unheeded, all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While the eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,
Like stars in the heavens, arise!

SJÖBERG.—*Translated in Quarterly Review.*

HEALTHY EXERCISE.

[**Andrew Combe, M. D.,** an eminent Scottish writer, born in Edinburgh, 1797; died in 1847. He became a medical practitioner in Edinburgh, and afterward consulting physician to the King of Belgium. He was distinguished for his various writings on human physiology, the principal of which are *Physiology and Digestion*, *Observations on Mental Derangements*, and *Principles of Physiology Applied to the Preservation of Health*. His life was written (London, 1850) by his brother, George Combe, the eminent phrenologist.]

Everybody knows how wearisome and disagreeable it is to saunter along, without having some object to attain; and how listless and unprofitable a walk taken against the inclination, and merely for exercise, is, compared to the same exertion made in pursuit of an object on which we are intent. The difference is simply, that in the former case the muscles are obliged to work without that full nervous impulse which nature has decreed to be essential to their healthy and energetic action; and that, in the latter, the nervous impulse is in full and harmonious operation. The great superiority of active sports, botanical and geological excursions, gardening and turning, as means of exercise, over mere monotonous movements, is referable to the same principle. Every kind of youthful play and mechanical operation interests and excites the mind, as well as occupies the body, and by thus placing the muscles in the best position for wholesome and beneficial exertion, enables them to act without fatigue, for a length of time which, if occupied in mere walking for exercise, would utterly exhaust their powers.

The elastic spring, the bright eye, the cheerful glow of beings thus excited, form a perfect contrast to the spiritless and inanimate aspect of many of our boarding-school processions; and the results, in point of health and activity, are not less different. So influential, indeed, is the nervous stimulus, that examples have occurred of strong mental emotions having instantaneously given life and vigor to paralytic limbs. This has happened in cases of shipwrecks, fires, and sea-fights, and shows how indispensable it is to have the mind engaged and interested along with the muscles. Many a person who feels ready to drop from fatigue, after a merely mechanical walk, would have no difficulty in subsequently undergoing much continuous exertion in active play or in dancing; and it is absurd, therefore, to say that exercise is not beneficial, when, in reality, proper exercise had not been tried.

The amount of bodily exertion of which soldiers are capable is well known to be prodigiously increased by the mental stimulus of pursuit, of fighting, or of victory. In the retreat of the French from Moscow, for example, when no enemy was near, the soldiers became depressed in courage, and enfeebled in body, and nearly sank to the earth through exhaustion and cold; but no sooner did the report of the Russian guns sound in their ears, or the gleam of hostile bayonets flash in their eyes, than new life seemed to pervade them, and they wielded powerfully the arms which, a few moments before, they could scarcely drag along the ground. No sooner, however, was the enemy repulsed and the nervous stimulus which animated their muscles withdrawn, than their feebleness returned. Dr. Sparrman, in like manner, after describing the fatigue and exhaustion which he and his party endured in their travels at the Cape, adds,—"yet, what even now appears to me a matter of wonder is, that as soon as we got a glimpse of the game all this languor left us in an instant." On the principle already mentioned, this result is perfectly natural, and in strict harmony with what we observe in sportsmen, cricketers, golfers, skaters and others, who, moved by a mental aim, are able to undergo a much greater amount of bodily labor than men of stronger muscular frames actuated by no excitement of mind or vigorous nervous impulse. I have heard an intelligent engineer remark the astonishment often felt by country people, at finding him and his town companions, although more slightly made, withstand the fatigues and exposure of a day's surveying better than themselves; but, said he, they overlooked the fact, that our employment gives to the mind, as well as the body, a stimulus which they were entirely without, as their only object was to afford us bodily aid, when required, in dragging the chains, or carrying our instruments.—The conversation of a friend is, in the same way, a powerful alleviator of the fatigue of walking.

The same important principle was im-

plied in the advice which *The Spectator* tells us was given by a physician to one of the Eastern kings, when he brought him a racket, and told him that the remedy was concealed in the handle, and could act upon him only by passing into the palms of his hands when engaged in playing with it,—and that as soon as perspiration was induced, he might desist for the time, as that would be a proof of the medicine being received into the general system. The effect, we are told, was marvellous: and looking to the principle just stated, to the cheerful nervous stimulus arising from the confident expectation of a cure, and to the consequent advantages of exercise thus judiciously managed, we have no reason to doubt that the fable is in perfect accordance with nature.

The story of an Englishman who conceived himself so ill as to be unable to stir, but who was prevailed upon by his medical adviser to go down from London to consult an eminent physician at Inverness who did not exist, may serve as another illustration. The stimulus of expecting the means of cure from the northern luminary was sufficient to enable the patient not only to bear, but to reap benefit from, the exertion of making the journey down; and his wrath at finding no such person at Inverness, and perceiving that he had been tricked, sustained him in returning, so that on his arrival at home he was nearly cured. Hence also the superiority of battledore and shuttlecock, and similar games, which require society and some mental stimulus, over listless exercise. It is, in fact, a positive misnomer to call a solemn procession *exercise*. Nature will not be cheated; and the healthful results of complete cheerful exertion will never be obtained where the nervous impulse which animates the muscles is denied.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

[**Reginald Heber**, an English divine and poet, born in 1783, died in 1826. Heber was educated at Oxford, and made a poetical reputation at the age of twenty by his fine prize poem *Palestine*. He was made Bishop of Calcutta in 1823, and lived there until the time of his death—three years. His hymns for church service have become universally popular, especially *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*. Besides these there were published *Heber's Journey Through India*, 1828; *Sermons*, 1823; *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, 1824, etc. *The Life of Reginald Heber*, by his widow, appeared in four volumes, in 1830.]

There is an ancient fable told by the Greek and Roman Churches, which, fable as it is, may for its beauty and singularity well deserve to be remembered, that in one of the earliest persecutions to which the Christian world was exposed, seven Christian youths sought concealment in a lonely cave, and there, by God's appointment, fell into a deep and death-like slumber. They slept, the legend runs, two hundred years, till the greater part of mankind had received the faith of the Gospel, and that Church which they had left a poor and afflicted orphan had "kings" for her "nursing fathers, and queens" for her "nursing mothers." They then at length awoke, and entering into their native Ephesus, so altered now that its streets were altogether unknown to them, they cautiously inquired if there were any Christians in the city? "Christians!" was the answer, "we are all Christians here!" and they heard with a thankful joy the change, which, since they left the world, had taken place in the opinions of its inhabitants. On one side they were shown a stately fabric adorned with a gilded cross, and dedicated, as they were told, to the worship of their crucified Master: on another, schools for the public exposition of those Gospels of which so short a time before the bare profession was proscribed and deadly. But no fear was now to be entertained of those miseries which had encircled the cradle of Christianity: no danger now of the rack, the lions, or the sword: the emperor and his prefects held the same faith with themselves, and all the wealth of the east, and all the valor and authority of the western world, were exerted to protect and endow the professors and the teachers of their religion.

But joyful as these tidings must at first have been, their further inquiries are said to have been met with answers which very deeply surprised and pained them. They learned that the greater part of those who called themselves by the name of Christ, were strangely regardless of the blessings, which Christ had bestowed, and of the obligations which He had laid on His followers. They found that, as the world

had become Christian, Christianity itself had become worldly; and wearied and sorrowful they besought of God to lay them asleep again, crying out to those who followed them, "You have shown us many heathens who have given up their old idolatry without gaining anything better in its room; many who are of no religion at all; and many with whom the religion of Christ is no more than a cloak of licentiousness; but where, where are the Christians?" And thus they returned to their cave; and their God had compassion on them, releasing them, once for all, from that world for whose reproof their days had been lengthened, and removing their souls to the society of their ancient friends and pastors, the martyrs and saints of an earlier and a better generation.

The admiration of former times is a feeling at first, perhaps, engrafted on our minds by the regrets of those who vainly seek in the evening of life for the sunny tints which adorned their morning landscape; and who are led to fancy a deterioration in surrounding objects, when the change is in themselves, and the twilight in their own powers of perception. It is probable that, as each age of the individual or the species is subject to its peculiar dangers, so each has its peculiar and compensating advantages; and that the difficulties which, at different periods of the world's duration, have impeded the believer's progress to heaven, though in appearance equally various, are, in amount, very nearly equal. It is probable that no age is without its sufficient share of offences, of judgments, of graces, and of mercies, and that the corrupted nature of mankind was never otherwise than hostile or indifferent to the means which God has employed to remedy its misery. Had we lived in the times of the infant Church, even amid the blaze of miracle on the one hand, and the chastening fires of persecution on the other, we should have heard, perhaps, no fewer complaints of the cowardice and apostacy, the dissimulation and murmuring inseparable from a continuance of public distress and danger, than we now hear regrets for those days of wholesome affliction, when the mutual love of believers was strengthened by their common danger; when their want of worldly advantages disposed them to regard a release from the world with hope far more than with apprehension, and compelled the Church to cling to her Master's cross alone for comfort and for succor.

Still, however, it is most wonderful, yea, rather by this very consideration is our wonder increased at the circumstance, that in any or every age of Christianity, such inducements and such menaces as the religion of Christ displays, should be regarded with so much indifference, and postponed for objects so trifling and comparatively worthless. If there were no other difference but that of duration between the happiness of the present life and of the life which is to follow, or though it were allowed us to believe that the enjoyments of earth were, in every other respect, the greater and more desirable of the two, this single consideration of its eternity would prove the wisdom of making heaven the object of our more earnest care and concern; of retaining its image constantly in our minds; of applying ourselves with a more excellent zeal to everything which can help us in its attainment, and of esteeming all things as less than worthless which are set in comparison with its claims, or which stand in the way of its purchase. Accordingly, this is the motive which St. Paul assigns for a contempt of the sufferings and pleasures, the hopes and fears, of the life which now is, in comparison with the pleasures and sufferings, the fears and hopes, which are, in another life, held out to each of us And it is a reason which must carry great weight to the mind of every reasonable being, inasmuch as anything which may end soon, and must end some time or other, is, supposing all other circumstances equal, or even allowing to the temporal good a very large preponderance of pleasure, of exceedingly less value than that which, once attained, is alike safe from accident and decay, the enjoyment of which is neither to be checked by insecurity, nor palled by long possession, but which must continue thenceforth in everlasting and incorruptible blessedness, as surely as God Himself is incorruptible and everlasting. —*Sermons Preached at Lincoln's Inn*, 1823.

ON SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.

[**James I., of England,** who was also James VI., King of Scotland, born in Edinburgh, 1566, being the son of Mary Queen of Scots and her husband Darnley. He succeeded to the Scottish throne in 1567, and to that of England in 1603. The character of James I. has been the subject of much controversy by historians. He wrote many works distinguished by mingled learning and pedantry, and the present translation of the Bible, published in 1616, is a permanent monument to his reign. James himself prepared the rules by which the translators were governed.]

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to despatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in anywise (as I protest) to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only, moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merit most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits. The other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these crafts-folks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to have been one of that profession. And to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books; the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancy in special; the second, of sorcery and witchcraft; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appears and troubles persons: together with a conclusion of the whole work. My intention in this labor is only to prove two things, as I have already said: the one that such devilish arts have been and are; the other, what exact trial and severe punishment they merit: and therefore reason I, what kind of things are possible to be performed in these arts, and by what natural causes they may be. Not that I touch every particular thing of the devil's power, for that were infinite: but only to speak scholasticly (since this cannot be spoken in our language), I reason upon *genus*, leaving *species* and *differentia* to be comprehended therein. As, for example, speaking of the power of magicians in the first book and sixth chapter, I say that they can suddenly cause be brought unto them all kinds of dainty dishes by their familiar spirit; since as a thief he delights to steal, and as a spirit he can subtilly and suddenly enough transport the same. Now under this *genus* may be comprehended all particulars depending thereupon; such as the bringing wine out of a wall (as we have heard oft to have been practiced) and such others; which particulars are sufficiently proved by the reasons of the general.—*Dæmonologie.*

HOW WITCHES TRAVEL.

Philomathes.—But by what way say they, or think ye it possible, they can come to these unlawful conventions?

Epistemon.—There is the thing which I esteem their senses to be deluded in, and, though they lie not in confessing of it, because they think it to be true, yet not to be so in substance or effect, for they say, that by divers means they may convene either to the adoring of their master or to the putting in practice any service of his committed unto their charge: one way is natural, which is nattural riding, going, or sailing, at what hour their master comes and advertises them. And this way may be easily believed. Another way is somewhat more strange, and yet it is possible to be true: which is by being carried by the force of the spirit which is their conductor, either above the earth or above the sea, swiftly, to the place where they are to meet; which I am persuaded to be likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkuk was carried by the angel in that form to the den where Daniel lay, so think I the devil will be ready to imitate God, as well in that as in other things; which is much more possible to him to do, being a spirit, than to a mighty wind, being but a natural meteor, to transport from one place to another a solid body, as is commonly and daily seen in practice. But in this violent form they cannot be carried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space

that they may retain their breath; for if it were longer, their breath could not remain unextinguished, their body being carried in such a violent and forcible manner, as, by example, if one fall off a small height, his life is but in peril according to the hard or soft lighting; but if one fall from a high and stay [steep] rock, his breath will be forcibly banished from the body before he can win [get] to the earth as is oft seen by experience. And in this transporting they say themselves that they are invisible to any other, except amongst themselves. For if the devil may form what kind of impressions he pleases in the air, as I have said before, speaking of magic, why may he not far easier thicken and obscure so the air that is next about them, by contracting it strait together, that the beams of any other man's eyes cannot pierce through the same to see them? But the third way of their coming to their conventions is that wherein I think them deluded; for some of them saith that, being transformed in the likeness of a little beast or fowl, they will come and pierce through whatsoever house or church, though all ordinary passages be closed, by whatsoever open the air may enter in at. And some saith that their bodies lying still, as in an ecstacy, their spirits will be ravished out of their bodies and carried to such places; and for verifying thereof will give evident tokens, as well by witnesses that have seen their body lying senseless in the mean time, as by naming persons whom with they met, and giving tokens what purpose was against them, whom otherwise they could not have known; for this form of journeying they affirm to use most when they are transported from one country to another.—*Dæmonologie.*

JAMES I., *of England.*

FRIAR LUBIN.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
  So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
  Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
  To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious, Christian deed,—
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
  The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
  Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
  If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
  To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none,—
  Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
  But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it,—but not he,
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY.

When an evil deed's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

CLÉMENT MAROT.[1]

TO ANNE.

When thou art near to me, it seems
  As if the sun along the sky,
Though he a while withheld his beams,
  Burst forth in glowing majesty:
But like a storm that lowers on high,
  Thy absence clouds the scene again;—
Alas! that from so sweet a joy
  Should spring regret so full of pain!

CLÉMENT MAROT.

LOVE'S REGRETS (SONG).

I am no more what I have been,
  Nor can regret restore my prime;
My summer years and beauty's sheen
  Are in the envious clutch of Time.
Above all gods I owned thy reign,
  O Love! and served thee to the letter;
But, if my life were given again,
  Methinks I yet could serve thee better.

CLÉMENT MAROT.

[1] See Vol. V., page 213.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

[**Joseph Butler, D. D.,** a distinguished English divine and author, born in Berkshire 1692, died 1752. Born a Presbyterian, he soon joined the Church of England, and was educated at Oxford, where his acute intellect was deeply engaged with the problems of theology. In 1736 appeared his great work, *The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature*, which is a profound and metaphysical defence of Christianity. Appointed Bishop of Bristol in 1738, and of Durham in 1750, Bishop Butler lived a quiet and charitable life, and at his death directed all his manuscripts to be burned. Thus we have from his pen only a volume of *Sermons*, and the great work above named.]

That which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us is the supposition of our happiness or misery hereafter depending upon our actions here. Without this, indeed, curiosity could not but sometimes bring a subject in which we may be so highly interested to our thoughts, especially upon the mortality of others, or the near prospect of our own. But reasonable men would not take any further thought about hereafter than what should happen thus occasionally to rise in their minds if it were certain that our future interest no way depended upon our present behavior; whereas, on the contrary, if there be ground, either from analogy or anything else, to think it does, then there is reason also for the most active thought and solicitude to secure that interest; to behave so as that we may escape that misery and obtain that happiness in another life which we not only suppose ourselves capable of, but which we apprehend also is put in our own power. And whether there be ground for this last apprehension certainly would deserve to be most seriously considered, were there no other proof of a future life and interest than that presumptive one which the foregoing observations amount to.

Now, in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, *is put in our own power.* For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions, and we are endued by the Author of our nature with capacities for foreseeing these consequences. We find by experience he does not so much as preserve our lives, exclusively of our own care and attention to provide ourselves with, and to make use of that sustenance by which he has appointed our lives shall be preserved; and without which he has appointed they shall not be preserved at all. And in general we foresee that the external things which are the objects of our various passions can neither be obtained nor enjoyed without exerting ourselves in such and such manners: but by thus exerting ourselves we obtain and enjoy these objects in which our natural good consists; or by this means God gives us the possession and enjoyment of them. I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet: or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable, *i. e.*, to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways the fruit of which they know, by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace, and poverty, and sickness, and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed we cannot find by experience that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies.

Why the Author of Nature does not give his creatures promiscuously such and such perceptions without regard to their behavior; why he does not make them happy without the instrumentality of their own actions, and prevent their bringing any sufferings upon themselves, is another matter. Perhaps there may be some impossibilities in the nature of things, which we are unacquainted with. Or less happiness, it may be, would upon the whole be produced by such a method than is by the present. Or perhaps divine goodness, with which, if I mistake not, we make very free in our speculations, may not be a bare single disposition to produce happiness; but a disposition to make the good, the faithful, the honest man happy. —*Analogy*, Chap. II.

ROME IN 1621.

[**James Howell,** an English author, born about 1595, died in 1666. At the age of twenty-five he travelled largely on the Continent, where he became versed in the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Italian languages. A member of Parliament in 1627, he was appointed in 1660 Historiographer-Royal of England. Of Howell's numerous works, the best are *Dodona's Grove*, a poem (1640), and *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, or *Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign* (London, 1645).]

The following is an extract from a letter written by Howell to Sir William St. John, Knight, dated Rome, September 13, 1621:

Sir,—Having seen Antenor's tomb in Padua, and the amphitheatre of Flaminius in Verona, with other brave towns in Lombardy, I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country; she is called *Communis Patris*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin church finds himself here, as it were, at home and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city; and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to Campus Martius; with Trasieren, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius his time; for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles in circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family, in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the state of the church extends above three hundred miles in length and two hundred miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagnia, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are about fifty bishopricks; the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravenna; he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venissa, called Avignon, in France. He hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a heriot, or homage, or what you will call it; he pretends also to be lord paramount of Sicily, Urbin, Parma, and Masseran; of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Pandelfo his legate's feet. . . . The air of Rome is not so wholesome as of old; and amongst other reasons, one is because of the burning of stubble to fatten their fields. For her antiquities, it would take up a whole volume to write them; those which I hold the chiefest are Vespasian's amphitheatre, where fourscore thousand people might sit; the stoves of Anthony; divers rare statues at Belvidere and St. Peter's, specially that of Laocoon; the obelisk; for the genius of the Roman hath always been much taken with imagery, limning, and sculptures, insomuch that, as in former times, so now I believe, the statues and pictures in Rome exceed the number of living people. . . . Since the dismembering of the empire, Rome hath run through many vicissitudes and turns of fortune; and had it not been for the residence of the pope, I believe she had become a heap of stones, a mount of rubbish, by this time: and however that she bears up indifferent well, yet one may say,—

> Qui miseranda videt veteris vestigia Romæ,
> Ille potest merito dicere, Roma fuit.
>
> "They who the ruins of first Rome behold,
> May say, Rome is not now, but was of old."

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St. Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time; yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly

as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep life and soul together still, by her ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now; so that it may be said, when the pope came to be her head, she was reduced to her first principles; for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is still governor and preserver. —*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.*

THE BRIDE OF THE NILE.

[**Georg Ebers,** a distinguished German novelist and historian, was born at Berlin in 1837. Educated at Göttingen, he early turned his attention to Egyptian history and art, and in 1870 he became professor of Egyptology in the University of Leipzig. His remarkable romances on Egyptian themes have been translated into most European languages, and have brought him great reputation as a skilful writer and careful delineator of oriental scenes and characters. Among his works are *An Egyptian Princess* (1864); *A Scientific Journey to Egypt* (1869); *Through Goshen to Sinai* (1872); *Uarda* (1877); *Egypt, Descriptive, Historical and Picturesque* (1878); *The Burgomaster's Wife* (1882); *Homo Sum* (1877); *The Emperor* (1880); *The Sisters* (1879); and *Serapis* (1884).]

CHAPTER I.

Half a lustrum had elapsed since Egypt had become subject to the youthful power of the Arabs, which had risen with such unexampled vigor and rapidity. It had fallen an easy prey, cheaply bought, into the hands of a small, well-captained troop of Moslem warriors; and the fair province, which so lately had been a jewel of the Byzantine Empire and the most faithful foster-mother to Christianity, now owned the sway of the Khaliff Omar, and saw the Crescent raised by the side of the Cross.

It was long since a hotter season had afflicted the land; and the Nile, whose rising had been watched for on the Night of Dropping—the 17th of June—with the usual festive preparations, had cheated the hopes of the Egyptians, and instead of rising had shrunk narrower and still narrower in its bed. It was in this time of sore anxiety, on the 10th of July, A. D. 643, that a caravan from the North reached Memphis.

It was but a small one, but its appearance in the decayed and deserted city of the Pyramids — which had grown only lengthwise, like a huge reed-leaf, since its breadth was confined between the Nile and the Libyan Hills—attracted the gaze of the passers-by, though in former years a Memphite would scarcely have thought it worth while to turn his head to gaze at an interminable pile of wagons loaded with merchandise, an imposing train of vehicles drawn by oxen, the flashing maniples of the imperial cavalry, or an endless procession wending its way down the five miles of high street.

The merchant who, riding a dromedary of the choicest breed, conducted this caravan was a lean Moslem of mature age, robed in soft silk. A vast turban covered his small head and cast a shadow over his delicate and venerable features.

The Egyptian guide who rode on a brisk little ass by his side looked up frequently and with evident pleasure at the merchant's face—not in itself a handsome one, with its hollow cheeks, meagre beard, and large aquiline nose—for it was lighted up by a pair of bright eyes, full of attractive thoughtfulness and genuine kindness. But that this fragile-looking man, in whose benevolent countenance grief and infirmities had graven many a furrow, could not only command but compel submission, was legible alike in his thin, firmly-closed lips and in the zeal with which his following of truculent and bearded fighting men, armed to the teeth, obeyed his slightest sign.

His Egyptian attendant, the head of the Hermeneutai—the guild of the Dragomans of that period—was a swarthy and surly native of Memphis; whenever he accidentally came too close to the fierce-looking riders of the dromedaries he shrunk his shoulders as if he expected a blow or a push, while he poured out question and answer to the Merchant Haschim, the owner of the caravan, without timidity and with the voluble garrulity of his tribe.

"You seem very much at home here in Memphis," he observed, when the old man had expressed his surprise at the decadence and melancholy change in the city.

"Thirty years ago," replied the merchant, "my business often brought me hither. How many houses are now empty and in ruins where formerly only heavy coin could secure admittance! Ruins on all sides! Who has so cruelly mutilated that fine church? My fellow-believers

left every Christian fane untouched—that I know from our chief Amrû himself."

"It was the principal church of the Melchites, the emperor's minions," cried the guide, as if that were ample explanation of the fact. The merchant, however, did not take it so.

"Well," he said, "and what is there so dreadful in their creed?"

"What!" said the Egyptian, and his eye flashed wrathfully. "What! They dismember the divine person of the Saviour, and attribute to it two distinct natures. And then! All the Greeks settled here, and encouraged by the protection of the emperor, treated us, the owners of the land, like slaves, till your nation came to put an end to their oppression. They drove us by force into their churches, and every true-born Egyptian was punished as a rebel and a leper. They mocked at us and persecuted us for our faith in the one divine nature of our Lord."

"And so," interrupted the merchant, "as soon as we drove out the Greeks you behaved more unmercifully to them and their sanctuaries than we, whom you scorn as infidels, did to you!"

"Mercy!—for them!" cried the Egyptian, indignantly, as he cast an evil eye on the demolished edifice. "They have reaped what they sowed; and now every one in Egypt who does not believe in your One God—blessed be the Saviour!—confesses the one sole nature of our Lord Jesus Christ. You drove out the Melchite rabble, and then it was our part to demolish the temples of their wretched Saviour, who lost His divine Unity at the synod of Chalcedon—damnation wait upon it!"

"But still the Melchites are fellow-believers with you—they are Christians," said the merchant.

"Christians!" echoed the guide, with a contemptuous shrug. "They may regard themselves as Christians, but I, with every one else great and small in this land, am of opinion that they have no right whatever to call themselves our fellow-believers and Christians. They all are and shall be forever accursed with their hundreds—nay thousands of devilish heresies, by which they degrade our God and Redeemer to the level of that idol on the stone pillar. Half a cow and half a man! Why, what rational being, I ask you, could pray to such a mongrel thing? We Jacobites, or Monophysites, or whatever they choose to call us, will not yield a jot or tittle of the divine nature of our Lord and Saviour; and if the old faith must die out, I will turn Moslem and be converted to your One Omnipotent God; for before I confess the heresies of the Melchites I will be hewn in pieces, and my wife and children with me. Who knows what may be coming to pass? And there are many advantages in going over to your side; for the power is in your hands, and long may you keep it! We have got to be ruled by strangers; and who would not rather pay small tribute to the wise and healthy Khaliff at Medina than a heavy one to the sickly imperial brood of Melchites at Constantinople. The Mukaukas George, to be sure, is not a bad sort of man, and as he so soon gave up all idea of resisting you he was no doubt of my opinion. Regarding you as just and pious folks, as our next neighbors, and perhaps even of our own race and blood, he preferred you—my brother told me so—to those Byzantine heretics, flayers of men and thirsting for blood; but yet the Mukaukas is as good a Christian as breathes."

The Arab had listened attentively and with a subtle smile to the Memphite, whose duties as guide now compelled him to break off. The Egyptian made the whole caravan turn down an alley that led into a street running parallel to the river, where a few fine houses still stood in the midst of their gardens. When men and beasts were making their way along a better pavement the merchant observed, "I knew the father of the man you were speaking of very well. He was wealthy and virtuous; of his son, too, I hear nothing but good. But is he still allowed to bear the title of governor, or what did you call him?—Mukaukas?"

"Certainly, master," said the guide. "There is no older family than his in all Egypt, and if old Menas was rich the Mukaukas is richer, both by inheritance and by his wife's dower. Nor could we wish for a more sensible or a juster governor! He keeps his eye on his underlings too; still, business is not done now as briskly as formerly, for though he is not much older than I am—and I am not yet sixty—he is always ailing, and has not been seen out of the house for months.

Even when your chief wants to see him he comes over to this side of the river. It is a pity with such a man as he; and who was it that broke down his stalwart strength? Why, those Melchite dogs; you may ask all along the Nile, long as it is, who was at the bottom of any misfortune, and you will always get the same answer: Wherever the Melchite or the Greek sets foot the grass refuses to grow."

"But the Mukaukas, the emperor's representative—" the Arab began. The Egyptian broke in, however:

"He, you think, must be safe from them? They did not certainly injure his person, but they did worse; for when the Melchites rose up against our party—it was at Alexandria, and the late Greek patriarch Cyrus had a finger in that pie—they killed his two sons, two fine, splendid men—killed them like dogs; and it crushed him completely."

"Poor man!" sighed the Arab. "And has he no child left?"

"Oh yes; one son, and the widow of his eldest. She went into a convent after her husband's death, but she left her child, her little Mary—she must be ten years old now—to live with her grandparents."

"That is well," said the old man; "that will bring some sunshine into the house."

"No doubt, master. And just lately they have had some cause for rejoicing. The only surviving son—Orion is his name—came home only the day before yesterday from Constantinople, where he has been for a long time. There was a to-do! Half the city went crazy. Thousands went out to meet him, as though he were the Saviour; they erected triumphal arches, even folks of my creed—no one thought of hanging back. One and all wanted to see the son of the great Mukaukas, and the women, of course, were first and foremost!"

"You speak, however," said the Arab, "as though the returning hero were not worthy of so much honor."

"That is as folks think," replied the Egyptian, shrugging his shoulders. "At any rate, he is the only son of the greatest man in the land."

"But he does not promise to be like the old man?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the guide. "My brother, a priest, and the head of one of our great schools, was his tutor, and he never met such a clever head as Orion's, he tells me. He learned everything without any trouble, and at the same time worked as hard as a poor man's son. We may expect him to win fame and honor—so Marcus says—for his parents and for the city of Memphis; but for my part, I can see the shady side, and I tell you the women will turn his head and bring him to a bad end. He is handsome, taller even than the old man in his best days, and he knows how to make the most of himself when he meets a pretty face—and pretty faces are always to be met in his path. . . ."

"And the young rascal takes what he finds!" said the Moslem, laughing. "If that is all you are alarmed at I am glad for the youth. He is young, and such things are allowable."

"Nay, sir, even my brother—he lives now in Alexandria, and is blind and foolish enough still in all that concerns his former pupil—and even he thinks this is a dangerous rock ahead. If he does not change in this respect he will wander further and further from the law of the Lord, and imperil his soul, for dangers surround him on all sides like roaring lions. The noble gifts of a handsome and engaging person will lead him to his ruin, and though I do not desire it, I suspect—"

"You look on the dark side and judge hardly," replied the old man. "The young—"

"Even the young, or at least the Christian young, ought to control themselves, though I, if any one, am inclined to make the utmost allowance for the handsome lad—nay, and I may confess, when he smiles at me I feel at once as if I had met with some good luck; and there are a thousand other men in Memphis who feel the same, and still more the women, you may be sure—but many a one has shed bitter tears on his account for all that. But, by all the saints! Talk of the wolf and you see his tail! Look, there he is! Halt! stop a minute, you men; it is worth while, sir, to tarry a moment."

"Is that his fine quadriga in front of the high garden gate yonder?"

"Those are the Pannonian horses he brought with him, as swift as lightning and as— But look! Ah, now they have

disappeared behind the hedge; but you, high up on your dromedary, must be able to see them. The little maid by his side is the widow Susannah's daughter. This garden and the beautiful mansion behind the trees belong to her."

"A very handsome property!" said the Arab.

"I should think so, indeed!" replied the Memphite. "The garden goes down to the Nile, and then, what care is taken of it!"

"Was it not here that Philommon the corn-merchant lived formerly?" asked the old man, as though some memories were coming back to him.

"To be sure. He was Susannah's husband, and must have been a man of fifty when he first wooed her. The little girl is their only child, and the richest heiress in the whole province; but she is not altogether grown up, though she is sixteen years old—an old man's child, you understand, but a pretty, merry creature, a laughing dove in human form, and so quick and lively. Her own people call her the little water-wagtail."

"Good! Good and very appropriate," said the merchant, well pleased. "She is small, too, a child rather than a maiden; but the graceful, gladsome creature takes my fancy. And the governor s son—what is his name?"

"Orion, sir," replied the guide.

"And by my beard," said the old man, smiling, "you have not over-praised him, man! Such a youth as this Orion is not to be seen every day. What a tall fellow! and how becoming are those brown curls! Such as he are spoiled to begin with by their mothers, and then all the other women follow suit. And he has a frank, shrewd face with something behind it. If only he had left his purple coat and gold frippery in Constantinople! Such finery is out of place in this dismal, ruinous city."

While he was yet speaking the Memphite urged his ass forward, but the Arab held him back, for his attention was riveted by what was taking place within the enclosure. He saw handsome Orion place a small white dog, a silky creature of great beauty that evidently belonged to him, in the little maiden's arms; saw her kiss it and then put a blade of grass round its neck as if to measure its size. The old man watched them as, both laughing gayly, they looked into each other's eyes and presently bid each other farewell. The girl stood on tiptoe in front of some rare shrub to reach two exquisite purple flowers that blossomed at the top; hastily plucked them and offered them to him with a deep blush; she pushed away the hand he had put out to support her as she stretched up for the flowers with a saucy slap, and a bright glance of happiness lighted up her sweet face as the young man kissed the place her fingers had hit, and then pressed the flowers to his lips. The old man looked on with sympathetic pleasure, as though it roused the sweetest memories in his mind; and his kind eyes shone as Orion, no less mischievously happy than the young girl, whispered something in her ear. She drew the long stem of grass out of her waist-belt to administer immediate and condign punishment withal, struck it across his face, and then fled over grass-plot and flower-bed as swift as a roe, without heeding his repeated shouts of "Katharina—bewitching, big damsel Katharina!" till she reached the house.

It was a charming little interlude. Old Haschim was still pondering it in his memory with much satisfaction when he and his caravan had gone some distance farther. He felt obliged to Orion for this pretty scene, and when he heard the young man's quadriga approaching at an easy trot behind him, he turned round to gaze. But the Arab's face had lost its contentment by the time the four Pannonians and the chariot, overlaid with silver ornamentation, and forming, with its driver, a picture of rare beauty and in perfect taste, had slowly driven past, to fly on like the wind as soon as the road was clear, and to vanish presently in clouds of dust. There was something of melancholy in his voice as he desired his young camel-driver to pick up the flowers, which now lay in the dust of the road, and to bring them to him. He himself had observed the handsome youth as, with a glance and a gesture of annoyance with himself, he flung the innocent gift on the hot, sandy highway.

"Your brother is right," cried the old man to the Memphite. "Women are, indeed, the rock ahead in this young fellow's life—and he in theirs, I fear. Poor little girl!"

"The little water-wagtail, do you mean? Oh, with her it may, perhaps, turn to real

earnest. The two mothers have settled the matter already. They are both rolling in gold, and where doves nest doves resort. Thank God, the sun is low down over the Pyramids! Let your people rest at the large inn yonder; the host is an honest man, and lacks nothing, not even shade."

"So far as the beasts and drivers are concerned," said the merchant, "they may stop here. But I, and the leader of the caravan, and some of my men will only take some refreshment, and then you must guide us to the governor; I have to speak with him. It is growing late. . . ."

"That does not matter," said the Egyptian. "The Mukaukas prefers to see strangers after sundown on such a scorching day. If you have any dealings with him, I am the very man for you. You have only to make play with a gold-piece and I can obtain you an audience at once through Sebek, the house-steward—he is my cousin. While you are resting here, I will ride on to the governor's palace and bring you word as to how matters stand."

CHAPTER II.

The caravansary into which Haschim and his following now turned off stood on a plot of rising ground, surrounded by palm-trees. Before the destruction of the heathen sanctuaries it had been a temple of Imhotep, the Egyptian Esculapius, the beneficent god of healing, who had had his places of special worship even in the city of the dead. It was half ruined, half buried in desert sand, when an enterprising innkeeper had bought the elegant structure with the adjacent grove for a very moderate sum. Since then it had passed to various owners, a large wooden building for the accommodation of travellers had been added to the massive edifice, and among the palm-trees, which extended as far as the ill-repaired quay, stables were erected and plots of ground fenced in for beasts of all kinds. The whole place looked like a cattle-fair, and indeed it was a great resort of the butchers and horse-dealers of the town who came there to purchase. The palm-grove, being one of the few remaining close to the city, also served the Memphites as a pleasure-ground, where they could "sniff fresh air" and treat themselves in a pleasant shade. Tables and seats had been set out close to the river, and there were boats on hire in mine host's little creek, and those who took their pleasure in coming thither by water were glad to put in and refresh themselves under the palms of Nesptah.

Two rows of houses had formerly divided this rendezvous for the sober and the reckless from the high-road, but they had long since been pulled down and laid level with the ground by successive landlords. Even now some hundreds of laborers might be seen, in spite of the scorching heat, toiling under Arab overseers to demolish a vast ruin of the date of the Ptolemies, and transporting the huge blocks of limestone and marble, and the numberless columns which once had supported the roof of the temple of Zeus, to the eastern shore of the Nile—loading them on to trucks drawn by oxen which hauled them down to the quay to cross the river in flat-bottomed boats.

Amrû, the Khaliff's general and representative, was there building his new capital. For this the temples of the old gods were used as quarries, and they supplied not only finely squared blocks of the most durable stone, but also myriads of Greek columns of every order, which had only to be ferried over and set up again on the other shore; for the Arabs disdained nothing in the way of materials, and made indiscriminate use of blocks and pillars in their own sanctuaries, whether they took them from heathen temples or Christian churches.

The walls of the temple of Imhotep had originally been completely covered with pictures of the gods and hieroglyphic inscriptions, but the smoke of reeking hearths had long since blackened them, fanatical hands had never been wanting to deface them, and in many places they had been lime-washed and scrawled with Christian symbols or very unchristian mottoes in Greek and the spoken dialect of the Egyptians. The Arab and his men took their meal in what had been the great hall of the temple—none of them drinking wine excepting the captain of the caravan, who was no Moslem, but belonged to the Parsee sect of the Masdakites.

When the old merchant, sitting at a table by himself, had satisfied his hunger, he called this chief and desired him to load the bale containing the hanging on a litter between the two largest baggage camels, and to fasten it securely, but so that it could easily be removed.

"It is done," replied the Persian, as he wiped his thick mustache—he was a magnificent man, as tall and stalwart as an oak, with light, flowing hair like a lion's mane.

"So much the better," said Haschim. "Then come out with me." And he led the way to the palm-grove.

The sun had sunk to rest behind the pyramids, the Necropolis, and the Libyan hills; the eastern sky and the bare limestone rock of Babylon on the opposite shore were shining with hues of indescribable diversity and beauty. It seemed as though every variety of rose reared by the skilled gardeners of Arsinoë or Naukratis had yielded its hues, from golden buff to crimson and the deepest wine-tinted violet, to shed their magic glow on the plains, the peaks and gorges of the hills, with the swiftness of thought.

The old man's heart beat high as he gazed at the scene; he drew a deep breath, and laying his slender hand on the Persian's mighty arm, he said, "Your prophet, Masdak, taught that it was God's will that no one should think himself more or less chosen than another, and that there should be neither rich nor poor on earth, but that every possession should belong to all in common. Well, look around you here as I do. The man who has not seen this has seen nothing. There is no fairer scene here below, and to whom does it belong? To poor simple Salech yonder, whom we allowed to tramp half naked at our camels' heels out of pity. It is his as much as it is yours or mine or the Khaliff's. God has given us all an equal share in the glory of His works, as your prophet would have it. How much beauty is the common possession of our race! Let us be thankful for it, Rustem, for indeed it is no small matter. But as to property, such as man may win or lose, that is quite a different matter. We all start on the same race-course, and what you Masdakites ask is that lead should be tied to the feet of the swift, so that no one should outstrip another; but that would be— Well, well! Let us feast our eyes now on the marvellous beauty before us. Look! What just now was the purple of this flower is now deep ruby red; what before was a violet gleam, now is the richest amethyst. Do you see the golden fringe to those clouds? It is like a setting. And all this is ours—is yours and mine—so long as we have eyes and heart to enjoy and be uplifted by it!"

The Masdakite laughed a fresh, sonorous laugh, and said, "Yes, master, for those who see as you see. The colors are bright, no doubt, over the sky and the hills, and we do not often see such a red as that at home in my country; but of what use is all that magic show? You see rubies and amethysts—but as for me! The gems in your hanging stand for something more than that shining show. I mean no harm, master, but I would give all the sunsets that ever glowed on earth for your bales, and never repent of the bargain!" He laughed more heartily than before, and added, "But you, worthy Father, would think twice before you signed it. As to what we Masdakites hope for, our time is not yet come."

"And suppose it were, and that the hanging were yours?"

"I should sell it and add the price to my savings, and go home and buy some land, and take a pretty wife, and breed camels and horses."

"And next day would come the poorer men who had laid nothing by, and had made no bargain over hangings and sunsets; and they would ask for a share of your land, and a camel and a foal each, and you would not be able ever to see a sunset again, but must wander about the world, and your pretty wife with you to help you share everything with others. Let us abide by the old order, my Rustem, and may the Most High preserve you your good heart, for you have but a foolish and crotchety head."

The big man bent over his master and gratefully kissed his arm; at this moment the guide rejoined them, but with a long face, for he had promised more than he could perform. The Mukaukas George had set out—a quite unheard-of event—for an excursion on the river in his barge, with his son and the ladies of the house, just as he was hoping to secure an audience for the Arab. Orion's return, the steward had explained, had made the old man quite young again. Haschim must now wait till the morrow, and he, the guide, would counsel him to pass the night in the city at an inn kept by one Moschion, where he would be well cared for.

But the merchant preferred to remain where he was. He did not care about the

delay, more particularly as he wished to consult an Egyptian physician with regard to an old standing complaint he suffered from, and there was no more skilful or learned leech in the whole land, the Egyptian guide assured him, than the famous Philip of Memphis. The situation here, outside the town, was very pleasant, and from the river's bank he might observe the comet which had been visible for some nights past—a portent of evil, no doubt. The natives of the city had been paralyzed with terror; that, indeed, was evident even here in Nesptah's caravansary, for usually, as the evening grew cool, the tables and benches under the palms were crowded with guests; but who would care to think of enjoyment in those days of dread?

So he remounted his ass to fetch the physician, while old Haschim, leaning on the Masdakite's arm, betook himself to a bench by the river. There he sat gazing thoughtfully at the starry sky, and his companion dreamed of home and of buying a meadow—even without the price of the gorgeous hanging—of building a house, and of choosing a pretty little wife to manage it. Should she be fair or dark? He would rather she should be fair.

But his castle in the air was shattered at this point, for an object was approaching across the Nile which attracted his attention, and which he pointed out to his chief. The stream lay before them like a broad belt of black and silver brocade. The waxing moon was mirrored in the almost unruffled surface, and where a ripple curled it the tiny crest glittered like white flame. Bats swooped to and fro in the gloom from the city of the dead to the river, and flitted above it like shadows blown about by the wind. A few lateen sails moved like pale, gigantic birds over the dark waters; but now from the north—and from the city—a larger mass came towards the palm-grove with bright, gleaming eyes of light.

"A fine boat—the governor's, no doubt," said the merchant, as it slowly came towards the grove from the middle of the stream. At the same time the clatter of hoofs became audible from the road behind the inn. Haschim turned round and was aware of torch-bearers running ahead of a chariot.

"The sick man has come so far by water," said the Arab, "and now he is to be driven home. Strange! this is the second time to-day that I have met his much-talked of son!"

The governor's pleasure-barge was nearing the palm-grove. It was a large and handsome boat, built of cedar-wood and richly gilt, with an image of John, the patron saint of the family, for a figure-head. The nimbus round the head was a crown of lamps, and large lanterns shone both at the bows and stern of the vessel. The Mukaukas George was reclining under an awning, his wife Neforis by his side. Opposite to them sat their son and a tall young girl, at whose feet a child of ten sat on the ground, leaning her pretty head against her knees. An older Greek woman, the child's governess, had a place by the side of a very tall man, on an ottoman beyond the verge of the awning. This man was Philip the leech. The cheerful sound of the lute accompanied the barge, and the performer was the returned wanderer Orion, who touched the strings with skill and deep feeling.

It was altogether a pleasing scene—a fair picture of a wealthy and united family. But who was the damsel sitting by Orion's side? He was devoting his whole attention to her; as he struck the strings with deeper emphasis his eyes sought hers, and it seemed as though he were playing for her alone. Nor did she appear unworthy of such homage, for when the barge ran into the little haven, and Haschim could distinguish her features, he was startled by her noble and purely Greek beauty.

A few handsomely dressed slaves, who must have come with the vehicle by the road, now went on board the boat to carry their invalid lord to his chariot; and it then became apparent that the seat in which he reclined was provided with arms by which it could be lifted and moved. A burly negro took this at the back, but just as another was stooping to lift it in front, Orion pushed him away and took his place, raised the couch with his father on it, and carried him across the landing-stage between the deck and the shore, past Haschim to the chariot. The young man did the work of bearer with cheerful ease, and looked affectionately at his father while he shouted to the ladies—for only his mother and the physician accompanied the invalid, after carefully wrapping him in shawls—to get out of the barge and wait for him.

Then he went forward, lighted by the torches which were carried before them.

"Poor man!" thought the merchant, as he looked after the Mukaukas. "But to a man who has such a son to carry him, the saddest, and hardest lot floats by like a cloud before the wind."

He was now ready to forgive Orion even the rejected flowers; and when the young girl stepped on shore, the child clinging fondly to her arm, he confessed to himself that Dame Susannah's little daughter would find it hard, indeed, to hold her own by the side of this tall and royal vision of beauty. What a form was this maiden's! and what princely bearing! and how sweet and engaging the voice in which she named some of the constellations to her little companion, and pointed out the comet which was just rising!

Haschim was sitting in shadow; he could see without being seen, and note all that took place on the bench, which was lighted by one of the barge's lanterns. The unexpected entertainment gave him pleasure, for everything that affected the governor's son roused his sympathy and interest. The idea of forming an opinion of this remarkable young man smiled on his fancy, and the sight of the beautiful girl who sat on the bench yonder warmed his old heart. The child must certainly be Mary, the governor's grand-daughter.

Then the chariot started off, clattering away down the road, and in a few minutes Orion came back to the rest of the party.

Alas! Poor little heiress of Susannah's wealth. How different was his demeanor to this beautiful damsel from his treatment of that little thing! His eyes rested on her face in rapture, his speech failed him now and again as he addressed her, and what he said must be sometimes grave and captivating, and sometimes witty, for not she alone, but the little maid's governess, listened to him eagerly, and when the fair one laughed it was in particularly sweet, clear tones. There was something so lofty in her mien that this frank expression of contentment was almost startling, like a breath of perfume from some gorgeous flower which seems created to rejoice the eye only. And she to whom all that Orion had to say was addressed, listened to him not only with deep attention, but in a way which showed the merchant that she cared even more for the speaker than for what he was so eager in expressing. If this maiden wedded the governor's son, they would indeed be a pair! Taus, the innkeeper's wife, now came out, a buxom and vigorous Egyptian woman of middle age, carrying some of the puffs for which she was famous, and which she had just made with her own hands. She also served them with milk, grapes, and other fruit, her eyes sparkling with delight and gratified ambition; for the son of the great Mukaukas, the pride of the city, who in former years had often been her visitor, and not only for the sake of her cakes, in water parties with his gay companions—mostly Greek officers, who now were all dead and gone, or exiles from the country—now did her the honor to come here so soon after his return. Her facile tongue knew no pause as she told him that she and her husband had gone forth with the rest to welcome him at the triumphal arch near Menes's Gate, and Emau with them, and the little one. Yes, Emau was married now, and had called her first child Orion. And when the young man asked Dame Taus whether Emau was as charming as ever, and as like her mother as she used to be, she shook her finger at him, and asked in her turn, as she pointed towards the young lady, whether the fickle bird at whose departure so many had sighed, was to be caged at last, and whether yon fair lady—

But Orion cut her short, saying that he was still his own master, though he already felt the noose round his neck; and the fair lady blushed even more deeply than at the good woman's first question. He, however, soon got over his awkwardness, and gayly declared that the worthy Taus's little daughter was one of the prettiest girls in Memphis, and had had quite as many admirers as her excellent mother's puff-pastry. Taus was to greet her kindly from him.

The landlady departed, much touched and flattered; Orion took up his lute, and while the ladies refreshed themselves he did the maiden's bidding and sang the song by Alcaeus which she asked for in a rich though subdued voice to the lute, playing it like a master. The young girl's eyes were fixed on his lips, and again he seemed to be making music for her alone. When it was time to start homeward, and the ladies returned to the barge, he went up to the inn to pay the reckoning. As he presently returned alone the Arab saw

him pick up a handkerchief that the young lady had left on the table, and hastily press it to his lips as he went towards the barge.

The gorgeous red blossoms had fared worse in the morning. The young man's heart was given to that maiden on the water. She could not be his sister; what, then, was the connection between them?

The merchant soon gained this information, for the guide on his return could give it him. She was Paula, the daughter of Thomas, the famous Greek general who had defended the city of Damascus so long and so bravely against the armies of Islam. She was Mukaukas George's niece; but her fortune was small; she was a poor relation of the family, and after her father's disappearance—for his body had never been found—she had been received into the governor's house out of pity and charity—she, a Melchite! The interpreter had little to say in her favor, by reason of her sect; and though he could find no flaw in her beauty, he insisted on it that she was proud and ungracious, and incapable of winning any man's love; only the child, little Mary—she, to be sure, was very fond of her. It was no secret that even her uncle's wife, worthy Neforis, did not care for her haughty niece, and only suffered her to please the invalid. And what business had a Melchite at Memphis under the roof of a good Jacobite? Every word the dragoman spoke breathed the scorn which a mean and narrow-minded man is always ready to heap on those who share the kindness of his own benefactors.

But this beautiful and lofty-looking daughter of a great man had conquered the merchant's old heart, and his opinion of her was quite unmoved by the Memphite's strictures. It was ere long confirmed, indeed, for Philip, the leech, whom the guide had been to find, and whose dignified personality inspired the Arab with confidence, was a daily visitor to the governor, and he spoke of Paula as one of the most perfect creatures that heaven had ever formed in a happy hour. But the Almighty seemed to have forgotten to care for his own masterpiece; for years her life had been indeed a sad one.

The physician could promise the old man some mitigation of his sufferings, and they liked each other so well that they parted the best of friends, and not till a late hour.

CHAPTER III.

The Mukaukas' barge, urged forward by powerful rowers, made its way smoothly down the river. On board there was whispering, and now and again singing. Little Mary had dropped asleep on Paula's shoulder; the Greek duenna gazed sometimes at the comet which filled her with terrors, sometimes at Orion, whose handsome face had bewitched her mature heart, and sometimes at the young girl, whom she was ill-pleased to see thus preferred by this favorite of the gods. It was a deliciously warm, still night, and the moon, which makes the ocean swell and flow, stirs the tide of feeling to rise in the human breast.

Whatever Paula asked for Orion sang, as though nothing was unknown to him that had ever sounded on a Greek lute; and the longer they went on the clearer and richer his voice grew, the more melting and seductive its expression, and the more urgently it appealed to the young girl's heart. Paula gave herself up to the sweet enchantment, and when he laid down the lute, and asked in low tones if his native land was not lovely on such a night as this, or which song she liked best, and whether she had any idea of what it had been to him to find her in his parent's house, she yielded to the charm, and answered him in whispers like his own.

Under the dense foliage of the sleeping garden he pressed her hand to his lips, and she, tremulous, let him have his way. Bitter, bitter years lay behind her. The physician had spoken only too truly. The hardest blows of fate had brought her, the proud daughter of a noble father, to a course of cruel humiliations. The life of a friendless, though not penniless relation, taken into a wealthy house out of charity, had proved a thorny path to tread; but now—since the day before yesterday—all was changed. Orion had come. His home and the city had held high festival on his return, as at some gift of Fortune, in which she, too, had a goodly share. He had met her, not as the dependent relative, but as a beautiful and high-born woman. There was sunshine in his presence which warmed her very heart, and made her raise her head once more, like a

flower that is brought out under the open sky after long privation of light and air. His bright spirit and gladness of life refreshed her heart and brain; the respect he paid her revived her crushed self-confidence, and filled her soul with fervent gratitude. Ah! and how delightful it was to feel that she might be grateful—devotedly grateful. And then, then this evening had been hers—the sweetest, most blessed that she had known for years. He had reminded her of what she had almost forgotten: that she was still young, that she was still lovely, that she had a right to be happy, to enchant and be enchanted—perhaps even to love and to be loved.

Her hand was still conscious of his burning kiss as she entered the cool room where the Lady Neforis sat awaiting the return of the party, turning her spinning-wheel by the couch of her invalid husband, who always went to rest at late hours. It was with an overflowing heart that Paula raised her uncle's hand to her lips—Orion's father; might she not say HER Orion's? Then she kissed her aunt, his mother—and it was long since she had done so—as she and little Mary bid her good-night. Neforis accepted the kiss coolly, but with some surprise, and looked up inquiringly at the girl and at her son. No doubt she thought many things, but deemed it prudent to give them no utterance for the present. She allowed the girl to retire as though nothing unusual had occurred, superintended the servants who came to carry her husband into his bedroom, gave him the white globule which was to secure him sleep, and with indefatigable patience turned and moved his pillows till his couch was to his mind. Not till then, nor till she was satisfied that a servant was keeping watch in the adjoining room, did she leave him; and then—for there was danger in delay—she went to seek her son.

This tall, large, and rather too portly woman had been in her youth a slender and elegant girl, a graceful creature, though her calm and expressionless features had never been strikingly beautiful. Age had altered them but little; her face was now that of a good-looking, plump, easy-going matron, which had lost its freshness through long and devoted attendance on the sick man. Her birth and position gave her confidence and self-reliance, but there was nothing gracious or captivating in her individuality. The joys and woes of others were not hers; still she could be moved and stirred by them, even to self-denial, and was very capable of feeling quite a passionate interest for others; only, those others must be her own immediate belongings and no one else. Thus a more devoted and anxious wife, or a more loving mother, would have been hard to find; but if we compare her faculty for loving with a star, its rays were too short to reach farther than to those nearest to her, and these regarded it as an exceptional state of grace to be included within the narrow circle of those beloved by her somewhat grudging soul.

She knocked at Orion's sitting-room, and he hailed her late visit with surprise and pleasure. She had come to speak of a matter of importance, and had done so promptly, for her son's and Paula's conduct just now urged her to lose no time. Something was going on between these two, and her husband's niece was far outside the narrow limits of her loving-kindness.

This, she began by saying, would not allow her to sleep. She had but one heart's desire, and his father shared it: Orion must know full well what she meant; she had spoken to him about it only yesterday. His father had received him with warm affection, had paid his debts unhesitatingly and without a word of reproach, and now it was his part to turn over a new leaf, to break with his former reckless life, and set up a home of his own. The bride, as he knew, was chosen for him. "Susannah was here just now," she said. "You scapegrace, she confessed that you had quite turned her Katherina's little head this morning."

"I am sorry for it," he interrupted, in a tone of annoyance. "These ways with women have grown upon me as a habit; but I have done with them henceforth. They are unworthy of me now, and I feel, my dear mother—"

"That life is beginning in earnest," Neforis threw in. "The wish which brings me to you now entirely accords with that. You know what it is, and I cannot imagine what you can have to say against it. In short, you must let me settle the matter to-morrow with Dame Susannah. You are sure of her daugh-

ter's affection; she is the richest heiress in the country, well brought up, and as I said before, she has quite lost her little heart to you."

"And she had better have kept it!" said Orion, with a laugh.

Then his mother waxed wroth, and exclaimed: "I must beg you to reserve your mirth for a more fitting season and for laughable things. I am very much in earnest when I say the girl is a sweet, good little creature, and will be a faithful and loving wife to you, under God. Or have you left your heart in Constantinople! Has the Senator Justinus' fair relation— But nonsense! You can hardly suppose that that volatile Greek girl—"

Orion clasped her in his arms, and said tenderly; "No, dearest mother, no. Constantinople lies far, far behind me, in a gray mist beyond the farthest Thule; and here, close here, under my father's roof, I have found something far more lovely and more perfect than has ever been beheld by the dwellers on the Bosphorus. That little girl is no match for a son of our stalwart and broad-shouldered race. Our future generations must still tower proudly above the common herd in every respect; I want no plaything for a wife, but a woman, such as you yourself were in youth—tall, dignified, and handsome. My heart goes forth to no gold-crested wren, but to a really royal maiden. Of what use to waste words! Paula, the noble daughter of a glorious father, is my choice. It came upon me just now like a revelation; I ask your blessing on my union with her!"

So far had Neforis allowed her son to speak. He had frankly and boldly uttered what she had indeed feared to hear. And so long she had succeeded in keeping silence. But now her patience gave way. Trembling with anger, she abruptly broke in, exclaiming, as her face grew crimson: "No more; no more! Heaven grant that this which I have been compelled to hear may be no more than a fleeting and foolish whim! Have you quite forgotten who and what we are? Have you forgotten that those were Melchites who slew your two dear brothers—our two noble sons? Of what account are we among the orthodox Greeks? While among the Egyptians and all who confess the saving doctrine of Eutyches, among the Monophysites we are the chief—and we will remain so, and close our ears and hearts against all heretics and their superstitions. What! A grandson of Menas, the brother of two martyrs for our glorious faith, married to a Melchite! The mere idea is sacrilege—is blasphemy; I can give it no milder name! I and your father will die childless before we consent! And it is for the love of this woman, whose heart is so cold, that I shiver only to think of it—for this waif and stray, who has nothing but her ragged pride and the mere scrapings of a lost fortune, which never could compare with ours—for this thankless creature, who can hardly bring herself to bid me, your mother, such a civil good-morning—by heaven, it is the truth—as I can say to a slave—for her that I, that your parents are to be bereft of their son, the only child that a gracious Providence has left to be their joy and comfort? No, no; never! Far be it from me! You, Orion, my heart's darling, you have been a wilful fellow all your life, but you cannot have such a perverse heart as to bring your old mother, who has kept you in her heart these four-and-twenty years, in sorrow to the grave, and embitter your father's few remaining days—for his hours are numbered! And all for the sake of this cold beauty, whom you have seen for a few hours these last two days. You cannot have the heart to do this, my heart's treasure; no, you cannot! But if you should in some accursed hour, I tell you, and I have been a tender mother to you all your life—but as surely as God shall be my stay and your father's in our last hour, I will tear all love for you out of my heart like a poisonous weed—I will, though that heart should break!"

Orion put his arms round the excited woman, who had freed herself from his embrace, laid his hand lightly on her lips, and kissed her eyes, whispering in her ear.

"I have not the heart, indeed, and could scarcely find it." Then, taking both her hands, he looked straight into her face.

"Brrr!" he exclaimed, "your dare-devil son was never so much frightened in his life as by your threats. What dreadful words are these? and even worse were at the tip of your tongue! Mother! Mother Neforis! Your name means kindness, but you can be cruel, bitterly cruel!"

Still he drew her fondly to him, and kissed her hair, and brow, and cheeks with eager haste, in a vehemence of feeling which came over him like a revulsion after the shock he had gone through; and when they parted he had given her leave to negotiate for little Katherina's hand on his behalf, and she had promised in return that it should be not on the morrow, but the day after at soonest. This delay seemed to him a sort of victory, and when he found himself alone, and reflected on what he had done in yielding to his mother, though his heart bled from the wounds of which he himself knew not the depth, he rejoiced that he had not bound Paula by any closer tie. His eyes had indeed told her much, but the word "Love" had not passed his lips—and yet that was what it came to. But, surely, a cousin might be allowed to kiss the hand of a lovely relation. She was a desirable woman—ah, how desirable!—and must ever be; but to quarrel with his parents for the sake of a girl, were she Aphrodite herself, or one of the Muses or the Graces—that was impossible! There were thousands of pretty women in the world, but only one mother; and how often had his heart beat high and won another heart, taken all it had to give, and then easily and quickly recovered its balance.

This time, however, it seemed more deeply hit than on former occasions: even the lovely Persian slave, for whose sake he had committed the wildest follies while yet scarcely more than a schoolboy—even the bewitching Heliodora at Constantinople, for whom he still had a tender thought, had not agitated him so strongly. It was hard to give up this Paula; but there was no help for it. To-morrow he must do his best to establish their intercourse on a friendly and fraternal footing; for he could have no hope that she would be content to accept his love only, like the gentle Heliodora, who was quite her equal in birth. Life would have been fair, unutterably fair, with this splendid creature by his side! If only he could take her to the Capital, he felt sure that all the world would stand still to turn round and gaze at her. And if she loved him—if she met him open-armed. . . . . Oh, why had spiteful fate made her a Melchite? But then, alas, alas! There must surely be something wrong with her nature and temper; would she not otherwise have been able in two years to gain the love instead of the dislike of his excellent and fond mother? Well, after all, it was best so; but Paula's image haunted him, nevertheless, and spoiled his sleep, and his longing for her was not to be stilled.

Neforis, meanwhile, did not return at once to her husband, but went to find Paula. This business must be settled on all sides, and at once. If she could have believed that her victory would give the invalid unqualified pleasure, she would have hastened to him with the good news, for she knew no higher joy than to procure him a moment's happiness; but the Mukaukas had agreed to her choice very reluctantly. Katherina seemed to him too small and childish for his noble son, whose mental superiority had been revealed to him unmistakably and undeniably in many long discussions since his return, to the delight of his father's heart. "The water-wagtail," though he wished her every happiness, did not satisfy him for Orion. To him, the father, Paula would have been a well-beloved daughter-in-law, and he had often found pleasure in picturing her by Orion's side. But she was a Melchite; he knew, too, how ill-affected his wife was towards her, so he kept his wish locked in his own breast, in order not to vex the faithful companion who lived, thought, and felt for him alone; and Dame Neforis knew or guessed all this, and said to herself that it would cost him his night's rest if he were to be told at once what a concession Orion had made.

With Paula it was different. The sooner she learned that she had nothing to expect from their son the better for her.

That very morning she and Orion had greeted each other like a couple of lovers, and just now they had parted like a promised bride and bridegroom. She would not again be witness to such vexatious doings; so she went to the young girl's room, and confided to her with much satisfaction the happy prospects her son had promised them, only Paula must say nothing about it till the day after to-morrow.

The moment she entered the room Paula inferred from her beaming expression that she had something to say unpleasant to herself, so she preserved due composure. Her face wore a look of unmoved indiffer-

ence while she submitted to the overflow of a too happy mother's heart, and she wished the betrothed couple joy, but she did so with a smile that infuriated Neforis.

She was not, on the whole, spiteful; but, face to face with this girl, her nature was transformed, and she rather liked the idea of showing her, once more in her life, that in her place humility would beseem her. All this she said to herself as she quitted Paula's room; but perhaps this woman, who had much that was good in her, might have felt some ruth if, in the course of the next few hours, she could but have looked into the heart of the orphan intrusted to her protection. Only once did Paula sob aloud; then she indignantly dried her tears, and sat for a long time gazing at the floor, shaking her pretty head again and again, as though something unheard of and incredible had befallen her.

At last, with a bitter sigh, she went to bed; and, while she vainly strove for sleep, and for strength to pray and be silently resigned, Time seemed to her a wild-beast chase, Fate a relentless hunter, and the quarry he was pursuing was herself.

Translated by CLARA BELL.

THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

[**Jacob Cats** was born in 1577, at Brouwershaven, in Zeeland. He studied at Leyden, and afterwards held several of the most important offices in the state. He was Ambassador to England, and afterwards, during five years, Grand Pensionary of Holland. He died at his estate in Zargvliet, in 1660. His poems consist of fables, songs, allegories, etc. They are distinguished for purity and simplicity of style, a rich fancy, and delicate morality.]

We read in books of ancient lore,
An image stood in days of yore,
Which, when the sun with splendor dight
Cast on its lips his golden light,
Those lips gave back a silver sound,
Which filled for hours the waste around:
But when again the living blaze
Withdrew its music-waking rays,
Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,
Or evening shades its face concealed,
This image stood all silent there,
Nor lent one whisper to the air.
This was of old.—And even now,
The man who lives in fortune's glow
Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,
In town and country, court and college;
And all assert, *nem. con.*, whatever
Comes from his mouth is vastly clever:
But when the glowing sun retires,
His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,
And all his praise like vapor flies,—
For who e'er calls a poor man wise?

ANACREONTIC.

[**Pieter Cornelis Hooft.** This writer, one of the fathers of the literature of Holland, was born at Amsterdam, March 16, 1581. His taste was formed by the study of the ancient classics, and by his travels in Italy. As a literary man, he distinguished himself both in historical composition and in poetry. In the former, Tacitus was his model, and the translation which he published of this great historian holds the rank of a classic. He wrote the *Life of Henry the Fourth*, the *History of the House of Medici*, and the *History of the Netherlands*. The last is considered his most important work. As a poet, he is regarded as the creator of tragedy and of erotic poetry in Holland. He died at the Hague, May 21, 1647.]

Three long years have o'erwhelmed me in sadness,
Since the sun veiled his vision of gladness;
Sorrow be banished,—for sorrow is dreary;
Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
In my heart I perceive the day breaking;
I cannot resist its awaking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gayly and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me,—
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting;
Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their sparkling,
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes,—then the beauties have bound them,
And scattered their shadows around them;

Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high-places:
But the brightest of stars is but twilight,
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth,—all the flowers spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel, then, if, in its kisses,
My soul is o'erwhelmed with sweet blisses?

O, how blest, how divine the employment!
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips, and soft, amorous glances,—
Kindling, and quenching, and fanning sweet fancies,—
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes, that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing,—
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye!
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
O, no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul—ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips,—thy sweet lips,—they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection:
And, sure, never triumph was purer:
And, sure, never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fettered and fastened so sweetly;
And blessed are the tones, and the looks, and the mind, too,
Which my senses control, and my heart is inclined to;
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fastened love's fetters the tightest.

JOHN A' SCHAFFELAAR.

[**Henrick C. Tollens** was born at Rotterdam, in 1780, died 1836. He received a classical education, and also devoted himself much to the modern languages. He showed early an inclination for poetry. His first attempts appeared in 1802, and gave an earnest of his future distinction. In 1806 he gained a prize by his well-known poem, entitled *The Death of Egmont and Horn*. A collection of his poems was published in 1808. Since then, a long series of works has appeared from his indefatigable pen, which have had an immense circulation. Gravenweert calls him "one of the greatest Dutch authors in descriptive poetry, the ballad, and the sweet, graceful, and moral kind which delineates the events of private life."]

When high the flame of discord rose,
And o'er the country spread,
When friends were changed to deadliest foes,
And nature's feelings fled:

When doubtful questions of debate
Disturbed the public mind,
And all, impelled by furious hate,
Forgot their kin and kind:

When foreign armies, helmed and plumed,
Were hurrying to our strand,
And fierce internal fires consumed
The heart of Netherland:

Then flourished John a' Schaffelaar,—
A hero bold was he,
Renowned for glorious deeds of war,
And feats of chivalry.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name
Give Schaffelaar his due,
Who was, though lauded less by fame,
The nobler of the two.

Secluded virtue fairest shines,
No flattery dims its rays;
While virtue on a throne declines,
And fades beneath its praise.

You ask me once again to sing,—
And I have yet the will;
And whilst my lyre retains a string,
'Twill sound for Holland still.

When Utrecht saw her sons appear
Her bishop to depose,
And all with musket and with spear
Against his vassals rose:

When Amersfoort had sworn to shield,
Defend him, and obey;
And Barneveldt had made it yield,
And wrested him away:

Then flourished John a' Schaffelaar,—
A hero bold was he,
Renowned for glorious deeds of war,
And feats of chivalry.

Up, up the steepest tower he went,
With eighteen men to aid,
And from the lofty battlement
A deadly havoc made.

He dares their fire, which threatens death,
And gives it back again;
And showers of bullets fall beneath,
As thick as winter's rain.

Erect he stands,—no vain alarm,
No fear of death appalls;
And many a foeman, by his arm,
Drops from the castle-walls.

But courage must be crushed, at last,
In such unequal fight:
The best and bravest blood flows fast,
And quenches glory's light.

Fearfully rolls the tempest there,
And vengeance breathes around;
The thunder bursts and rends the air,
And shrieks along the ground.

The castle rocks at every blow
Upon its giant frame;
The raging fire ascends, and, lo!
The tower is wrapped in flame.

"Your will?" cried John a' Schaffelaar,
"Your will? my comrades true!
Though thoughts of self are banished far,
I still can mourn for you."

"O, yield to them! give up the tower!"
To Schaffelaar they call;
"We cannot now withstand their power;
Yield, or we perish all.

"The flames are round us, and our fate
Is certain," was the cry;
"Then yield, O, yield, ere 't is too late!
Amid the smoke we die."

"We yield it, then," the hero cried,
"We yield it to your might,
We bow our stubborn necks of pride,
Ye conquerors in the fight!"

"No! No!" exclaimed the furious crowd,
"A ransom we require;
A ransom, quick!" they called aloud,
"Or perish in the fire!"

"What is your wish?—no more we war,"
They cry to those without.
"We would have John a' Schaffelaar,"
The furious rabble shout.

"Never! by Heaven!—we yield him not,"
They cry, as with one voice;
"If death must be our leader's lot,
We 'll share it, and rejoice!"

"Hold! on your lives!" with lifted hand
Said Schaffelaar the free;
"Whoe'er opposes their demand
Is not a friend to me.

"Mine was the attempt,—be mine the fate,
Since we in vain withstood;
On me alone would fall the weight
Of all your guiltless blood.

"The flames draw nearer,—all is o'er,—
And here I may not dwell;
Give me your friendly hands once more,—
Forever fare ye well!"

He rushes from his trusty men,
Who would in vain oppose,
And from the narrow loophole then
He springs amid his foes.

"Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar,—
No longer battle wage,—
Divide and banquet, hounds of war!
And satisfy your rage.

"Now sheathe your swords, and bear afar
The muskets that we braved;
Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar;—
My comrades true are saved."

His limbs were writhing on the ground
In death's convulsive thrill;
The blood-drops that are shed around
With shame his foemen fill.

The sounds of war no more arise,
And banished is the gloom;
But glory's wreath, which never dies,
Surrounds the hero's tomb.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name
  Give Schaffelaar his due,
Who was, though lauded less by fame,
  The nobler of the two.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

[**Peter Heylin,** an English author, born in 1600, died in 1662. He was chaplain to Charles I., and a most copious writer in history, theology, biography, etc. Among his works are *Microcosmos*, or a *Description of the World* (1621); *Life of Archbishop Laud* (1668); and *Voyage of France* (1673). From the latter amusing work we make a brief extract.]

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name; as rash he is, as headstrong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them "sub sigillo confessionis;" when you have learned this you may lie him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humor in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favor which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of), himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat. Fare him well: he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare.

"Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere," saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chinese, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. But of this conceit of his own excellency and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand; afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent, a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word (for I have held him too long), he is a walking vanity in a new fashion.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished (I speak not of the present), but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen witch. I have heard much fame of the French cooks, but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have (as generally have all this nation) good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace; private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery (which is most abominable at first sight), I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will show himself most irreligious and irreverent. I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass, in Cordelier's church, in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter that even an Ethnic would have hated it; it was well they were Catholics, otherwise some French hot-head or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable; it is cleared of all harshness by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humor in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimental. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes, and his *eau benite de cour;* his court holy-water as perfectly as the prince of Conde. . . . At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who do naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep-rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevail against it. For on this dancing green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggary; old wives which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies that they had been troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport as if their dancing days should never be done. Some there was so ragged that a swift galliard would almost have shaken them into nakedness, and they, also, most violent to have their carcasses directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the persuading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unwieldy for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition did we observe them at their pastimes; the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows being so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes. — *The Voyage of France.*

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

There is a voice of magic power
  To charm the old, delight the young;
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
  In every clime, in every tongue;
  Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
  There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptured on the voice of praise.

The timid child at that soft voice
  Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
  And stays the step prepared to fly.
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
  Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
  At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
  To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
  The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word.
  O Praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent from the loved one heard

The hero, when a people's voice
  Proclaims their darling victor near—
Feels he not then his soul rejoice
  The shouts of love, of praise, to hear?
  Yes: fame to generous minds is dear,
It pierces to their inmost core;
  He weeps who never shed a tear;
He trembles who ne'er shook before.

The poet, too—ah! well I deem
  Small is the need the tale to tell;
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
  On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell?
  Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
  In memory cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope can lend a deathless lay?

'Tis sweet to watch Affection's eye;
  To mark the tear with love replete
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
  When Friendship's lips the tones repeat.
  But oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
  Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallowed flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!

That voice can quiet passion's mood,
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of immortality.
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine,
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh:
My mother! need I say 'tis thine?

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.[1]

THE BEGGAR MAN.

Around the fire, one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went around, and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor:
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed!"

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

LUCY AIKIN.

[1] See Vol. I., page 209.

VIRTUE AND TRUTH.

[Jan Kinker, born 1764, died 1845, was one of the most remarkable men in Holland; his writings are tainted with the mysticisms of the Kant school. The same tone of mind gives a too common harshness even to his versification, though no man can discourse more fitly than he on the prosody and harmony of language. Yet it would seem as if his art produced his hard verses, for most of his off-hand and numerous pieces are smooth and flowing. His verses to Haydn are striking, and his *Adieu to the Y and the Amstel*, on his removal to Liége, is among the best of modern compositions.[1]]

Goodness and truth require no decoration;
They, in and through themselves, are great and fair:
All ornament is supererogation,
Giving false coloring and fictitious air.

Beauty is virtue's image, truth's best light,—
Virtue and truth its representatives;
'Tis the grand girdle, that, with radiance bright,
To both,—in all that are,—their lustre gives.

To its sublime control all evil bows,
Or sneaks away, subjected to its reign;
O'er each defect a garb of mystery throws,
Or seeks her midnight nakedness again.

Error must be the lot of mortal kind,
But virtue, in life's night, man's guide may be;
For man's dim eye, so weak,—'t is almost blind,—
Scarce looks through mist-damps of mortality.

Vain is endeavor!—true; but that endeavor,
It goodness, truth, and virtue testifies;

[1] *Foreign Quarterly Review*, Vol. IV., page 73.

Struggles and fails, but fails through weakness ever,
Yet, failing, pours out light on darkened eyes.

Ye vainly dream, obscurers of the earth,
That all is tending downwards to its fall;
Vain are your scoffs on manhood, and man's worth,
And that great tendency which governs all.

In vain, with fading and offensive flowers,
Ye hide the chains of mental tyranny:
The unhealthy spirit, lured to treacherous bowers,
May joy in its free-chosen slavery;

Call what is incomplete, degenerate;
God's children, bastards; and its curses throw
At all who bend not at its temple-gate,
Nor to night's image kneel in worship low.

We see in the unfinished, tottering, frail,
A slowly, surely, sweetly working leaven,
And in the childish dreams of life's low vale,
The faint, but lovely, shadowings-forth of heaven.

We sink not, sacred ones! but fluttering tend,—
Though weak, we tend towards God: the word we hear,
Audibly bidding us uprise, and wend
Our way above man's feebleness and fear.

An idle toil is slumbering man's poor fate,
And duty neither lovely looks, nor true;
God's mandate seems despotic,—desolate
His doings,—and his voice terrific too.

Yet duty is but deeds of loveliness,
And truth is power to make the prisoner free,
And him, whose self-forged chains his spirit press,
No effort shall arouse from slavery.

What's true and good demands no decoration;
It, in and through itself, is great and fair:
All ornament is supererogation,
Giving false coloring and fictitious air.

Translated in Westminster Review.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[**Cornelius Loots,** born 1774, died 1850. Of Loots and his productions, a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (Vol. IV., p. 72) remarks: "His *Taal* (Language), and *Schilderkunst* (Painting), have some very fine passages; and his *Beurs van Amsterdam*, too, must not be passed over. He has frequently an original air, though wild and strange, and wants that cultivation which classical studies give."

Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along!
Love-sick warbler! come and reach me
With the secrets of thy song!

How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long lingering tries,—
Or, a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies!

Or, when rising shrill and shriller,
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller,—
Songster of the night and day!

Till,—all sunk to silence round thee,—
Not a whisper,—not a word,—
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee,—
Breathless all,—thou only heard.—

Tell me,—thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?

Is there in your woodland history
Any Homer whom ye read?
Has your music aught of mystery?
Has it measure, cliff, and creed?

Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,
Checking each ambitious strain;
Learned parrots to conduct ye,
When ye wander, back again?

Smiling at my dreams, I see thee,—
Nature, in her chainless will,
Did not fetter thee, but free thee,—
Pour thy hymns of rapture still!

Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,
Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;
But his grating voice, so hideous,
Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.

Finches may be trained to follow
Notes which dexterous arts combine;
But those notes sound vain and hollow,
When compared, sweet bird, with thine.

Classic themes no longer courting,
Ancient tongues I'll cast away,
And, with nightingales disporting,
Sing the wild and woodland lay.

Translated in Westminster Review.

THE ASPEN.

[**Bernhard Severin Ingemann,** one of the most distinguished poets and novelists of Denmark, was born May 28, 1789, in the Island of Falster. His literary career may be divided into three distinct periods. The first of these, extending from 1811 to 1814, embraces his best lyrical productions, viz.: The collection of poems entitled *Procne* (1812); and the allegorical epic of *De Sorte Riddere* (1814); while the second, or dramatic, ending in 1822 was marked by the appearance of numerous tragedies, which have maintained their place on the national stage, and among which the best are his *Masaniello; Blanca Rosten i Oerken* (1815); *Hyrden of Tolosa; Reinald; Underbarnet; Loveridderen* (1816); *Tasso's Befriede* (1819). After this period, Ingemann's writings are characterized either by leaning to historical disquisition, or a strongly religious bias. His admirable epic poem of *Valdemar den Store og Hans Mand* (1824) was the prelude to the various historical novels in which, taking Walter Scott for his model, he endeavored to portray the social life and habits of his own country in the middle ages. *Valdemar Seier*, the first of the series (1826), and *Erik Menved's Barndom* (1826), which are generally regarded as the best of these productions, may compete favorably with some of the most successful efforts of his great model; while even the less popular of his historical novels, *Kong Erik og de Fredlose* (1833), and *Prinds Otto og Hans Samtid* (1835), may justly entitle him to rank among the first novelists of his time. The poems of *Dronning Margrete* (1836), and *Holger Danske* (1837), which are based, like his novels, on incidents of Danish national history and tradition, rank among Ingemann's most successful efforts. The religious element in this writer's mind has found expression in various productions of considerable merit—as, for instance, in his collection of anthems and psalms, *Hoejmessepsalmer* (1825), in his rendering of some of the symbolical or traditionary legends of the church in his *Blade af Jerusalem's Skomager's Lommebog* (1833); *Salomon's Ring* (1839); and in his allegorical poem, *Guldæblet* (1856). Ingemann held the chair of æsthetics and Danish literature at the Royal Academy of Soroe, near Copenhagen. His collective works have been published in 38 vols. (1857, Copenhagen), and the greater number of his prose works, and many of his poems, have been translated into various languages. He died 1862.]

What whispers so strange, at the hour of midnight,
From the aspen's leaves trembling so wildly?
Why in the lone wood sings it sad, when the bright
Full-moon beams upon it so mildly?

It soundeth as 'mid the harp-strings the wind-gust,
Or like sighs of ghosts wandering in sorrow;
In the meadow the small flowers hear it, and must
With tears close themselves till the morrow.

"O, tell me, poor wretch, why thou shiverest so,—
Why the moans of distraction thou pourest;
Say, can thy heart harbor repentance and woe?
Can sin reach the child of the forest?"

"Yes," sighed forth the tremulous voice,—
"for thy race
Has not alone fallen from its station;
Not alone art thou seeking for comfort and grace,
Nor alone art thou called to salvation.

"I've heard, too, the voice, which, with heaven reconciled,
The earth to destruction devoted;
But the storm from my happiness hurried me wild,
Though round me joy's melodies floated.

"By Kedron I stood, and the bright beaming eye
I viewed of the pitying Power;
Each tree bowed its head, as the Saviour passed by,
But I deigned not my proud head to lower.

"I towered to the cloud, whilst the lilies sang sweet,
And the rose bent its stem in devotion;
I strewed not my leaves 'fore the Holy One's feet,
Nor bough nor twig set I in motion.

"Then sounded a sigh from the Saviour's breast;
And I quaked, for that sigh through me darted;
'Quake so till I come!' said the voice of the Blest;
My repose then forever departed.

"And now must I tremble by night and by day,
For me there no moment of ease is;
I must sigh with regret in such dolorous way,
Whilst each floweret can smile when it pleases.

"And tremble shall I till the last day arrive,
And I view the Redeemer returning;
My sorrow and punishment long will survive,
Till the world shall in blazes be burning."

So whispers the doomed one at midnight; its tone
Is that of ghosts wandering in sorrow;
The small flowers hear it within the wood lone
And with tears close themselves till the morrow.

Translated in the Quarterly Review.

DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN.

Dame Martha dwelt at Karisegaard,
So many kind deeds she wrought:
If the winter were sharp, and the rich man hard,
Her gate the indigent sought.

With her hand the hungry she loved to feed,
To the sick she lent her aid,
The prisoner oft from his chains she freed,
And for souls of sinners she prayed.

But Denmark's land was in peril dire:
The Swede around burnt and slew,
The castle of Martha they wrapped in fire·
To the church the good lady flew.

She dwelt in the tower both night and day,
There unto her none repaired;
'Neath the church-roof sat the dull owl gray,
And upon the good lady glared.

And in the Lord's house she dwelt safe and content,
Till the foes their departure had ta'en;
Then back to her castle in ruins she went,
And bade it be builded again.

There found the houseless a cover once more,
And the mouths of the hungry bread;
But all in Karise by[1] wept sore,
As soon as Dame Martha was dead.

And when the Dame lay in her coffin and smiled
So calm with her pallid face,
O, there was never so little a child
But was brought on her to gaze!

The bell on the day of the burial tolled,
And youth and age shed the tear;
And there was no man so weak and old
But helped to lift the bier.

And when they the bier set down for a space,
And rested upon the church road,
A fountain sprang forth in that very same place,
And there to this hour has it flowed.

God bless forever the pious soul!
Her blessings no lips can tell:
Oft straight have the sick become sound and whole,
Who 've drank at Dame Martha's well.

The tower yet stands with the gloomy nook,
Where Dame Martha sat of old;
Oft comes a stranger thereon to look,
And with joy hears the story told.

INGEMANN.—*Translated in the Quarterly Review.*

[1] Village.

THE BLIND NEGRO COMMUNICANT.

[**Mary E. Lee,** an American poetical writer, was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1813; died in 1849. She wrote a prose volume, entitled *Tales from History*, and published many poetical translations from the French, German and Italian, besides original poems, chiefly in the ballad style, founded on Southern traditions.]

The Saviour's feast was spread. Group after group
From Zion's scattering band now silent thronged
Around the sacred table, glad to pay,
As far as sinful, erring man can pay,
Their debt of gratitude, and share anew
The plain memorials of His dying love.
All ranks were gathered there. The rich and poor,
The ignorant and wise; the tear-wet soul,
And the glad spirit yet in sunshine clad.
All, with their many hopes and cares and griefs,
Sought quiet and unmarked their customed place;
And still at the full banquet there was room
It was a solemn season, and I sat
Wrapt in a cloud of thought, until a slow
And measured footstep fell upon my ear;

And when I turned to look, an aged man
Of threescore years and ten appeared to view.
It was the blind communicant. He came,
Led by a friendly hand, and took his place
Nearest the table with a reverent air,
As if he felt the spot was holy ground.
There was a perfect hush: the hour was come;
The symbols were disclosed, and soon there rose
The sweet tones of the shepherd of the flock,
Telling once more the story of the Cross;
And as he spoke, in sympathy I gazed,
Upon the blind old pilgrim by my side.
The sight was touching. As the pastor taught,
In accents all subdued, how Jesus bore
The flight of friends, the stern denial-vow,
The spear, the thorns, the agonizing cross,
With want, shame, persecution, torture, death,
The old man shook, convulsed. His ebon brow
Grew pallid in its hue; a few big tears
Ran trickling down his cheek, and from his lip
Methought there came the words, "*Lord, is it I?*"
But when there stole upon each listening ear
And throbbing heart that prayer of matchless love,
That type and watchword for all after-prayer,
"Father, forgive them!"—then he clasped his hands,
And bowing his hoar head upon his breast,
Wept even as a weaned child might weep.
There was a change. The bread and wine were brought.
He wiped the gushing drop from his thin cheek,
Bowed solemnly, received them both, then paused;
Till, raising his dull eyeballs up to heaven,
As asking for God's blessing on the rite,
He broke the bread, received the goblet close
Within his withered hands; restored it safe;
Then, while a peaceful smile illumed his face,
Sank back as in an ecstasy of bliss.
The parting hymn was sung, and oft I paused
And loved to listen as the old man's voice,
Broken and shrill, sought too to mingle in
With modulated tones; and though his *lip*
Uttered no music, yet I joyed to know
The *heart* was all linked melody within.
Christ's seal was stamped anew upon each soul;
The solemn rite was finished, and the band,
Warmed to each kindly touch of human love,
Moved full of thoughtful cheerfulness along
The quiet church-yard, where gay sunbeams danced
On the white marble tombs, and bright flowers made
A pleasant home for Death; while 'mongst them all
The blind communicant went groping on
Along his midnight path. The sight was sad;
My heart yearned for him, and I longed for power
To say as the disciples said of old,
"Blind man, receive thy sight!" And in the might
Of strong compassion I could even, methought,
Have entered his dark prison-house a while,
And let him gaze in turn on the blue skies
And the glad sunshine and the laughing earth.
But soon I owned a sense of higher things,
And in the heart's soft dialect I said,
"Old soldier of the Cross, 'tis well with thee;
Thy warfare is nigh finished; and though earth
Be but an utter blank, yet soon thou 'lt gaze
On that bright country where thy God shall be
The never-setting Sun; and Christ, thy Lord,
Will lead thee through green pastures where the still
And living waters play. And though thou art
A creature lonely and unprized by *men*,
Yet thou may'st stand a prince 'mongst princes when
The King makes up His Jewels."

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Dear Jack,—You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life: they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are

removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connexions that might have injured the constitution, or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favor, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this farther inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. "Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans,"—a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be. With us, in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves; such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life,—the fate of many here [in England], who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live, all their lives, in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set: what think you of the value of the odd half of a pair of scissors? It can't well cut anything; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect: it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it.

Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend. —*To John Alleyne, Esq., Craven Street, August* 9, 1768. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

[**Adelaide Anne Procter,** poetess, born 1825, died 1864, was the author of *Legends and Lyrics* (1858). "It is," says Stedman, "like telling one's beads, or reading a prayer book, to turn over her pages—so beautiful, so pure, and unselfish, a spirit of faith, hope, and charity pervades and hallows them."]

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still; if thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,

That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit, change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not;* I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate.
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember I *would* risk it all!

ODE TO WINTER.

[**Carl Wilhelm Ramler** was born at Colberg, in Pomerania, in 1725. In 1748 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Elegant Literature in the Berlin Academy for Cadets. He employed himself in various literary undertakings, in addition to the duties of his professorship. In 1787 he became one of the managers of the national theatre, and received a pension and a seat in the Academy. He resigned his professorship in 1790, and the directorship of the theatre in 1796. He died in 1798.

Of his writings, his odes in the manner of Horace acquired the most popularity; indeed, he is considered, next to Klopstock, the author of the best odes of the time. His works were published at Berlin, in 1800 and 1801.]

Storms ride the air, and veil the sky in clouds,
And chase the thundering streams athwart the land:
Bare stand the woods; the social linden's leaves
Far o'er the valleys whirl.

The vine,—a withered stalk! But why bewail
The godlike vine? Friends, come and quaff its blood!
Let Autumn with his emptied horn retire;
Bid fir-crowned Winter hail!

He decks the flood with adamantine shield,
Which laughs to scorn the shafts of day. Amazed,
The tenants of the wood new blossoms view:
Strange lilies strew the ground.

No more in tottering gondolas the brides
Tremble; on gliding cars they boldly scud:
Hid in her fur-clad neck, the favorite's hand
Asks an unneeded warmth.

No more, like fishes, plunge the bathing boys;
On steel-winged shoes they skim the hardened wave:
The spouse of Venus in the glittering blade
The lightning's swiftness hid.

O Winter! call thy coldest east-wind; drive
The lingering warriors from Bohemia back;
With them my Kleist: for him Lycoris stays,
And his friend's tawny wine.

ODE TO CONCORD.

Not always to the heaven's harmonious spheres,
O Concord, listen,—wander earth again!
Beneath thy plastic step,
The peopled cities climb.
The chain, the scourge, the axe beside thee bears
Deaf Nemesis,—to avenge the wedlock's stain,
The pillage of the cot,
The spilth of brother's blood.
From the warm ashes of their plundered homes,
On thee, with clasped hands, with pleading tongue,
The lonely grandsire calls,
The widowed mother calls,
And she,—the flower of virgins now no more,—
Doomed aye to shed the unavailing tear,
And nurse, with downcast eye,
Some ruffian's orphan brat.
Bind with thy cords of silk the armed hands
Of hateful kings; reach out thy golden cup,

Whose sweet nepenthe heals
The feverish throb of wrath;
And hither lead Hope, crowned with budding blooms,
And callous-handed Labor, singing loud,
And Plenty, scattering gifts
To dancing choirs of glee.
The war-steed's hoof-mark hide with greening ears;
Twine round the elm once more the trampled vine;
And from the grass-grown street
The rugged ruin shove.
So shall, new nurseries of sons unborn,
More towns arise,—and, Concord, rear to thee,
Taught by the milder arts,
The marble fanes of thank.

CARL WILHELM RAMLER.

THE FROST.

[**Hannah Flagg Gould,** a native of Lancaster, Vermont, removed in early life to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where she has since resided. In 1832 she published a volume of poems, which had originally appeared in the periodicals of the day. In 1835 a second, and in 1841 a third volume were given to the world. The number of editions of these productions is the best proof of the extensive popularity of the author. Encouraged by such success, in 1846 she published a collection of her prose articles, under the title of *Gathered Leaves, or Miscellaneous Papers*, and in 1850 favored the reading public with a volume of *New Poems*. In the same year appeared *The Diosma*, a perennial, a volume of poems selected and original; and *The Youth's Coronal*, a book of poems for little people. She has since published—in 1853—*The Mother's Dream*, and other poems.]

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The Wind, and the Snow, the Hail and the Rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

THE CITY, ITS SINS AND SORROWS.[1]

[**Thomas Guthrie, D. D.,** a distinguished Scottish divine and orator, was the son of a merchant and banker, and born in Forfarshire, July 12, 1803. He studied at Edinburgh University, and, on being licensed to preach, went to Paris, where he walked the hospitals, and gained some knowledge of medicine. In 1830 he was ordained to the Parish of Arbirlot. In his quiet country charge, not far from the sea-side, he carried out those reforms, such as establishing a penny bank, which were a feature in his after-career, and gathered in those influences, and stored his mind with those images which afterwards adorned and illustrated his public utterances. Here he also began and continued that careful elaboration of his sermons which, with his vivid imagination and quick sympathy, were so effective in the pulpit. He was translated to Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, in 1837, and in 1840 to St. John's Parish Church. He took a prominent part in the disruption in the Scottish Church of 1843, and cast in his lot with the Free Church. During 1845-46 his work was incessant. He served as Moderator in the

[1] "When He beheld the city, He wept over it" (Luke xix. 41).

General Assembly of 1862. He retired from the regular ministry in 1864. He was an eloquent advocate of temperance and of ragged schools. For many years he was editor of the *Sunday Magazine*. He died in 1873.]

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our coast. Strange to say, it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as the stable and solid land, that it is not the land but the sea which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and, pulling out beyond lowest tide mark, you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or, creeping out of their rocky homes, wander its tangled mazes. If the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell embedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some ship-wrecked one, but in the standing stumps of trees the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides the waves have polished, and floors still strewed with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead decaying trees—entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher, or geologist. In their economical, educational, moral, and religious aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the homes of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulphed. A flood of ignorance, and misery, and sin, now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest, still standing up erect beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills—like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window—through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing, the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearth-stone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendant on the crumbling celling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days—when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls, and plenty smoked on groaning tables; and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness of a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dank and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where—with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends are all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said the place that once knew them knows

them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother tongue, you decipher such texts as these: "Peace be to this house;" "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that built it;" "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" "Fear God;" or this, "Love your neighbor." Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves, these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

Now there are forces in nature which, heaving up the crust of our earth, may convert that sea-bed again into forest or corn land. At this moment these forces are in active operation. Working slowly, yet with prodigious power, they are raising the coasts of Sweden in the old world and of Chili in the new. And who knows but that these subterranean agencies, elevating our own coasts, may yet restore verdure to those deep sea sands—giving back to the plough its soil, to waving pines their forest land. And thus on our shores, redeemed from the grasp of the ocean in some future era, golden harvests may fall to the reaper's song, and tall forests to the woodman's axe. We know not whether this shall happen. But I do know that there is a force at work in this world—gentle, yet powerful—commonly slow in action, but always sure in its results, which, mightier than volcanic fires, pent-up vapor, or rocking earthquake, is adequate to raise the most sunken masses of society, and restore the lowest and longest neglected districts of our cities to their old level—to set them on the platform even of a higher Christianity.

Can these people ever be raised? Can those "dry bones live?" "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" are questions, distressing questions, which, when worn and weary, and disappointed, and cast down, and heart-sick, we have been often attempted to ask. Of such times, we could say with David: "We had fainted, unless we had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." But this voice of God came sounding down from heaven, saying: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." When ready to sink under a sense of our own feebleness, it said to us: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place." To the question, Can these lost ones be recovered? the answer came in these brave, and bold, and cheerful terms: "I will bring again from Bashan; I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea, that thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." And as he stood on the heights of inspiration, looking far away into distant time, and commanding an extent of prospect hid from common eyes, we have heard the prophet announce the approaching of the promised event, this glorious Gospel change: "They have seen thy goings, O God; even the goings of my King in the sanctuary. The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after; among them were the damsels playing on timbrels. There is little Benjamin with the ruler, the princes of Judah with their council, the princes of Zebulon and the princes of Naphtali. Thy God hath commanded thy strength. Strengthen, O God, that which Thou hast wrought for us. Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth, O sing praises unto the Lord."

Yes. To infuse new vigor into his sinking energies, a man has only to "remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." How does the Gospel of Jesus Christ, crowned with triumphs, point her sceptre not to families, nor hamlets, nor cities, but whole nations, raised from the lowest barbarism and the basest vices!

We cannot despair so long as we do not forget, that the power of God, and the wisdom of God, and the grace of God, have nothing to do within our shores which they have not done already. Are our lapsed classes rude and uncultivated, ignorant and vicious? So were our forefathers, when Christianity landed on this island. She took possession of it in Jesus' name, and conquered bold savages, whom the Romans could never subdue, by the mild yet mighty power of the Gospel. God's hand is not shortened that it cannot

save, nor is His ear heavy that it cannot hear." Therefore, whatever length of time may be required to evangelize our city masses, however long we may be living before the period when "a nation shall be born in a day," whatever trials of patience we may have to endure, whatever tears we may have to shed over our cities, our tears are not such as Jesus wept, when He beheld Jerusalem.

No. Jerusalem was sealed to ruin—doomed beyond redemption. Our brethren, our cities, are not so. We have not to mourn as those who have no hope. As on a summer day I have seen the sky at once so shine and shower, that every raindrop was changed by sunbeams into a falling diamond, so hopes mingle here with fears, and the promises of the Gospel shed sunlight on pious sorrows. Weep we may: weep we should—weep and work, weep and pray. But ever let our tears be such as were shed by Jesus beside the tomb of Lazarus, when, while groaning, weeping, He bade the bystanders roll away the stone—anticipating the moment when the grave at His command would give up its dead, and Lazarus be folded, a living brother, in the arms that, four days ago, had swathed his corpse. Be such our tears. Sustained by such anticipations, we shall work all the better; and all the sooner shall our heavenly Father receive to His embraces the most wretched of these wretched outcasts. Faith may be cast down, but faith cannot be destroyed. There is no reason, because we are "perplexed," ever to "despair." For dark as the cloud looks, it presents one aspect to the world, and another to the Christian. I stand on the side of it that lies next the sun. There, with the sun shining at my back and the black cloud in my eye, I see a radiant bow which spans its darkness, and reveals in heavenly colors mercy to a fallen world. "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." With the eye of faith fixed on that, we resume our work, and proceed still further to lay bare the state of the city—its sorrows for Christian balm, its sins for Christian cure.

We have turned your attention to the extent of intemperance, let us now,

II. Attend to the effects of this vice.

The Spartans, a brave and, although heathens, in many respects a virtuous people, held intemperance in the deepest abhorrence. When Christian parents initiate their children in drinking habits, and—as we have seen and wondered at—teach them to carry their glass to infant lips, copy whom they may, the wise old Spartans are not their model. They were not more careful to train the youth of their country to athletic exercises, and from their boyhood and almost their mothers' breasts, to "endure hardship as good soldiers" of Sparta, than to rear them up in habits of strictest, sternest temperance. It formed a regular branch of their national education. Why should it not of ours? It would be an incalculable blessing to the community. It would do incalculably more to promote domestic comfort, to guard the welfare of families, and secure the public good, than other branches of learning that, while they go to improve the taste and polish the mind, put no real pith or power into the man. Well, once a year these Greeks assembled their slaves, and having compelled them to drink to intoxication, they turned them out—all reeling, staggering, besotted, brutalized—into a great arena, that the youths who filled its benches might go home from this spectacle of degradation to shun the wine cup, and cultivate the virtues of sobriety. Happy country! thrice happy land! where drunkenness was to be seen but once a year, and formed but an annual spectacle. Alas! we have no need to employ such unjustifiable means even for so good an end! We do not require to get up any annual show, from the pulpit to tell, or on the stage of a theatre to represent, its accursed, and direful, and disgusting effects. The lion is daily ravaging on our streets. He goes about "seeking whom he may devour."

Once a year, indeed, when church courts meet, our city may present a spectacle which fools regard with indifference, but wise men with compassion and fear. A pale and haggard man, bearing the title of "Reverend," stands at the bar of his church. Not daring to look up, he bends there with his head buried in his hands, blushes on his face, his lips quivering, and a hell raging, burning within him, as he thinks of home, a broken-hearted wife, and the little ones so soon to leave that dear sweet home, to shelter their innocent heads where best, all beggared and disgraced, they may. "Ah, my brother"

there! And ah, my brethren here, learn to "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." See there the issue of all a mother's hopes, and a father's self-denying and noble toil, to educate their promising, studious boy. In this deep darkness has set forever a brilliant college career. Alas! what an end to the solemn day of ordination, and the bright day of marriage, and all those Sabbaths when an affectionate people hung on his eloquent lips! Oh! if this sacred office, if the constant handling of things divine, if hours of silent study spent over the Word of God, if frequent scenes of death, with their most awful and sobering solemnities, if the irremediable ruin into which degradation from the holy office plunges a man and his house along with him, if the unspeakable heinousness of this sin in one who held the post of a sentinel, and was charged with the care of souls—if these do not fortify and fence us against success, then, in the name of God, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." You are confident in your strength, so was he. You can use without abusing, so once could he. I tell you I have seen ministers of the Gospel charged by fame, dragged to the bar of their church, and degraded before the world as drunkards, whom once I would have as little expected to fall as I expect some of you—as you believe it possible that this vice shall yet degrade me from the pulpit, and cause my children to blush at mention of their father's name. Such cases are trumpet-tongued. Their voice sounds the loudest warning. In every such fall we hear the crash of a stately tree. Leave an ungodly world—deaf, stone-deaf to the voice of Providence—to quaff their cups, and make the fall of ministers "the song of drunkards;" leave them to say that all religion is hypocrisy, and see, in such a case, but the dropping of a mask from falsehood's face. Let that which emboldens them in sin teach you to stand in awe. For, when a minister of religion falls, it seems to me as if the old prophet, disturbed in his grave by the shock of such an event, had wrapped himself like Samuel in his mantle-shroud, and left the dead to cry in your ears, "Howl, fir-trees, for the cedar is fallen."

On leaving a church court, where he has seen so strange and dreadful a spectacle as a man of cultivated mind, a man of literary habits, a man of honorable position, a man of sacred character, sacrifice all—the cause of religion, the bread of his family, the interests of his children, the happiness of his wife, his character, his soul—all to this base indulgence, who after such a terrible proof of the might and mastery of this tyrant vice, will be astonished at anything he may encounter in our streets? Yet if the soul of Paul was "stirred within him," when he saw the idolatry of Athens—stirred to its deepest depths—I think that he who can walk from this neighboring castle to yonder palace, nor groan in spirit, must have a heart about as hard as the pavement that he walks on. The degradation of humanity, the ragged poverty, the squalid misery, the suffering childhood, the pining, dying infancy, oh, how do these obliterate all the romance of the scene, and make the most picturesque street in Christendom one of the most painful to travel. They call the street in Jerusalem, along which tradition says that a bleeding Saviour bore His cross, the *Via Dolorosa;* and I have thought that our own street was baptized in the sorrows of as mournful a name. With so many countenances that have misery stamped on them as plain as if it were burned in with a red-hot iron—hunger staring at us out of these hollow eyes—drink-palsied men, drink-blotched and bloated women—sad and sallow infants who pine away into slow death, with their weary heads lying so pitifully on the shoulders of some half dehumanized woman—this poor little child, who never smiles, without shoe or stocking on his ulcered feet, shivering, creeping, limping along with the bottle in his emaciated hand, to buy a parent drink with the few pence that, poor hungry creature, he would fain spend on a loaf of bread, but dare not—the whole scene is like the roll of the prophet, "written within and without, lamentations, mourning, and woe." How has it wrung our heart to see a ragged famished boy looking greedily in at a window on the food he has no one to give him, and dare not touch—to watch him, as he alternately lifted his naked feet, lest they should freeze to the icy pavement. He starves in the midst of abundance. Neglected among a people who would take more pity on an ill-used horse or a dying dog, he is a castaway upon the land. Of the throngs that pass

heedlessly by him to homes of comfort, intent on business or on pleasure, there is no one cares for him. Poor wretch! O if he knew a Bible which none has taught him, how might he plant himself before us, and bar our way to church or prayer-meeting, saying, as he fixed on us an imploring eye, "Pure religion and undefiled before God" is to feed me—is to clothe these naked limbs—is to fill up these hollow cheeks—is to pour the light of knowledge into this darkened soul—is to save me—is not to go to house of God or place of prayer, but first coming with me to our miserable home, "to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep thy garments unspotted from the world."

You can test the truth of these statements. You have only to walk along the street to verify them. Yet, bad as it looks, and bad as it is, the street reveals not half the evil. I know that some look with suspicion upon our statements. They doubt whether matters below are so bad as we report. They insinuate that surely we are exaggerating existing evils. Well, there is nothing more easy, although there might be many things more noble than to lie beneath bright skies, and amid gay company, and on a flowery sward, and dismiss with an incredulous smile the claims of suffering humanity. It were more like a man and a Christian to throw yourself into the bucket, seize the chain, go down into the pit, and put the matter to the proof. We invite you to do that which will rudely dissipate every doubt, and bring you up a better and wiser man; to say, with Sheba's queen, "The half was not told me." Meanwhile, come along with me, while I again travel over some bygone scenes.

Look there! In that corpse you see the cold, dead body of one of the best and godliest mothers it was ever our privilege to know. She had a son. He was the stay of her widowhood—so kind, so affectionate, so loving. Some are taken away from the "evil to come;" laid in the lap of mother earth, safe beneath the grave's green sod, they hear not and heed not the storm that rages above. Such was not her happy fortune. She lived to see that son a disgrace, and all the promises of his youth blighted and gone. He was drawn into habits of intemperance. On her knees she pleaded with him. On her knees she prayed for him. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! She did not live to see him changed; and with such thorns in her pillow, such daggers, planted by such a hand, in her heart, she could not live. She sank under these griefs, and died of a broken heart. We told him so. With bitter, burning tears he owned it; charging himself with his mother's death—confessing himself a mother's murderer. Crushed with sorrow, and all alone, he went to see the body. Alone, beside that cold, dead, unreproaching mother, he knelt down and wept out his terrible remorse. After a while he rose. You have seen the iron approach the magnet. Call it spell, call it fascination, call it anything bad, demoniacal, but as the iron is drawn to the magnet, or as a fluttering bird, fascinated by the burning eye and glittering skin of the serpent, walks into its expanded, envenomed jaws, so was he drawn to the bottle. Unfortunately—how unfortunate that a spirit bottle should have been left there—his eye fell on the old tempter. Wondering at his delay, they entered the room; and now the bed holds two bodies—a dead mother and her dead-drunk son. What a sight! what a humbling, horrible spectacle! And what a change from those happy times when night drew her peaceful curtains around the same son and mother—he, a sweet babe, sleeping, angel-like, within her loving arms! "How is the gold become dim, the most fine gold changed!"

Or look there! The bed beside which you have at other visits conversed and prayed with one who, in the very bloom and flower of youth, was withering away under a slow decline—is empty. The living need it; and so its long, and spent, and weary tenant lies now stretched out in death, on the top of two rude chests beside the window. And as you stand by the body—contemplating it—in that pallid face lighted up by a passing sun-gleam you see, along with lingering traces of no common beauty, the calmness and peace which were her latter end. But in this hot, sultry, summer weather, why lies she there uncoffined? Drink has left us to do that last office for the dead. Her father—how unworthy the name of father—when his daughter pled with him for his soul, pled with him for her mother, pled with him for her little sister, had stood

by her dying pillow to damn her—fiercely damning her to her face. He has left his poor, dead child, to the care of others. With the wages he retains for drink he refuses to buy that lifeless form a coffin and a grave!

Or look there! You have found a young man, the victim of an incurable malady, sinking into the tomb. Dying is hard enough work amid all the comforts which wealth, and kindness, and piety can command; but in that winter time, with the frosty wind blowing through the broken panes, he is shivering while he seeks in the Bible its precious comforts; and how much his body is emaciated is too plainly visible beneath that single threadbare coverlet. You could not have stood that; no more could we. And where, at our next visit, are the warm comforts charity had provided? They have gone for drink. Gone for drink! For such purpose, what incarnate demons have plucked the blankets from that wasted form—steeling their iron hearts against his cries, his struggles, his unavailing tears? Accursed vice! that can sink man beneath the brutes that perish. The barbarous deed was done by a father's hand! That father, instigated and aided by her who had suckled him on her breast, a breast twice withered—by worse than age, deformed and dried up!

Did I say sinks man beneath the brutes that perish? It is a libel on creation to speak of a drunkard as a brute. The bear, when she refuses to desert her cub, when she makes the most daring, desperate efforts to protect her offspring, when, rearing herself on her hind feet, she stands up growling to face the hunter, and offers her shaggy bosom to his spear, extorts our admiration; as does the little creature which, when the spear is buried in a mother's heart, leaps on her dead body, and, giving battle to the dogs, attempts bravely, though vainly, to defend it. Look at this case, and that. How beautiful is nature, how base is sin! Dr. Kane tells a story, which excites our pity, of a savage man in those Arctic regions, where God has poured such affection into the bosom of the fiercest animals. Noluk, when all other families in the time of famine had fled from their sick, remained faithful to his wife. She was dying. From waging fierce battle with the monsters of the deep, scaling the slippery iceberg, leaping the cracks of the ice-floe, homeward over the snowy wastes he drove his sledge each night with food for her. The evening of his last visit arrives. He approaches the rude stone hut, looks in, and through a window sees his wife a corpse, and his infant son sucking at her frozen breast. Instinct moved him to enter, pluck away the child, and make a daring effort to save its life and his own. But the burden of a sucking babe, the pressing fears of famine, these mastered parental affection; and, claiming our pity for, the grief that stood in his eye and wrung his heart, he turned the dogs southward, nor crossed the threshold.

But what emotions do the cases I have told you of awaken? To be matched by many and surpassed by some that I could tell—samples of the stock—what passion can they, what passion ought they to move, but the deepest indignation? Nor would I, however fiercely it may run, seek to stem the flood. The deeper it flows, the higher it rises, the stronger it swells and rolls, so much the better. I would not seek to stem, but to direct it—directing it not against the victims but against the vice.

I pray you do not hate the drunkard; he hates himself. Do not despise him; he cannot sink so low in your opinion as he is sunk in his own. Your hatred and contempt may rivet, but will never rend his chains. Lend a kind hand to pluck him from the mire. With a strong hand shatter that bowl—remove the temptations which, while he hates, he cannot resist. Hate, abhor, tremble at his sin. And for pity's sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for humanity's sake, rouse yourselves to the question, what can be done? Without heeding others—whether they follow or whether they stay—rushing down to the beach, throw yourself into the boat, push away, and bend on the oar, like a man, to the wreck. Say, I will not stand by and see my fellow-creatures perish. They are perishing. To save them I will do anything. What luxury will I not give up? What indulgence will I not abstain from? What customs, what shackles of old habits will I not break, that these hands may be freer to pluck the drowning from the deep? God my help, His Word my law, the love of His Son my ruling motive, I shall never balance a poor personal indulgence against the good of my country and the welfare of mankind. Brethren, such resolutions—

such high, and holy, and sustained, and self-denying efforts—the height of this evil demands.

Before God and man, before the Church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the Word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause—whatever be their source elsewhere—of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. "I am not mad, most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness." I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge, which swept over the highest hill-tops—engulphing a world, of which but eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this: "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands."

III. Consider what cure we should apply to this evil.

The grand and only sovereign remedy for the evils of this world is the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that. There is no man more convinced of that than I am. But he rather hinders than helps the cause of religion who shuts his eyes to the fact, that, in curing souls, as in curing bodies, many things may be important as auxiliaries to the remedy, which cannot properly be considered as remedies. In the day of His resurrection Lazarus owed his life to Christ; but they that day did good service, who rolled away the stone. They were allies and auxiliaries. And to such, in the battle which the Gospel has to wage with this monster vice, allow me in closing this discourse to direct your attention. And I remark:

1. That the legislature may render essential service in this cause.

This is an alliance between Church and State which no man could quarrel with. Happy for our country, if by such help, the State would thus fulfil to the Church—the woman of prophecy—this apocalyptic vision: "And the serpent cast out of his mouth, water as a flood, after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood. And the earth helped the woman. And the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth."

Many people feel no sympathy with the sufferings of the lowest class. They are not hard-hearted; but engrossed with their own affairs, or, raised far above them in social position, they are ignorant of their temptations and trials. Therefore they talk ignorantly about them; and seldom more so than when they repudiate all attempts of the legislature by restrictive Acts of Parliament to abate, if not abolish, this evil. They have their remedies. Some plead for better lodgings and sanitary measures; which we also regard as highly valuable. Some put their faith in education—an agent, the importance of which, to the rising generation, it is impossible to over-estimate. Some seem to have no confidence in anything but the preaching of the Gospel. To one or other of these, or the combined influence of them all, they trust for the cure of drunkenness—repudiating and deprecating all legislative interference. Now, I should like as much as they to see the very lowest of our people so elevated in their tastes, with minds so cultivated, and hearts so sanctified, that they could resist the temptations which on every hand beset them. But thousands, tens of thousands, are unable to do so. They must be helped with crutches till they have acquired the power to walk. They must be propped up and fenced round with every possible protection until they are "rooted and grounded in the love of God." In the country I have often seen a little child, with her sun-browned face, and long golden locks, sweet as any flower she pressed beneath her naked foot, merry as any bird that sung from bush or brake, driving the cattle home; and with fearless hand controlling the sulky leader of the herd, as with armed forehead and colossal strength he quailed before that slight image of God. Some days ago, I saw a different sight—such a child, with hanging head, no music in his voice, nor blush but that of shame upon his cheek, leading home a drunken father along the public street. That man required to be led, guided, guarded. And into a condition hardly less helpless large masses of our people have sunk. I don't wonder that they drink.

Look at their unhappy and most trying circumstances. Many of them are born

with a propensity to this vice. They suck it in with a mother's milk: for it is a well-ascertained fact that other things are hereditary besides cancer, and consumption, and insanity. This vice presents some of the characters of a physical disease, and the drunken parent transmits to his children a proneness to his fatal indulgence. Besides, the foul atmosphere which many of them breathe, the hard labor by which many of them earn their bread, produce a prostration which seeks in stimulants something to rally the system, nor will be debarred from their use by any prospect of danger, or experience of a corresponding reaction. With our cultivated minds, our improved tastes, our books, our recreations, our domestic comforts, we have no adequate idea of the temptations to which the poor are exposed, and from which it is the truest kindness to protect them. They are cold, and the glass is warmth. They are hungry, and drink is food. They are miserable, and there is laughter in the flowing cup. They are sunk in their own esteem, and the bowl or bottle surrounds the drunkard with a bright-colored halo of self-respect—so long as the fumes are in his brain, he feels himself a man. "They drink to forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more."

Such indeed has been the only training, such are the physical, economical, moral, and religious conditions of large masses of the people, that their safety lies, not in resisting temptation, but escaping it. None know that better than themselves. How would thousands hail and bless the day which, shutting up the drinking shops, would preserve them from the temptations which are their ruin, and to which they at length passively yield themselves; although, as one said, they know their doors to be the way to hell. Yet not passively, until this fatal pleasure has paralyzed the mind more even than the body. Many struggle hard to overcome this passion. Ah, there is often a long and terrible fight between the man and the serpent that has him fast in his coils; between the love of wife and children and the love of drink. Never more manfully than some of them, did swimmer struggle in his hour of agony—breasting the waves and straining every nerve to reach the distant shore. Would Parliament but leave this matter to these people themselves—would they for once delegate their powers of legislation to the inhabitants of our lowest districts—we are confident that, by their all but unanimous vote, every drinking shop in their neighborhoods would be shut up. The birds, which are now drawn into the mouth of the serpent, would soar aloft on free and joyous wing to sing the praises of the hand that closed its jaws, and the heel that crushed its head. And so long as religion stands by—silent and unprotesting against the temptations with which men, greedy of gain, and governments, greedy of revenue, surround the wretched victims of this basest vice—it appears to me an utter mockery for her to go with the Word of God in her hand, teaching them to say, "Lead us not into temptation."

As a man, as well as a minister of that blessed Gospel, which recognizes no distinction between rich and poor, I protest against the wrongs of a class that are to the full as unfortunate as they are guilty. They deserve succor rather than censure. They are more to be pitied than punished. And, assuming the office of their advocate, I wish to know why the upper classes of society should enjoy a protection which is denied to those who stand more in need of it? Gambling houses were proved before Parliament to be ruining the youth of the aristocracy. Nobility complained. Coronets and broad acres were in danger. Parliament rose to the rescue. She put forth her strong hand, and by a sweeping, summary, most righteous measure, put the evil down. It was also proved in Parliament, that betting houses were corrupting the morals of our merchants' clerks, our shopmen, our tradesmen, and others of the middle classes of society. Once more Parliament rose up in its might, threw its broad shield over wealth and commerce, and closed every betting house in the metropolis. Who talked then about the freedom of trade? When the honor of noble families, or the wealth of our merchants, and the honesty of their servants demanded protection, who talked about the freedom of trade? When the honor of noble families, or the wealth of our merchants, and the honesty of their servants demanded protection, who talked about the liberty of the subject? Who proposed to leave these evils to be met by education and such means as education? I don't

complain of, but commend the measures which Parliament adopted. Only, I want to know, if the virtues of humble families and the happiness of the poor are less worthy of protection than the wealth of bankers, and the honors of an ancient nobility? I want to know if the bodies of the higher and wealthier classes are of better clay, or their souls of finer elements, than those of the very lowest of the people? Yet I would undertake to prove that, year by year, thousands and tens of thousands of our poor suffer the loss of fortune, virtue, character, body and soul, in those drinking shops that glare upon the public eye—which the law does not forbid but license. For every one the gambling or betting house ruined, they are ruining hundreds. I wish that those who govern this noble country should be able to say with Him who governs the universe, "Are not my ways equal?" Nor let our legislators be scared from their duty in this case, any more than they were in the other, by the allegation that to shut up the drinking shop will not cure but rather aggravate the evil, by leading to illicit traffic and secret drinking. The removal of the temptation may not always cure the drunkard: I don't say it will. But it will check the growth of his class, and prevent many others from learning his habits—until sanguine men might entertain the blessed hope that, like the monsters of a former epoch, which now lie entombed in the rocks, drunkards may be numbered among the extinct races, classified with the winged serpents and gigantic sloths that were once inhabitants of our globe.

The subject before us is eminently calculated to illustrate the profound remark of one, who was well acquainted with the temptations and circumstances of the poor. He said: "It is justice, not charity, that the poor most need." And all we ask is, that you be as kind to them as to the rich. All we ask is, that you guard the one class as carefully as you guard the other from the temptations peculiar to their lot. I am sorry to say—but truth and the interests of those who, however sunk and degraded, are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, require that I should say—that this is not done. "The poor," says Amos, "are sold for a pair of shoes," and with us they are sold to save the wealth of the rich. In this I make no charge which I am not prepared to prove. For example: Certain measures were proposed in Parliament with the view of promoting the comforts and improving the moral habits of the common people. It was admitted that these, by introducing weak French and Rhenish wines in room of ardent spirits and strongly intoxicating liquors, would be attended with that most happy and desirable result. Yet they were rejected. And rejected because their adoption, although it saved the people, would damage the revenue. As if there was not money enough in the pockets of the wealthy, through means of other taxes, to meet the debts of the nation and sustain the honor of the Crown! How different the tone of morals even in China! The ministers of that country proved to their sovereign that he would avert all danger of war with Britain, and also add immensely to his revenue, if he would consent to legalize the trade in opium. He refused, firmly refused, nobly refused. And it were a glorious day for Britain, a happy day for ten thousand miserable homes—a day for bonfires, and jubilant cannon, and merry bells, and bannered processions, and holy thanksgivings, which saw our beloved Queen rise from her throne, and in the name of this great nation address to her Lords and Commons the memorable speech of that pagan monarch: "I will never consent to raise my revenue out of the ruin and vices of my people." With such a spirit may God imbue our land! "Even so come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

2. That the example of abstaining from all intoxicating liquors would greatly aid in the cure of this evil.

No principle is more clearly inculcated in the Word of God, and none, carried out into action, makes a man more Christ-like than self-denial. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." That is the principle of temperance, as I hold it. I cannot agree with those who, in their anxiety for good, attempt to prove too much, and condemn as positively sinful the moderate use of stimulants. But still less sympathy have I with those who dare to call in Jesus Christ to lend His holy countenance to their luxurious boards. It is shocking to hear men attempt to prove, by the Word of God, that it is a duty to drink

—to fill the wine-cup and drain off the glass.

I was able to use without abusing. But seeing to what monstrous abuse the thing had grown, seeing in what a multitude of cases the use was followed by the abuse, and seeing how the example of the upper classes, the practices of ministers, and the habits of church members were used to shield and sanction indulgences so often carried to excess, I saw the case to be one for the apostle's warning: "Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak." Paul says of meat offered unto an idol: "Meat commendeth us not to God; for neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse." And will any man deny, that, save in medical cases, I can with the most perfect truth adopt the words of inspiration, and say of these stimulants what Paul says of meat: "Drink commendeth us not to God; for neither if we drink are we the better, and neither if we drink not are we the worse." On the contrary, the testimony of physicians, the experience of those who, in Arctic cold or Indian heat, have been exposed to influences the most trying to the constitution, the experience also of every one who has exchanged temperate indulgence for rigid abstinence, have demonstrated that, if we drink not, we are the better. There is no greater delusion in this world than that health, or strength, or joyousness is dependent on the use of such stimulants. So far as happiness is concerned, we can afford to leave such means to those who inhabit the doleful dens of sin. They cannot want them. They have to relieve the darkness with lurid gleams. They have to drown remorse in the bowl's oblivion. They have to bury the recollection of what they were, and the sense of what they are, and the foreboding of what they shall be. As one of them said: "We poor girls could not lead the life we do without the drink."

Grant that there were a sacrifice in abstaining, what Christian man would hesitate to make it if by doing so he can honor God and bless mankind? If by a lifelong abstinence from all those pleasures which the wine-cup yields I can save one child from a life of misery, I can save one mother from premature gray hairs, and griefs that bring her to the grave, I can save one woman from ruin; bringing him to Jesus, I can save one man from perdition, I should hold myself well repaid. Living thus, living not for myself, when death summons me to my account, and the Judge says, "Man, where is thy brother?" I shall be found walking, although at a humble distance, in the footprints of Him who took His way to Calvary. He said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." This cross, which has been borne by missionaries to pagan lands, which has been held high in the battle-field by men nobly fighting for their faith, which rose above the red scaffold flowing with martyr's blood, may be carried into our scenes of social enjoyment, and, a brighter ornament than any jewels flashing on beauty's breast, may adorn the festive table. If this abstinence is a cross, all the more honor to the men who carry it. It is a right noble thing to live for God and the good of man.

I attempt to dictate on this subject to no man. Believing it to be one specially open to the apostolic rule, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," I would yet venture to appeal to my brethren in the ministry, and to the members of every Christian church. There cannot be a doubt—not the shadow of a doubt—that if, devoting yourselves Christ-like to the glory of God and the good of men, you saw it to be your duty to embrace the principle of abstinence, the result would be remarkable. Such would be the influence of your example within your own households, and outside in your different neighborhoods, and such also the power which you could exercise in the Parliament of our country, that intemperance, with all its direful damning consequences, would be, to a great extent and in time, banished from the land. What a land ours then would be! Relieved from this millstone which hangs about her neck, and weighs her down and bends her giant power to the earth, into what an attitude and height of power would she rise? Who then would dare to insult her flag? Who then would dare to cross her path when she went forth in her might and virtue to assert the liberties of the world—to break the fetters of the slave or fight the battle of the oppressed? She would hear no more taunts from the slaveholders of the West or the despots of the South. Her piety, and sobriety, and virtues, preserving salt, ele-

ments of national immortality, she might hope to be exempted from the fate of all preceding empires that, one after another, in unfailing succession, have gone down into the tomb.

This moral revolution in our national habits, this greatest of all reforms, every one can engage in. Women and children, as well as men, can help it onwards to the goal. It is attainable, if we would only attempt it. It is hopeful, if we would but give the subject a fair consideration. Why should not the power of Christianity, by its mighty arguments of love and self-denial, lead to the disuse of intoxicating stimulants, and so achieve that which Mahommedanism and Hindooism have done? Must the cross pale before the crescent? Must the divine religion of Jesus, with that God-man upon the tree for its invincible ensign, blush before such rivals, and own itself unable to accomplish what false faiths have done? Tell us not that it cannot be done. It can be done. It has been done—done by the enemies of the cross of Christ—done by the followers of an impostor—done by worshippers of stocks and stones. "And their rock is not like our Rock." If that is true, and it cannot be gainsaid, I may surely claim from every man who has faith in God, and loves Jesus, and is willing to live for the benefit of mankind, a candid, a full, and a prayerful consideration of this subject. But, whatever be the means, whatever the weapons you will judge it best to employ, when trumpets are blowing in Zion, and the alarm is sounding and echoing in God's holy mountain, come—come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, crowd to the standard, press to the front, throw yourself into the thick of battle, and die in harness, fighting for the cause of Jesus. So "to live is Christ, and so to die is gain."

A VINDICATION OF IRISH PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.[1]

[**John Philpot Curran** was of humble origin, and born near Cork in 1750. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he went to London, and studied law in the Temple. At first he met with great difficulties in his career, but his talent for defence and debate soon caused him to be distinguished. He was a member of the Irish House of Commons in 1784, and on the Whigs coming into office in 1806 he was made Master of the Rolls in Ireland. He held this office till 1814, when he received a pension of £3000, after which time he for the most part resided in London. He died in 1817.]

Gentlemen,—The representation of your people is the vital principle of their political existence. Without it they are dead, or they live only in servitude. Without it, if the people are oppressed by their judges, where is the tribunal to which their judges can be amenable? Without it there are two estates acting upon and against the third, instead of acting in co-operation with it. Without it, if they are trampled upon and plundered by a minister, where is the tribunal to which the offender shall be amenable? Without it, where is the ear to hear, or the heart to feel, or the hand to redress their sufferings? Shall they be found, let me ask you, in the accursed bands of imps and minions that bask in their disgrace, and fatten upon their spoils, and flourish upon their ruin? But let me not put this to you as a merely speculative question. It is a plain question of fact; rely upon it, physical man is everywhere the same; it is only the various operations of moral causes that give variety to the social or individual character and condition. How otherwise happens it that modern slavery looks quietly at the despot, on the very spot were Leonidas expired? The answer is easy; Sparta has not changed her climate, but she has lost that government which her liberty could not survive.

I call you, therefore, to the plain question of fact. This paper recommends a reform in Parliament: I put that question to your conscience; do you think it needs that reform? I put it boldly and fairly to you; do you think the people of Ireland are represented as they ought to be? Do you hesitate for an answer? If you do, let me remind you that, until the last year, three millions of your countrymen have, by the express letter of the law, been excluded from the reality of actual, and even from the phantom of virtual representation. Shall we, then, be told that this is only the affirmation of a wicked and seditious incendiary? If you do not feel the mockery of such a charge, look at your country; in what state do you find it? Is it in a state of tranquillity and general satisfaction? These are traces by

[1] From a speech in behalf of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, when indicted for the publication of a seditious libel, delivered 29th January, 1794.

which good are ever to be distinguished from bad governments, without any very minute inquiry or speculative refinement. Do you feel that a veneration for the law, a pious and humble attachment to the constitution, form the political morality of the people? Do you find that comfort and competency among your people which are always to be found where a government is mild and moderate, where taxes are imposed by a body who have an interest in treating the poorer orders with compassion, and preventing the weight of taxation from pressing sore upon them?

Gentlemen, I mean not to impeach the state of your representation; I am not saying, that it is defective, or that it ought to be altered or amended; nor is this a place for me to say whether I think that three millions of the inhabitants of a country, whose whole number is but four, ought to be admitted to any efficient situation in the state. It may be said, and truly, that these are not questions for either of us directly to decide; but you cannot refuse them some passing consideration, at least when you remember that on this subject the real question for your decision is, whether the allegation of a defect in your constitution is so utterly unfounded and false, that you can ascribe it only to the malice and perverseness of a wicked mind, and not to the innocent mistake of an ordinary understanding; whether it may not be mistake; whether it can be only sedition?

And here, gentlemen, I own I cannot but regret that one of our countrymen should be criminally pursued for asserting the necessity of a reform, at the very moment when that necessity seems admitted by the Parliament itself; that this unhappy reform shall, at the same moment, be a subject of legislative discussion and criminal prosecution. Far am I from imputing any sinister design to the virtue or wisdom of our Government; but who can avoid feeling the deplorable impression that must be made on the public mind when the demand for that reform is answered by a criminal information! I am the more forcibly impressed by this consideration, when I consider that when this information was first put on the file, the subject was transiently mentioned in the House of Commons. Some circumstance retarded the progress of the inquiry there, and the progress of the information was equally retarded here. On the first day of the session you all know that subject was again brought forward in the House of Commons, and, as if they had slept together, this prosecution was also revived in the Court of King's Bench, and that before a jury taken from a panel partly composed of those very Members of Parliament who, in the House of Commons, must debate upon this subject as a measure of public advantage, which they are here called upon to consider as a public crime.[1]

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution this part of the libel has unluckly received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission which, it seems, it was a libel to propose.[2] In what way to account for this I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or has the stability of the Government, or has that of the country, been weakened? Or are one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so you must say to them, "You have demanded emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time,

[1] The jury was taken from a panel containing the names of a number of Members of Parliament.

[2] In 1793, after the prosecution was commenced, the Irish Parliament passed a bill giving the right of suffrage to Catholics, and conferring a large part of the rights and privileges desired.

to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own Parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or human at this moment to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man, who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? To propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the Church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so-much censured words of this paper, giving "universal emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of "universal emancipation!" No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of "universal emancipation."

ON MOVING A DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHT.[1]

[**Henry Grattan** was born at Dublin in 1746; died in 1820. He was called to the bar in 1772, and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament three years later. One of the great objects Grattan had in view, during his brilliant and useful career, was the complete independence of the Irish Parliament. Contrary to the advice of his friends, but with the voice of the nation in his favor, he made, on the 19th of April, 1780, his memorable motion in the Irish House for a declaration of Irish Right. His speech on that occasion was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland. As an expression of their gratitude for his services, the Parliament of Ireland voted the sum of £100,000 to purchase him an estate, and he finally agreed to accept one-half the amount.]

I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

I shall be told that we hazard the modification of the law of Poynings, and the Judges Bill, and the Habeas Corpus Bill, and the Nullum Tempus Bill; but, I ask, have you been for years begging for these little things, and have you not yet been able to obtain them? And have you been contending against a little body of eighty men, in privy council assembled, convoking themselves into the image of a Parliament, and ministering your high office; and have you been contending against one man, a humble individual, to you a leviathan—the English Attorney-General, exercising Irish legislation in his own person, and making your Parliamentary deliberations a blank, by altering your bills, or suppressing them: have you not been able to quell this little monster? Do you wish to know the reason? I will tell you; because you have not been a Parliament, nor your country a people. Do you wish to know the remedy? Be a Parliament, become a nation, and these things will follow in the train of your consequence.

I shall be told that titles are shaken, being vested by force of English Acts. But in answer to that I observe, time may be a title, but an English Act of Parliament certainly cannot. It is an authority which, if a judge would charge, no jury would find, and which all the electors of Ireland have already disclaimed — disclaimed unequivocally, cordially, and universally.

Sir, this is a good argument for an act of title, but no argument against a Declaration of Right. My friend, who sits

[1] Part of a speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, 19th April, 1780, its object being to move the Irish Parliament to a Declaration of Right, which should deny the authority of England to make laws for Ireland.

above me, has a Bill of Confirmation.[1] We do not come unprepared to Parliament. I am not come to shake property, but to confirm property, and to restore freedom. The nation begins to form—we are moulding into a people; freedom asserted, property secured, and the army, a mercenary band, likely to be dependent on your Parliament, restrained by law. Never was such a revolution accomplished in so short a time, and with such public tranquillity. In what situation would those men, who call themselves friends of constitution and government, have left you? They would have left you without a title (as they stole it) to your estates, without an assertion of your constitution, or a law for your army; and this state of private and public insecurity, this anarchy, raging in the kingdom for eighteen months, these mock-moderators would have had the presumption to call peace.

The king has no other title to his crown than that which you have to your liberty. Both are founded, the throne and your freedom, upon the right vested in the subject to resist by arms, notwithstanding their oaths of allegiance, any authority attempting to impose acts of power as laws; whether that authority be one man or a host, the second James, or the British Parliament, every argument for the House of Hanover is equally an argument for the liberties of Ireland. The Act of Settlement[2] is an Act of rebellion, or the sixth of George I. an Act of usurpation. I do not refer to doubtful history, but to living record, to common charters, to the interpretation England has put on those charters (an interpretation made, not by words only, but crowned by arms), to the revolution she has formed upon them, to the king she has established, and, above all, to the oath of allegiance solemnly plighted to the House of Stuart, and afterwards set aside in the instance of a grave and moral people, absolved by virtue of those very charters: and as anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation; we are too conversant with her history; we are too much fired by her example to be anything less than equals: anything less, we should be her bitterest enemies. An enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to that constitution from whose blessings we are excluded, to be ground, as we have been, by the British nation, bound by her Parliament, plundered by her Crown, threatened by her enemies, and insulted with her protection, while we return thanks for her condescension, in a system of meanness and misery, which has expired in our determination and in her magnanimity.

That there are precedents against us I allow; acts of power I would call them, not precedents; and I answer the English pleading such precedents, as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England. Such things are the tyranny of one side, the weakness of the other, and the law of neither. We will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the Declaration of Right, no doing, judgment, or proceeding to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example. Do not then tolerate a power, the power of the British Government, over this land, which has no foundation in necessity, or utility, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God. Do not suffer that power which banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people. Do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollens, or an import of sugar, and suffer that power which has thus withered the land to have existence in your pusillanimity. Do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice, and the high court of Parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you in your grave for interfering between them and their Maker, and robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thraldom, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and

[1] A bill to be immediately introduced on passing the Declaration, by which all laws of the English Parliament affecting property were to be confirmed by the Irish Parliament.

[2] An Act of the British Parliament settling the line of succession to the British Crown on the descendants of the Princess Sophia of Hanover, to the exclusion of the Stuarts.

miraculous armament,[1] shall the historian stop at *liberty*, and observe that here the principal men amongst us were found wanting, were awed by a weak ministry, bribed by an empty treasury; and, when liberty was within their grasp, and her temple opened its folding-doors, fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land and their violation; by the instructions of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment—tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land! I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; nor, speaking of the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time at hand; the spirit is gone forth; the Declaration of Right is planted; and though great men should fall off, yet the cause shall live; and though he who utters this should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

[1] A reference to the rapid formation of the volunteer corps.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

[**Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice,** an English divine, was born at London, 1805; died 1872. He was son of a Unitarian clergyman, and was sent to the University of Cambridge, where, although he did not take a degree, he passed his examinations with considerable distinction. After leaving Cambridge, he went to London, and was employed to write for the *Athenæum*. He likewise produced, at the same period, a novel, entitled *Eustace Conway*. His religious views next undergoing considerable modification, partly by the influence of Coleridge's writings, he went to Oxford, took his degree there, and became a clergyman of the Church of England, in 1828. He wrote largely on theological matters, and contributed treatises on moral and metaphysical philosophy to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He was one of the promoters of the Christian Socialist movement, which had for its object the abolition of the system of competitive labor, and the association of the working-classes into small communities, which should undertake work in common, and divide the proceeds. As founder and president of the Working Man's College, he considerably advanced the cause of general education. He was chaplain of Lincoln's Inn for many years. He held the professorship of divinity in King's College, but resigned the appointment upon the authorities raising objections to his religious views, especially as regarded the eternity of punishment, as developed in his theological essays. In 1866 he became professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge.]

I have proposed to speak to you this evening on the friendship of Books. I have some fear that an age of reading is not always favorable to the cultivation of this friendship. I do not mean that we are in any special danger of looking upon them as enemies. That is no doubt the temptation of some persons. I have known both boys and men who have looked at books with a kind of rage and hatred, as if they were the natural foes of the human species. I am far from thinking that these were bad boys or bad men; nor were they stupid. Some of them I have found very intelligent, and have learnt much from them. I could trace the dislike in some cases to a cause which I thought honorable. The dogs and horses which they did care about, and were always on good terms with, they regarded as living creatures, who could receive affection, and in some measure could return it. Their horses could carry them over hills and moors; their dogs had been out with them from morning till night, and took interest in the pursuit that was interesting them. Books seemed to them dead things in stiff bindings, that might be patted or caressed ever so much, and would take no notice, that knew nothing of toil or pleasure, of hill or stubble-field, of sunrise or sunsetting, of the earnest chase or the feast after it. Was it not better to leave them in the shelves which seemed to be made for them? Was is not treating them most respectfully not to finger or soil them, but to secure the services of a housemaid who should occasionally dust them?

I frankly own that I have great sympathy with these feelings, and with those

who entertain them. If books are only dead things, if they do not speak to one, or answer one when one speaks to them, if they have nothing to do with the common things that we are busy with—with the sky over our head, and the ground under our feet—I think that they had better stay on the shelves; I think any horse or dog, or tree or flower, is a better companion for human beings than they are. And therefore I say again, it is not with those who count them enemies that I find fault. They have much to say for themselves; if their premises are right they are right in their conclusions. What I regret is, that many of us spend much of our time in reading books, and in talking of books—that we like nothing worse than the reputation of being indifferent to them, and nothing better than the reputation of knowing a great deal about them; and yet that, after all, we do not know them in the same way as we know our fellow-creatures, not even in the way we know any dumb animal that we walk with or play with. This is a great misfortune, in my opinion, and one which I am afraid is increasing as what we call "the taste for literature" increases. I cannot enter into all the different reasons which lead me to think so, nor can I trace the evil to its source. But I will mention one characteristic of the reading in our times, which must have much to do with it.

A large part of our reading is given to reviews, and magazines and newspapers. Now I am certain that these must have a very important use. We should all of us be trying to find out what the use of them is, because it is clear that we are born into an age in which they exercise great power; and that fact must bring a great responsibility not only upon those who wield the power, but upon us who have to see that it does us good, and not hurt. But whatever good effects works of this kind may have produced, we certainly are not able to make them our friends. Perhaps you will wonder that I should say that a newspaper or a review is a much less awful thing than a quarto or a folio—I mean, of course, to those who are not going themselves to be cut up in it, but only to have the pleasure of seeing their friends and neighbors cut up. Moreover, the writer of the newspaper or magazine or review, commonly assumes an off-hand, dashing air. He has a number of colloquial phrases and stock jests which seem intended to put us at our ease. He speaks in a loud, rattling tone, like one who wishes to shake hands the first time you meet him. But then, when you stretch out your hand, what is it you meet? Not that of a man, but of a shadow, of something that calls itself "We." Be friends with a "We!" How is that possible? If the mist is scattered, if we discover that there is an actual human being there, then the case is altered altogether. If Lord Jeffrey, or Mr. Macaulay, or Sir James Stephen publishes articles which he has written in a review, with his name affixed to them, or if a "*Times* correspondent" whom, in our superstition, we had supposed to be one of the fairies or genii that descend from some other world to our planet, appears with an ordinary name, and dressed like a mortal, why, then we feel we are on fair terms. A person is presenting himself to us, one who may have a right to judge us, but who is willing to be tried himself by his peers. That, you see, is because the *We* has become an *I*. All his apparent dignity is dissolved; we can recognize him as a fellow-creature.

Now, I do not say this the least in condemnation of reviewers, or of any person who, for any reasons whatever, thinks it better to call himself *We* than *I*. I only say that there is no *friendship* under such conditions as this; that we never can make any book our friend until we look upon it as the work of an *I*. It is the principle which I hope to maintain throughout this lecture, and therefore I begin with stating it at once. I want to speak to you about a few books which exhibit very transparently, I think, what sort of a person he was who wrote them, which show *him* to us. I think we shall find that there is the charm of the book, the worth of the book. He may be writing about a great many things, but there is a man who writes, and when you get acquainted with that man you get acquainted with the book. It is no more a collection of letters and leaves; it is *a friend*.

I mean to speak entirely, or almost entirely, of English books. And I shall begin with a writer who seems to offer a great exception to the remark I have just made. If I thought he was really an ex-

ception I should be much puzzled, or rather I should give up my position altogether. For, since he is the greatest and the best known of all English authors, for him to be an instance against me would be a clear proof that I was wrong. We continually hear this observation: "William Shakespeare is not to be found in any of his plays." It is his great and wonderful distinction that he is not. Othello speaks his word, Hamlet his, Bottom, the weaver, his; Desdemona, Imogen, Portia, each her word. But Shakespeare does not intrude himself into any of their places; he does not want us to know what he thought about this matter or that. If you look into one corner or another for him he is not there. It would appear, then, according to my maxim, as if Shakespeare could never be his reader's friend. It would appear as if he were the great precedent for all newspaper writers and reviewers, as if he were overlooking mankind just as they do, and had the best possible right to describe himself as a *We*, and not as an *I*.

Well, that sounds very plausible, and, like everything that sounds plausible, there is a truth at the bottom of it. But that the truth is not this, I think the feeling and judgment of the people of England (I might say of the continents of Europe and of America) might convince you, without any arguments of mine. For they have been so sure that there was a William Shakespeare, they were so certain that he had a local habitation and a name, that they have rummaged parish registers, hunted Doctors' Commons for wills, made pilgrimages to Stratford-upon-Avon, put together traditions about old houses and shops, that they might make, if possible, some clear image of him in their minds. I do not know that they have succeeded very well. The facts of his biography are few. A good deal of imagination has been needed to put them together, and to fill up the blanks in them. I do not suppose registers, or wills, or old houses, will give many more answers concerning him. But that only shows, I think, how very clear a witness his own works give, even when the outward information is ever so scanty, of the man that he was, and of the characteristics which distinguished him from his fellows. If you ask me how I reconcile this assertion with the undoubted fact that he does not put himself forward as other dramatists do, and give his own opinions instead of allowing the persons of his drama to utter theirs, I should answer, Have you found that the man who is in the greatest hurry to tell you all that he thinks about all possible things is the friend that is best worth knowing? Have you found that the one who talked most about himself and his own doings is the most worth knowing? Do you not generally become rather exhausted with men of his kind? Do not you say sometimes, in Shakespeare's own words, or rather in Falstaff's, "I do see to the bottom of this same Justice Shallow; he has told me all he has to tell. There is no reserve in him, nothing that is worth searching after?" On the other hand, have you not met with some men who very rarely spoke about their own impressions and thoughts, who seldom laid down the law, and yet who you were sure had a fund of wisdom within, and who made you partakers of it by the light which they threw on the earth in which they were dwelling, especially by the kindly, humorous, pathetic way in which they interested you about your fellow-men, and made you acquainted with them? I do not say that this is the only class of friends which one would wish for. One likes to have some who in quiet moments are more directly communicative about their own sufferings and struggles. But certainly you would not say that men of the other class are not very pleasant and very profitable. Of this class Shakespeare is the most remarkable specimen. Instead of being a reviewer who sits above the universe, and applies his own narrow rules to the members of it, he throws himself with the heartiest and most genial sympathy into the feelings of all, he understands their position and circumstances, he perceives how each must have been affected by them. Instead of being a big, imaginary *We*, he is so much of a man himself that he can enter into the manhood of people who are the furthest off from him, and with whom he has the least to do. And so, I believe, his books may become most valuable friends to us —to us especially who ought to be acquainted with what is going on with all kinds of people. Every now and then, I think (especially, perhaps, in the characters of Hamlet and of Prospero), one discovers signs how Shakespeare as an individual man had fought and suffered. I

quite admit, however, that his main work is not to do this, but to help us in knowing ourselves—the past history of our land, the people we are continually meeting. And any book that does this is surely a friend.

Before I leave Shakespeare, I would speak of the way in which he made friends with books. Perhaps I can do it best by comparing his use of them with the use which was made of them by a very clever and accomplished contemporary of his. Ben Jonson, though he was the son of a bricklayer, made himself a thoroughly good Latin and Greek scholar. He read the best Latin books, and the commentaries which illustrated them; he wrote two plays on subjects taken from Roman history. Very striking subjects they were. The hero of one was Catiline, who tried to overthrow the social order of the republic; the hero of the other was Sejanus, who represents, by his grandeur and his fall, the very character and spirit of the empire in the days of Tiberius. In dealing with these subjects Ben Jonson had the help of two of the greatest Roman authors, both of them possessing remarkable powers of narration, one of them a man of earnest character, subtle insight, deep reflection. Though few men in his day understood these authors, and the government and circumstances of Rome, better than Jonson, though he was a skilful and experienced play-writer, most readers are glad when they have got Catiline and Sejanus fairly done with. They do not find that they have received any distinct impressions from them of Roman life; to learn what it was they must go to the authors whom he has copied. Shakespeare wrote three plays on Roman subjects: "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra." He knew very little of Latin, and the materials he had to work with were a tolerable translation of *Livy's History*, and a capital one of *Plutarch's Lives*. With no aid but these, and his knowledge of Warwickshire peasants and London citizens, he has taught us more of Romans, he has made us more at home in their city, and at their fireside, than the best historians who lived upon the soil are able to do. Jonson studied their books; Shakespeare made *friends* of them. He did just the same with our old chronicles. He read of King John, of Richard II., of John of Gaunt, of Harry of Lancaster, of Hotspur and Owen Glendower, of the good Humphrey of Gloucester, and the dark Cardinal Beaufort, of Wolsey and Catherine. He read of them, and they stood up before him, real armed men, or graceful, sorrowing women. Instead of being dead letters, they all became living persons; not appearing in solitary grandeur, but forming groups; not each with a fixed, immovable nature, but acted upon and educated by all the circumstances of their times; not dwelling in an imaginary world, but warmed by the sun of Italy, or pinched by the chilly nights of Denmark—essentially men such as are to be found in all countries and in all ages, and therefore exhibiting all the varieties of temperament and constitution which belong to each age and to each country.

Shakespeare's mind was formed in an age when men were at work, and when they wanted books to explain and illustrate their work. He lived on into another, when men began to value books for their own sakes. James I., who was called a Solomon (and who would have deserved that name if Solomon had not considered that his wisdom was given him that he might rule his subjects well, and if James had not supposed that his was given for every purpose except that), was the great promoter of this worship of books. But they did not speak to Englishmen of that which was going on around them as they had done in Elizabeth's time. Learned people drew a line about themselves, and signified to common people who had business that they must keep their distance. Still there were many influences which counteracted this tendency. One man, who was not free from it by any means, helped to check it by opening to his fellows a new and real world. Lord Bacon found that they knew the secrets of nature only through books, that they did not come freely and directly into contact with them; he showed them how they might converse with the things they saw, how they might know them as they were in themselves, instead of only seeing them distorted by their spectacles. That was a great work to do; and as I said, it was never more wanted than just at this time, when men were in danger of falling so much in love with the letters in books as to forget into what a universe of mysteries God had put His creature man that

he might search them out. Bacon reverenced the study of nature more than he did the study of man; and no wonder! For he found out what a beautiful order there was in nature; and though I believe he looked for an order in human affairs too, and sometimes discerned, and always wished for it, yet there is no denying that he had a keen eye for the disorders and wrong-doings of his fellow-men, and that he rather reconciled himself to them than sought to remedy them. I refer to him, because I fancy that many have a notion of his books on the interpretation of nature as very valuable for scientific men, and his books on morals and politics as very wise for statesmen and men of the world, but not as friends. They form this notion because they suppose that the more we knew of Bacon himself, the less sympathy we should have with him. I should be sorry to hold this opinion, because I owe him immense gratitude; and I could not cherish it if I thought of him, even as the sagest of book-makers, and not as a human being. I should be sorry to hold it, because if I did not find in him a man who deserved reverence and love, I should not feel either the indignation or the sorrow which I desire to feel for his misdoings. Niebuhr said of Cicero that he knew his faults as well as anybody, but that he felt as much grieved when people spoke of them as if he were his brother. That is the right way to feel about great men who are departed, and I do not think that an Englishman should feel otherwise about Bacon. It is hard to measure the exact criminality of his acts; one of the truest sentences ever passed on them was his own. His words are faithful transcripts of both his strength and weakness. There are some, especially of his dedications, which one cannot read without a sense of burning shame; there are passages in the very treatises which those dedications introduce that it does one's heart good to remember, and which we are inwardly sure must have come from the heart of him who put them into language. He does not give us at all the genial impressions of other men which Shakespeare gives, but he detects very shrewd tricks which we practise upon ourselves. His worldly wisdom is what we have most to dread, lest he should make us contented with the wrong in ourselves and in the society about us, and should teach us to admire low models. But if we apply to our moral pursuits the zeal for truth, and the method of seeking it and of escaping from our own conceits, which he imparts to us in his physical lessons, if we consider his own errors, and his punishment for tolerating and embracing the base maxims of his time, we shall find him all the safer as a guide because we have felt with him as a friend. When we do that we can always appeal from the man to himself; we can say: "Thank you heartily for what you have said to me; but there were clouds about you when you were here; you did not always walk with straight feet, and with your eyes turned to the light. Now you know better, and I will make use of what you tell me, as well as of all that I can learn about your doings, as warnings to keep me from wandering to the right or to the left."

I might speak of other books in this bookish time of James I., which many of us have found valuable and genial friends; as for instance the poems of George Herbert, which nobody that ever reads them can think of merely as poems; they are so completely the utterances of the heart of an affectionate, faithful, earnest man, they speak so directly to whatever is best in ourselves, and give us such friendly and kindly admonitions about what is worst. But I must go on to the next period, which was a period of action and strife, when men could no more regard writing books, or even reading them, as an amusement; when the past must be studied for the sake of the present, or not at all. John Milton belongs to that time. He was the most learned of all our poets, the one who from his childhood upwards was a devourer of Greek and Latin books, of the romances of the Middle ages, of French and Italian poetry, above all of the Hebrew Scriptures. All these became his friends; for all of them connected themselves with the thoughts that occupied men in his own time, with the deep religious and political controversies which were about to bring on a civil war. Many persons think that the side which he took in that war must hinder us from making his books our friends; that we may esteem him as a great poet, but that we cannot meet him cordially as a man. No one is more likely to entertain that opinion than an English clergyman, for Milton dealt his blows unsparingly enough, and we

come in for at least our full share of them. I know all that, and yet I must confess that I have found him a friend, and a very valuable friend, even when I have differed from him most and he has made me smart most. It does not strike me that on the whole we profit most by the friends who flatter us. We may be stirred up to the recollection of our duty by those who speak stern and terrible words of us, and of our class. If we are persuaded that they are utterly wrong in condemning the institutions to which we are attached, we may often admit that they are very right in condemning us for the sins which hinder men from seeing the worth of those institutions. I do not know any one who makes us feel more than Milton does the grandeur of the ends which we ought to keep always before us, and therefore our own pettiness and want of courage and nobleness in pursuing them. I believe he failed to discern many of the intermediate relations which God has established between Himself and us; but I know no one who teaches us more habitually, that disobedience to the Divine will is the seat of all misery to men. I would rather converse with him as a friend than talk of him as a poet; because then we put ourselves into a position to receive the best wisdom which he has to give us, and that wisdom helps to purge away whatever dross is mingled with it; whereas if we merely contemplate him at a distance as a great genius, we shall receive some powerful influence from him, but we shall not be in a condition to compare one thing that he says to us with another. And to say the truth, I do not know what genius is, except it be that which begets some life in those who come in contact with it, which kindles some warmth in them. If there is genius in a poem, it must have been first in the poet; and if it was in the poet, it must have been because he was not a stock or a stone, but a breathing and suffering man. And there is no writer whose books more force upon us the thought of him as a person than Milton's. There are few passages in his prose writings, full as they are of gorgeous passages, more beautiful than that in which he defends himself from the charge of entering from choice or vanity into controversies, by alleging the far different object and kind of writing to which from his youth upwards he had desired to devote himself. And in his latest poem of *Samson Agonistes*, where what he had learned from the play-writers of Greece is wonderfully raised, and mellowed, and interpreted by what he had learnt from the Old Testament, he himself speaks to us in every line. He transfers himself to the prison of Samson in Gaza; he is the blind, downcast, broken man whom God appears to have cast off. The thought of God as the Deliverer gives him a consolation which nothing else can give; he looks forward to some triumph which God will give to his race, as the only hope for himself.

I have dwelt some time upon these "friends" because Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, are the greatest names in our literature, and therefore it was important for my purpose to show you that *their* books do fulfil the purpose which I have said all books ought to fulfil. I might very fairly have gone back, and spoken to you of older writers than these. I might have spoken of the time of our Edward III., and have given you some proofs that our first poet, Chaucer, was a cordial, genial, friendly man, who could tell us a great many things which we want to know about his own time, and could also break down the barrier between his time and ours, and make us feel that, though our dress may be very much unlike theirs, and our houses a good deal better, and our language a little less French, yet that on the whole our fathers worked at much the same trades as we do, fell into the same kind of sins, looked up at the same skies, had the same wants in their hearts, and required that they should be satisfied in the same way. I might have spoken to you also of some of the men who flourished at the time of the Reformation—of Latimer for instance, whose broad, simple, humorous sermons address themselves to all the common sympathies of Englishmen, and are as free from starch and buckram as any one could wish. I might have spoken to you also of some of Shakespeare's contemporaries, especially of that delightful and instructive companion, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, which makes us feel that without stepping a yard from our native English ground, or deserting any of our common occupations, we may be, ay, and must be, engaged in a great fight with invisible enemies, and that we have invisible champions on our

side. But as I have not time to speak of many books to-night, I have passed over these and have begun at once with those which, for one reason or another, people are most likely to think of as having claims upon their respect rather than upon their friendship. That must be my reason too for not dwelling upon a book belonging to Milton's time, which many people would at once recognize as a delightful friend; I mean Izaak Walton's *Angler*. Knowing nothing of his craft, I should only betray my ignorance by entering upon it, and should lessen the pleasure which some of you, I dare say, have received from its quiet descriptions and devout reflections. But I am glad to remember that there is such a book in our libraries, even if I understand very little of it, because it is one of the links between the life of the woods and streams and the life of the study, which it would be a great misfortune for us to lose.

A link between this age and the one that follows it is found in Thomas Fuller, one of the liveliest, and yet, in the inmost heart of him, one of the most serious writers one can meet with. I speak of this writer partly because there is no one who is so resolute that we should treat him as a friend, and not as a solemn dictator. By some unexpected jest, or comical turn of expression, he disappoints your purpose of receiving his words as if they were fixed in print, and asserts his right to talk with you, and convey his subtle wisdom in his own quaint and peculiar dialect.

Fuller uses his wit to make his reader a friend. The writers of Charles II.'s court used their wit to prove that there could be no such thing as friendship with either books or men, that it was altogether a ridiculous obsolete sentiment. They established their point so far as they themselves were concerned; one has no right to ask of them what they had not to give. But their punishment is a singular one. They wished to pass for men of the world, and not for vulgar bookwrights. We are obliged to regard them as bookwrights simply, and not as men at all. There is one exception. John Dryden stands apart from the men whose vices infected him, not merely because his style in prose and verse was immeasurably more vigorous than theirs, but because his confused life, and his evil companions, did not utterly destroy his heart. I do not know that one could make the writings of John Dryden friends; so many of the very cleverest of them are bitter satires, containing a great deal of shrewd observation, sometimes just, as well as severe, but certainly not binding us by any strong ties of affection to their author. Yet there is such a tragedy in the history of a mind so full of power as his, and so unable to guide itself amidst the shoals and quicksands of his time, that I believe we need not, and that we cannot, speak of him merely with the admiration which is due to his gifts; we must feel for him somewhat of the pity that is akin to love. Mr. Macaulay charges Dryden with changing his religion chiefly that he might get a pension from James II. I do not believe that was his motive, or that the lesson from his life would be worth as much as it is if it had been. If we compare his *Religio Laici* which he wrote in his former, with his *Hind and Panther* which expressed his later opinions, I think we may perceive that his mind was unhinged, that he found nothing fixed or certain in heaven or earth, and that he drifted naturally wherever the tide of events carried him. That is the fate which may befall many who have no right to be described as mercenary time-servers.

However, one is glad to escape from this age, which had become a very detestable one, and to find ourselves in one which, though not exemplary for goodness, produced books of which we can very well make friends. If you take up the *Spectator*, or the *Guardian*, your first feeling is that the writers in it wish to cultivate your friendship. They have thrown off the stiff manners of those who reckon it their chief business to write books; at the same time they do not affect to be men of the world despising books. Their object is to bring books and people of the world into a good understanding with each other; to make fine ladies and gentlemen somewhat wiser and better behaved by feeding them with good and wholesome literature; to show the student what things are going on about him, that he may not be a mere pedant and recluse. I do not mean that this was the deliberate purpose of Addison and Steele. It was the natural effect of their position that they took this course. They had been educated as scholars; they entered into civil

life, and became Members of Parliament. The two characters were mixed in them, and when they wrote books they could not help showing that they knew something of men. The two men were well fitted to work together. Addison had the calmer and clearer intellect; he had inherited a respect for English faith and morality. Steele, with a more wavering conduct, had perhaps even more reverence in his inmost heart for goodness. Between them they appeared just formed to give a turn to the mind of their age; not presenting to society a very heroical standard, but raising it far above the level to which it had sunk, and is apt to sink.

The *Spectator* and the *Guardian* have sometimes been called the beginning of our periodical literature. Perhaps they are; but they are very unlike what we describe by that name in our day. There is no *We* in them. Though the papers have letters of the alphabet, and not names, put to them, and though they profess to be members of a club, each writer calls himself *I*. You can hardly conceive what a difference it would make in the pleasure with which you read any paper, if the singular pronoun were changed for the plural. The good humor of the writing would evaporate immediately. You would no longer find that you were in the presence of a kindly, friendly observer, who was going about with you and pointing out to you this folly of the town, and that pleasant characteristic of a country gentleman's life. All would be the dry, hard criticism of some distant being, who did not take you into his counsels at all, but merely told you what you were to think or not to think. And with the good humor, what we call the *humor* when we do not prefix the adjective to it, would also disappear. Mr. Thackeray, the most competent person possible for such a task, has introduced Addison and Steele among the *humorists* of England, and has shown very clearly both how the humor of the one differed from that of the other, and how unlike both were to Dean Swift, who is the best and most perfect specimen of ill humor—that is so to say, of a man of the keenest intellect and the most exquisite clearness of expression, who is utterly out of sorts with the world and with himself. Addison is on good terms with both. He amuses himself with people, not because he dislikes them, but because he likes them, and is not discomposed by their absurdities. He does not go very far down into the hearts of them; he never discovers any of the deeper necessities which there are in human beings. But everything that is upon the surface of their lives, and all the little cross-currents which disturb them, no one sees so accurately, or describes so gracefully. In certain moods of our mind, therefore, we have here a most agreeable friend, one who tasks us to no great effort, who does not set us on encountering any terrible evils, or carrying forward any high purpose, but whom one must always admire for his quietness and composure; who can teach us to observe a multitude of things that we should else pass by, and reminds us that in man's life, as in nature, there are days of calm and sunshine as well as of storm.

But though one may have a very pleasant and useful conversation with this kind-hearted *Spectator* now and then, I do not think that such conversation would brace one to the hard work of life, or would enable one to sympathize with those who are engaged in it. We must remember that a very considerable majority of the world do not ride in coaches, as nearly all those we read of in the *Spectator* do: that to earn bread by the sweat of the brow is the common heritage of the sons of Adam, and that it is a great misfortune not to understand *that* necessity, even if circumstances have exempted us from it. For that reason some of us may welcome another friend, far less happy and genial than Addison, often very rough and cross-grained, with rude inward affection. Old Samuel Johnson had none of Addison's soft training. He had nothing to do with the House of Commons, except as a contraband reporter; he had not the remotest chance of being a Secretary of State even if he had not been a fierce Tory, and in the reign of George II. all but a Jacobite. With only booksellers for his patrons, obliged to seek his bread from hand to mouth by writing for them what they prescribed, with a bad digestion, a temper anything but serene, a faith certainly as earnest as Addison's, but which contemplated its objects on the dark and not on the sunny side, he offers the greatest contrast one can conceive to the happy well-conditioned man of whom I have just been speaking. The opposition between

them is all the more remarkable because the *Rambler* was formed on the model of the *Spectator*, and because Johnson as much as Addison belongs to what ought to be called the club period of English literature. I do not suppose any one will be bold enough to vindicate that name, be it good or evil, for our day, merely because gentlemen are now able to eat solitary dinners, hear news, and sleep over newspapers and magazines, in very magnificent houses in Pall Mall. The genuine club, though its locality might be in some dark alley out of Fleet Street, was surely that in which men of different occupations after the toil of the day met to exchange thoughts. In that world Johnson flourished even more than Addison. The latter is accused by Pope of giving his little senate laws; but Johnson's senate contained many great men who yet listened to his oracles with reverence. And those oracles were not delivered in sentences of three clauses ending in a long word in "tion," like those papers in the *Rambler* which are so well parodied in the *Rejected Addresses*. I think that young men ought undoubtedly to be early warned of these pompous sentences, not because it is worse to imitate this style than any other—for we have no business to imitate any (our style must be our own, or it is worth nothing)—but because it is particularly easy to catch this habit of writing, and to fancy there is substance when there is only wind. But I cannot admit that Johnson's most inflated sentences contain mere wind. He had something to put into them; they did express what he felt, and what he was, better than simpler, more English, more agreeable ones would have done. He adopted them naturally; they are part of himself; if we want to be acquainted with him, we must not find fault with them. And when he is describing scenes, as in *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, he is often quite free and picturesque; when he is writing about business, as in his *Falkland Island*, he does not let his eloquence, which in that book is often very splendid, hinder him from being pointed and direct in his blows. He falls into what some people call King Cambyses' vein chiefly when he is moralizing on the condition of the world, and the disappointment of all man's hopes and projects in it. In his club, no one could speak with more straightness, wasting no words, but bringing out the thing he wants to say in the strongest and most distinct dress that could be found. One may not agree in half of the opinions he expresses and may think that he delivers them very dogmatically. If one looked either at his writings or at Boswell's life of him merely as books, one would go away very discontented and very angry; but when one thinks of both as exhibiting to us a man, the case becomes altogether different. We are all greatly indebted, I think, to Mr. Carlyle, for having determined that we should contemplate Johnson in this way, and not chiefly as a critic or a lexicographer. We may judge of him in those characters very differently; but in himself Mr. Carlyle has shown most clearly that he deserves our sympathy and our reverence.

There were two members of Johnson's club to each of whom he was sincerely attached, and who were attached to each other, though in their habits, occupations, talents, modes of thinking, they were as unlike him, and unlike each other, as any two men could be. They had, indeed, a common origin—Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke were both Irishmen. But Goldsmith carried his country about with him wherever he went; he was always blundering, and reckless, and good-natured. Burke only showed where he had been born by his zeal for the improvement of his country whenever her affairs came under discussion. I believe that these two men, with the vast differences that there are between them, may both become our friends, and that we shall not thoroughly enjoy the *Deserted Village*, or the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or the *Speeches on American Taxation*, or the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, unless they do. All Goldsmith's friends were always scolding him, laughing at him, and learning from him. They found that he had a fund of knowledge which he had picked up they could not tell how, but apparently by sympathizing with all the people that he came into contact with, and so getting to be really acquainted with them. He compiled histories without much learning about the people he was writing of; yet he did not make them false or foolish, because he had more notion than many diligent historians have of what men must be like in any latitudes. In his poetry he never

goes out of his depth; he speaks of things which he has seen and felt himself, and so it tells us of him if it does not tell us of much else. In spite of all his troubles he is as good-natured as Addison; only he mixed with a different class of people from Addison, and can tell us of country vicars and their wives and daughters, though he may not know much of a Sir Roger de Coverley. His books, I think, must be always pleasant, as well as profitable friends, provided we do not expect from them, as we ought not to expect from any friend, more than they profess to give.

Burke is a friend of another order. Johnson said of him that if you met him under a gateway in a shower of rain you must perceive that he was a remarkable man. I do not think we can take up the most insignificant fragment of the most insignificant speech or pamphlet he ever put forth without arriving at the same conviction. But he does what is better than make us acknowledge him as a remarkable man. He makes us acknowledge that we are small men, that we have talked about subjects of which we had little knowledge, and the principles of which we had imperfectly sounded.

He told the electors of Bristol that they might reject him if they pleased, but that he should maintain his position as an English statesmen and an honest man. They did reject him, of course, but his speech remains as a model for all true men to follow, as a warning to all who adopt another course, that they may make friends for the moment, but that they will not have a friend in their own conscience, and that their books, if they leave any, will be no friends to those who read them in the times to come.

Away from the club in which Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith were wont to meet, in a little village in Buckinghamshire, dwelt another poet, who was not uninterested in their doings, and who had in his youth mixed with London wits. William Cowper inspired much friendship among men, and still more among women, during his lifetime; they found him the pleasantest of all companions in his bright hours, and they did not desert him in his dark hours. His books have been friends to a great many since he left the earth, because they exhibit him very faithfully in both; some of his letters and some of his poems being full of mirth and quiet gladness, some of them revealing awful struggles and despair. Whatever estimate may be formed of his poetry in comparison with that of earlier or later writers, every one must feel that his English is that of a scholar and a gentleman—that he had the purest enjoyment of domestic life, and of what one may call the domestic or still life of nature. One is sure, also, that he had the most earnest faith, which he cherished for others when he could find no comfort in it for himself. These would be sufficient explanations of the interest which he has awakened in so many simple and honest readers who turn to books for sympathy and fellowship, and do not like a writer at all the worse because he also demands their sympathy with him. Cowper is one of the strongest instances, and proofs, how much more qualities of this kind affect Englishmen than any others. The gentleness of his life might lead some to suspect him of effeminacy; but the old Westminster schoolboy and cricketer comes out in the midst of his *Meditation on Sofas;* and the deep tragedy which was at the bottom of his whole life, and which grew more terrible as the shadows of evening closed upon him, shows that there may be unutterable struggles in those natures which seem least formed for the rough work of the world. In one of his later poems he spoke of himself as one

> "Who, tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last,
> Comes home to port no more."

But his nephew, who was with him on his death-bed, says that there was a look of holy surprise on his features after his eyes were closed, as if there were very bright visions for him behind the veil that was impenetrable to him here.

I have thus given you a few hints about the way in which books may be friends. I have taken my examples from the books which are most likely to come in our way; and I have chosen them from different kinds of authors, that I may not impose my own tastes upon other people. I purposely avoid saying anything about more recent writers, who have lately left the world or are in it still, because private notions and prejudices for or against the men are likely to mingle with our thoughts of their books. I do not mean that this is not the case with the older writers too.

I think I have shown you that I have no wish to forget the men in the books—that my great desire is that we should connect them together. But if we have known anything about the writers, or our fathers have known anything about them, if we have heard their acts and words gossiped about, they are not such good tests of the way in which we may discern them in their books, and learn what they are from their books. But as I began this lecture with some animadversions upon the tendency of one part of our popular literature to weaken our feeling that books are our friends, I ought to say that I am very far indeed from thinking that this is the effect which the more eminent writers among us produce. In their different ways, I believe most of them have addressed themselves to our human sympathies, and have claimed a place for their books, not upon our shelves, but in our hearts. Of some, both prose writers and poets, this is eminently true. Perhaps, from feeling the depressing influence of the *We*-teaching upon all our minds, they have taken even overmuch pains to show that each one of them comes before us as an *I*, and will not meet us upon any other terms. Many, I hope, who have established this intercourse with us will keep it with our children and our children's children, and will leave books that will be regarded as friends as long as the English language lasts, and in whatever regions of the earth it may be spoken.

It is very pleasant to think in what distant parts of the earth it is spoken, and that in all those parts these books which are friends of ours are acknowledged as friends. And there is a living and productive power in them. They have produced an American literature, which is coming back to instruct us. They will produce by-and-by an Australian literature, which will be worth all the gold that is sent to us from the diggings.

American books have of late asserted very strongly their right to be reputed as our friends, and we have very generally and very cordially responded to the claim. I refer to one book now—Mrs. Stowe's *Dred*, though I did not mean to notice any contemporary book at all—for the sake of certain passages in it which I think that none that have read them can have forgotten. They are those in which the authoress describes the effects which were produced upon a very simple-hearted and brave negro—whose whole life had been one of zealous self-devotion to some white children, but who had had no book teaching whatsoever—by the stories which were read to him out of the Old and New Testaments. We are told with great simplicity and with self-evident truth, how every one of these stories started to life in his mind, how every person who is spoken of in them came forth before the hearer as an actual living being, how his inmost soul confessed the book as a reality and as *a friend*. No lesson, I think, is more suited to our purpose. It shows us what injury we do to the Book of Books when we regard it as a book of letters, and not as a book of life; none can bear a stronger witness to us how it may come forth as *the* Book of Life, to save all others from sinking into dryness and death. I have detained you far too long in endeavoring to show you how every true book exhibits to us some man, from whose mind its thoughts have issued, and with whom it brings us acquainted. May I add this one word in conclusion?—that I believe all books may do that for us, because there is one Book which, besides bringing into clearness and distinctness a number of men of different ages from the creation downwards, brings before us one Friend, the chief and centre of all, who is called there *The Son of Man*.

FRIENDSHIPS IN HEAVEN.

[**Richard Whately, D. D.,** an eminent English divine and copious writer, born in London, 1787; Professor of Political Economy, Oxford, 1830; Archbishop of Dublin and Bishop of Glendalagh, 1831; Bishop of Kildare, 1846; died in Dublin, Oct. 8, 1863. His principal works are: *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*, London (1819), anon; *The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion Considered*, Bampton Lecture, Oxford (1822); *Essays* (First Series) *on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*, Oxford (1825); *Elements of Logic*, London (1827), often reprinted; *Elements of Rhetoric*, Oxford (1828); *Essays* (Second Series) *on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul, and in other Parts of the New Testament*, London (1828); *A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State*, London (1829); *Essays* (Third Series); *The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature*, London (1830); *Introductory Lectures on Political Economy*, London (1831); *Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith*, London (1839); *The Kingdom of Christ Delineated*, London (1841); *Introduc*

tory Lessons on Christian Evidences, London (1843); *Easy Lessons on Reasoning* (1843); *Lectures on the History of Religious Worship*, London (1847); *Treatise on Logic* (from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*), London (1849); *Treatise on Rhetoric* (from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*), London (1849); *Scripture Revelations concerning Good and Evil Angels*, London (1851); *Lectures on the Characters of Our Lord's Apostles*, London (1851); *Cautions for the Times*, London (1853); *Principles of Elocution* (1854); *Bacon's Essays*, with Annotations, London (1856); *Introductory Lessons on Mind*, Boston (1859); *Introductory Lessons on Morals*, London (1860); *Paley's Moral Philosophy*, with Annotations, London (1859); *Paley's View of the Evidences of Christianity*, with Annotations, London (1859, 8vo., 1861, 8vo.); *Introductory Lessons on the British Constitution*, London (1859); *Lectures on some of the Parables*, London (1859); *General View of the Rise, Progress, and Corruptions of Christianity* (from *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th edition), with a Sketch of the Life of the Author, and a Catalogue of his Writings, New York (1860); *Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews*, now first collected, London (1861.)

See also: *Detached Thoughts and Apophthegms extracted from some of the Writings of Archbishop Whately*, First Series, London (1855); *Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Whately*, comprising his Thoughts and Apophthegms, London (1856); *Miscellaneous Remains*, Edited by Miss E. J. Whately, London (1864); *Memoirs of Archbishop Whately*, by W. Fitzpatrick (1864, 2 vols.); *The Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Whately*, by [his daughter] E. Jane Whately, London (1866), 2 vols.

"To great powers of argument and illustration, and delightful transparency of diction and style, he adds a higher quality still,—and a very rare quality it is,—an evident and intense honesty of purpose, an absorbing desire to arrive at the *exact truth* and to state it with perfect fairness and with the just limitations."—HENRY ROGERS: *Edinburgh Review*.]

I am convinced that the extension and perfection of friendship will constitute great part of the future happiness of the blest. Many have lived in various and distant ages and countries, perfectly adapted (I mean not merely in their being generally estimable, but in the agreement of their tastes and suitableness of dispositions) for friendship with each other, but who, of course, could never meet in this world. Many a one selects, when he is reading history—a truly pious Christian, most especially in reading sacred history—some one or two favorite characters, with whom he feels that a personal acquaintance would have been peculiarly delightful to him. Why should not such a desire be realized in a future state? A wish to see and personally know, for example, the Apostle Paul, or John, is the most likely to arise in the noblest and purest mind. I should be sorry to think such a wish absurd and presumptuous, or unlikely to be gratified. The highest enjoyment, doubtless, to the blest, will be the personal knowledge of their divine and beloved Master; yet I cannot but think that some part of their happiness will consist in an intimate knowledge of the greatest of his followers also; and of those of them in particular whose peculiar qualities are, to each, the most peculiarly attractive.

In this world, again, our friendships are limited not only to those who live in the same age and country, but to a small portion only even of those who are not unknown to us, and whom we know to be estimable and amiable, and who, we feel, might have been among our dearest friends. Our command of time and leisure to cultivate friendships imposes a limit to their extent: they are bounded rather by the occupation of our thoughts than of our *affections*. And the removal of such impediments in a better world seems to me a most desirable and a most probable change.

I see no reason, again, why those who *have been* dearest friends on earth should not, when admitted to that happy state, continue to be so, with full knowledge and recollection of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue (as there is every reason to suppose) a social being and capable of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability that he should cast off or forget his former friends, who are partakers with him of the like exaltation. He will, indeed, be greatly changed from what he was on earth, and unfitted, perhaps, for friendship with such a being as one of us is Now; but his friend will have undergone (by supposition) a corresponding change. And as we have seen those who have been loving playfellows in childhood, grow up, if they grow up with good, and with like dispositions, into still closer friendship in riper years, so also it is probable that when *this* our state of *childhood* shall be perfected, in the maturity of a better world, the like attachment will continue between those companions who have trod together the Christian path to glory, and have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends." A change to indifference towards those who have fixed their hearts on the same objects with ourselves during this earthly pilgrimage, and have given and received mutual aid during their course, is a change

as little, I trust, to be expected, as it is to be desired. It certainly is not such a change as the Scriptures teach us to prepare for.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

[**Charles Phillips,** an Irish orator, barrister, and author, born at Sligo, Ireland, 1787, entered the Middle Temple, 1807, called to the Irish bar, 1811, and to the English bar, 1821, Commissioner of Bankruptcy at Liverpool, 1842, and a Commissioner of the Court of Insolvent Debtors, 1846, until his death, 1859. He acquired great reputation at the bar for impassioned, flowery eloquence. He wrote *The Consolations of Erin*, a Poem (1811); *The Loves of Celestine and St. Aubert*, a Romantic Tale, London (1811), 2 vols.; *The Emerald Isle*, a Poem, London (1812); *Historical Character of Napoleon*, London (1817); *The Lament of the Emerald Isle* (for the Princess Charlotte, 1817); *Speeches Delivered at the Bar and on Several Public Occasions in Ireland and England*, London (1817), New York (1817), Philadelphia (1818); *Recollections of John Philpot Curran and some of his Contemporaries*, London (1818), New York (1818); *Specimens of Irish Eloquence*, etc. (with Biographical Notices of Burke, Curran, Plunkett, Flood), London (1819), New York (1820); *The Queen's Case Stated in an Address to the King*, London (1820); *Historical Sketch of Arthur, Duke of Wellington*, Brighton (1852); *Napoleon the Third*, London (1854); *Thoughts on Capital Punishments*, London (1857), new edition (1866); *Speeches of Phillips, Curran, and Grattan*, Philadelphia (1831), and later editions.]

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the fabric of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the crown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed

the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amidst all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levée—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite.

They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier he subsidized everybody; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist—a Republican—and an Emperor—a Mahometan—a Catholic and a patron of the Synagogue—a Subaltern and a Sovereign—a Traitor and a Tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Emperor of the French.

That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have risen to the blessings of a free constitution; Superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition, and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled forever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

—*Oration* at the Bar, 1822

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

[**Caroline Bowles Southey,** an English author and poet, was the second wife of Robert Southey, and was born at Lymington, in 1786; died there in 1854. Being overtaken by poverty in middle age, she began to turn her talents to account in literature, sending her first poems to Southey, the editor, which led to their acquaintance and ultimate marriage. She wrote in prose *Chapters on Churchyards* (1829); and her collected poems have been published. Queen Victoria granted her an annual pension of £200 in 1852. Among the best poems of Caroline Southey is *The Pauper's Death-Bed.*]

Tread softly—bow the head—in reverent silence bow.
No passing bell doth toll; yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great, with lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—one by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof, Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend: enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold, no smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands, lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—an infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again that short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change! Burst are the prison bars:
This moment there, so low, so agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change—stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—the new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

ADRASTEA.

[**Carl Ludwig Von Knebel.** This poet was born in 1744, at Wallerstein, in Franken. He was educated in Anspach, by Uz, and afterwards became an officer in Potsdam. In 1774 he was appointed tutor to the Prince Constantine in Weimar, and there lived in the society of Goethe, Herder, and Wieland. He removed afterwards to Ilmenau, and finally to Jena. His death took place in 1834, at the age of ninety years. He was a distinguished lyric poet, and an excellent translator. His poems were published anonymously in 1815, at Leipsic. His translation of the *Elegies of Propertius* appeared in 1798, and that of *Lucretius* in 1821. His *Remains and Correspondence* were published by Varnhagen von Ense and Theodore Mundt, at Leipsic, in 1835, and republished in 1840.]

Ween ye that law and right and the rule of life are uncertain,—
Wild as the wandering wind, loose as the drift of the sand?
Fools! look round and perceive an order and measure in all things!
Look at the herb as it grows, look at the life of the brute:
Everything lives by a law, a central balance sustains all;
Water, and fire, and air, wavy and wild though they be,
Own an inherent power that binds their rage; and without it
Earth would burst every bond, ocean would yawn into hell.
Life and breath, what are they? the system of laws that sustains thee
Ceases: and, mortal, say whither thy being hath fled!
What thou art in thyself is a type of the common creation;
For, in the universe, life, order, existence, are one.
Look to the world of mind; hath soul no law that controls it?
Elements many in one build up the temple of thought;
And when the building is just, the feeling of truth is the offspring:
Truth, how great is thy might, e'en in the breast of the child!
Constant swayeth within us a living balance that weighs all,
Truth and order and right, measures and ponders and feels.
Passions arouse the breast; the tongue, swift-seized by the impulse,
Wisely (if wisdom there be) follows the law of the soul:
Thus, too, ruleth a law, a sure law, deep in the bosom,
Blessing us when we obey, punishing when we offend.

Far by the sacred stream where goddess Ganga is worshipped,
Dwells a race of mankind purer in heart and in life:
From the stars of the welkin they trace their birth; and the ancient
Earth more ancient than they knoweth no people that lives.

Simple and sweet is their food: they eat no
flesh of the living,
And from the blood of the brute shrinks
the pure spirit away;
For in the shape of another it sees itself met-
amorphosed,
And, in the kindred of form, owneth a na-
ture the same.
Children of happier climes, of suns and moons
that benignly
Shine, hath dew from above watered your
sensitive souls?
Say, what power of the gods hath joined your
spirits in wedlock
To the delicate flowers, gentle and lovely
as they?
Under blossoming groves, and sweet and preg-
nant with ambra,
Gaugeth the spirit divine, purer the measure
of right?
Pure is the being of God they teach, his nature
is goodness:
Passions and stormy wrath stir not the bosom
of Brahm.
But by the fate of the wicked the wicked are
punished; unfading
Sorrow and anguish of soul follow the doers
of sin;
In their bosom is hell, the sleepless voice of
accusing
Speaks; and gnaweth a worm, never, O,
never to die!

Translated in the Quarterly Review.

JOSHUA DAVIDSON.[1]

[**Mrs. Eliza Lynn Linton,** daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Croswaite, Cumberland, was born at Keswick, in 1822. Her first work of fiction, entitled *Azeth, the Egyptian,* appeared in 1846; *Amymone, a Romance of the Days of Pericles,* in 1848; and *Realities,* a Story of Modern Life, in 1851; since which time this authoress has been connected with the press. In 1858 she was married to Mr. William James Linton, the engraver and author. Her *Witch Stories* appeared in 1864; *The Lake Country,* illustrated by her husband, in 1864; *Grasp Your Nettle,* in 1865; *Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg,* and *Sowing the Wind,* in 1866; *The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist,* in 1872; *Patricia Kemball,* in 1874; *The Mad Willoughbys and other Tales,* in 1876; *The Atonement of Leam Dundas,* and *The World Well Lost,* in 1877. Mrs. Lynn Linton is also credited with the authorship of *The Girl of the Period,* in the *Saturday Review,* and with most of the papers that have since appeared in that journal on the woman question. We quote from *Joshua Davidson,* a work which has run through twelve editions in England.]

Joshua Davidson was the only son of a village carpenter, born in the small hamlet of Trevalga on the North Cornwall coast, in the year 1835. His parents were poor but worthy people, who kept themselves very much together and had but little to do with the neighbors. Folks blamed this for pride, and said they held themselves high because they were the decayed branches of an ancient family—some said dating from King Arthur's self. Of course this was only an "Arthurian legend," if I may call it so, that could not be verified; for naturally down about Tintagel everything has to do with King Arthur—even the choughs. Joshua sometimes spoke of it, but not from pride; there never was a man freer from that failing than he; rather from the belief he had in what a learned man would call hereditary transmission, but as we say, just "in the blood," and a kind of idea that dawned on him, quite of late years, that there would be a revival of national glories, national names and leaders, under new aspects but from the ancient sources. And if so, might he not count for something, direct descendant as he believed he was of the hero whose Castle had been one of his earliest playgrounds, and on whose Quoit he had spent many an hour of way-side dreaming? It was a fancy; a harmless one; so let it pass for just as much as it was worth.

There was nothing very remarkable about Joshua's childhood. He was always a quiet, thoughtful boy, and from his earliest years noticeably pious. His parents came of the Friends' stock; not of a strict kind themselves, for they joined in the Church services; but the fact is just an indication of the kind of influences which helped to mould him in early youth. He had a habit of asking why, and of reasoning out a principle, from quite a little lad; which displeased people; so that he did not get all the credit from the schoolmaster and the clergyman to which his diligence and good conduct entitled him. They thought him troublesome,

[1] Published by Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia, 1888.

and some said he was self-conceited; which he never was; but the more he was in earnest the more he offended them.

He was never well looked on by the Vicar since a famous scene that took place in the church one Sunday after afternoon catechism. He was then about fourteen years of age, and I have heard say he was a beautiful boy, with a face almost like a young woman's for purity and spirituality. He was so beautiful that some ladies and gentlemen staying at the Vicarage noticed him during church time, and said he looked like a boy-saint. But he knew nothing about himself. I question if he knew whether his hair was black like mine, or, as it was, a bright brown like ripe nuts in the sunshine. After catechism was over he stood out before the rest, just in his rough country clothes as he was, and said very respectfully to the Vicar, Mr. Grand:[1] "If you please, sir, I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, my lad, what have you to say?" said Mr. Grand rather shortly. He did not seem over well pleased at the boy's addressing him; but he could not well refuse to hear him because of the ladies and gentlemen with him, and especially Mr. Freeman, a very good old man who thought well of everybody, and let everybody do pretty much as they liked.

"If we say, sir, that Jesus Christ was God," said Joshua, "surely all that He said and did must be the real right? There cannot be a better way than His?"

"Surely not, my lad," Mr. Grand made answer; "what else have you been taught all your life? what else have you been saying in your catechism just now?"

"And His apostles and disciples, they showed the way too?" said Joshua.

"And they showed the way too, as you say; and if you come up to half they taught you'll do well, Joshua."

The Vicar laughed a little laugh as he said this; but it was a laugh, Joshua's mother said, that seemed to mean the same thing as a "scat"—our Cornish word for a blow—only the boy didn't seem to see it.

"Yes; but, sir, it is not of myself I am thinking, it is of the world," said Joshua. "If we are Christians, why don't we live as Christians?"

"Ah indeed! why don't we?" said Mr. Grand. "Because of the wickedness of the human heart; because of the world, the flesh, and the devil!"

"Then sir, if you feel this, why don't you and all the clergy live like the apostles, and give what you have to the poor?" cried Joshua, clasping his hands and making a step forward, the tears in his eyes. "Why, when you read that verse, 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' do you live in a fine house, and have grand dinners, and let Peggy Bray nearly starve in that old mud hut of hers, and widow Tregellis there, with her six children, and no fire or clothing for them? I can't make it out, sir! Christ was GOD; and we are Christians; yet we won't do as He ordered, though you tell us it is a sin that can never be forgiven if we dispute what the Bible says."

"And so it is," said Mr. Grand sternly. "Who has been putting these bad thoughts into your head?"

"No one, sir. I have been thinking for myself. Michael, out by Lion's Den, is called an infidel; he calls himself one; and you preached last Sunday that no infidel can be saved; but Michael helped Peggy and her base child when the Orphan Fund people took away her pension, because, as you yourself told her, she was a bad woman, and it was encouraging wickedness; and he worked early and late for widow Tregellis and her children, and shared with them all he had, going short for them many a time. And I can't help thinking, sir, that Christ, who forgave all manner of sinners, would have helped Peggy with her base child, and that Michael, being an infidel and such a good man, is something like that second son in the Parable who said he would not do his Lord's will when he was ordered, but who went all the same—"

"And that your Vicar is like the first?" interrupted Mr. Grand, angrily.

"Well, yes, sir, if you please," said Joshua, quite modestly but very fervently.

There was a great stir among the ladies

[1] I do not mind giving this name of the clergyman, because it was not his own; only one that we lads gave him behind backs, as it were; else I do not intend to give the names of any living actors in this history. The scene I am now describing was told me by Joshua's mother, who wrote it down as soon as she got home.

and gentlemen when Joshua said this; and some laughed a little, under their breath because it was in church, and others lifted up their eyebrows, and said, "What an extraordinary boy!" and whispered together; but Mr. Grand was very angry, and said in a severe tone—

"These things are beyond the knowledge of an ignorant lad like you, Joshua; and I advise you, before you turn questioner and reformer, to learn a little humility and respect for your betters. I consider you have done a very impertinent thing to-day, and I shall mark you for it!"

"I did not mean to be impertinent, sir," said Joshua, eagerly; "I want only to know the right of things from you, and to do as God has commanded, and Christ has shown us the way. And as you are our clergyman, and this is the House of God, I thought it the best plan to ask. I want only to know the truth; and I cannot make it out!"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Grand. "God has commanded you to obey your pastors and masters and all that are in authority over you; so let us have no more of this folly. Believe as you are taught, and do as you are told, and don't set yourself up as an independent thinker in matters you understand no more than the ass you drive. Go back to your place, sir, and another time think twice before you speak to your superiors."

"I meant no harm. I meant only the truth and to hear the things of God," repeated Joshua sadly, as he took his seat among his companions; who tittered.

When they all went out of church Mr. Grand was heard to say to Mr. Freeman: "You will see, Freeman, that boy will go to the bad; he will turn out a pestilent fellow, a freethinker and a democrat. Oh, I know the breed, with their cant about truth and the right! He richly deserved a flogging to-day if ever boy did; to dare to take me to task in my own church!"

But Mr. Freeman said gently, "I don't think he meant it for insolence. I think the lad was in earnest, though of course he should not have spoken as he did."

"Earnest or not, he must be taught better manners for the future," said Mr. Grand.

And so it was that Joshua was not well looked on by the clergyman, who was his enemy, as one may say, ever after.

All this made a great talk at the time, and there are many who remember the whole thing at this present day; as any one would find if they were to ask down at Trevalga; but all that Joshua was ever heard to say of it was: "I thought only of what was right in the sight of God; I never thought of man at all."

He did not, however, repeat the experiment of asking inconvenient questions of his social superiors in public; but it was noticed that after this he became more and more thoughtful, and more and more under the influence of a higher principle than lads of his age are usually troubled with. And though always tender to his parents and respectful to the schoolmaster and minister, and the like of that, yet he was less guided by what might be called expediency in his conduct, and more than ever a stickler for the uncompromising truth, and the life as lived by Jesus Christ. He was not uncomfortable to live with, his mother said; quite the contrary; no one ever saw him out of temper, and no one ever knew him do a bad thing; but he somehow forced his parents to be always up to the mark, and even the neighbors were ashamed to talk loosely or say what they shouldn't before a lad whose whole thought, whose sole endeavor was, "how to realize Christ."

"Mother," he once said, as he and Mrs. Davidson stood by the cottage door together, "I mean when I grow up to live as our Lord and Saviour lived when He was on the earth. For though He is God in Heaven He was only man here; and what He did we too can do with His help and the Holy Spirit's."

"He is our example, lad," said his mother, reverently. "But I doubt lest you fall by over boldness."

"Then, if imitation is over bold, His life was a delusion, and He is not our example at all," said Joshua. "Which is a saying of the devil."

Joshua did not leave home early. He wrought at his father's bench and was content to bide with his people. But his spirit was not dead if his life was uneventful. He gathered about him a few youths of his own age, and held with them prayer meetings and Bible readings, either at home in his father's house, or in the fields when the throng was too great for the cottage. It gave one a feeling as of old primitive times to be sitting there

under the clear sky of a summer's evening, with the larks singing over head, and the swallows and sea birds flashing through the air, the voice of the waves as they beat up against Long Island subdued to a tender murmur that seemed to have a mystery somehow in it, and the young carpenter reading to us of Christ, and praying for the power to be like unto Him in life and heart; praying with an earnestness, a realization, a very passion of entreaty—nay, I have never heard or seen aught like it since, in church or chapel either!

And then he himself was so unlike other boys. He was so upright, so steadfast! No one ever knew Joshua tell the shadow of a lie, or go back from his word, or play at pretence. And he had such an odd way of coming right home to us. He seemed to have felt all that we felt, and to have thought all our thoughts. Young as he was, he was our leader even then. We all looked for great things from him. I should be laughed at if I said how high our expectations reached.

The youths that Joshua got together as his friends were as well-conditioned a set of lads as you would wish to see; sober, industrious, chaste. They were never in any trouble, and no one could say they had ever heard one of them give back a bad word, whatever the provocation, or say a loose one; but the clergy of their several parishes scouted them, and stood at no evil to say of them. For they were not church-goers; and that is always an offence to the clergy of country parishes, who treat even the best of the Dissenters as little better than rogues, taking it partly as a personal affront and partly as a moral sin if their parishioners find greater comfort for their poor souls elsewhere than under them. However, for the matter of that, the lads were of no denomination; and though they prayed much and often, it was neither at church nor at chapel; it was at their own houses or in the fields.

Their aim was to be thorough and like Christ. They denounced the sin of luxury among professing Christians and spared no one, lay or clerical: so did Christ, they said. They set their faces against the priestly class altogether, and maintained that Christ as High Priest needed no subordinate or go-between, and that the modern parson was only the ancient Pharisee, whom Christ was never weary of denouncing. They were anti-Sabbatarians too, as He had been, and held the doctrine of freedom in Christ throughout. They believed implicitly every word of the Gospels, which they stood by as fuller of the Divine Life than the Epistles; and they thought that the Example left the world was the one thing to follow and the one pattern to imitate. Joshua's great hope and desire, confessed among us, was to bring back the world to the simplicity and broad humanity of Christ's acted life; and as a believer in the divinity of that life, he could not understand how it had been let drop. His one central point was the same now as that which had formerly troubled him—and Mr. Grand; namely, how, if Christ was God, and His life given to us as our example, do we not follow it literally, in simple exactness, and as we find it set before us in the Gospels? And he believed that God would strengthen his hands, not only to enable him to realize this in his own person, but also to evangelize society, and bring it over to the Truth along with him. He was waiting for a Sign; and he believed it would be given him.

He was but a young man at this time, remember; enthusiastic, with little or no scientific knowledge and with much of the logic of fanaticism; unable to judge between the possible and the impossible, and putting the direct interposition of God above the natural law. Wherefore, he accepted the text about faith removing mountains as literally true, and possible to be done. Given the faith, the mountain would move. And one evening he went down into the Rocky Valley, earnest to try conclusions with God's promise, and sure of proving it true. He had fasted all day, and he had prayed all day; not necessarily kneeling and repeating set forms, but in the whole attitude of his mind; and in the twilight when work was over he went down with three of us, myself and two others, all certain that the truth of the Word would be made manifest, and that he could remove rocks by FAITH.

He prayed to God to grant us this manifestation—to redeem His promise. He was full of faith: not a shadow of doubt chilled or slacked him. As he stood there in the softening twilight, with his arms raised above his head and his face turned

up to the sky, his countenance glowed as Moses' of old. He seemed inspired, transported beyond himself, beyond humanity. He commanded the stone to move in God's name, and because Christ had promised: and we knelt beside him, not so much trembling as exalted, feeling in the very presence of the Divine, and that He would do unto us according to His word. But the rock stood still; and a stonechat went and perched on it.

Another time he took up a viper in his hand, quoting the passage, "They shall take up serpents." But the beast stung him, and he was ill for days after. So, when he ate a handful of the berries of the black briony, and all but died of the poison. Yet he had handled the viper and eaten the berries in faith as simple and sincere as when he had commanded the stone in the Rocky Valley to move.

When the doctor was called in, and Joshua told him, boylike, what he had done and why and in what spirit, he shook his head gravely, and told his mother he was mad and had better be looked after.

"No, no, not mad, sir, because I believe the Bible, and have determined to lead a life after Christ's word and example," said Joshua.

"Tut! rubbish!" said the doctor. "What you've got to do, my lad, is to plane your wood smooth and make your joists firm. All this religious folly of yours has no sense in it. I tell you it will upset your brain, and that you are mad now, and will be madder if you don't pull up in time."

"So Festus said to St. Paul, sir; but he was not mad, nor am I."

"But what do you want to do, jackass?" said the doctor with a good-humored kind of impatience. "What's amiss with your poor foolish head that you can't take things easy?"

"I want to find out which is true, sir," answered Joshua: "the Bible which ordains certain ways of life; or the Christian world which disobeys them. If Christ was God, there is but one way for us all. He could not have left us an imperfect example to be mended here and there as we think best for the convenience of society. He is God or man; for, as things are, it is not God and man—Christ and Christians; and I want to know which is the truth."

"Take my advice," said the doctor kindly; "put all these thoughts out of your head as quickly as you can. Get some work to do in a new part of the country, fall in love with some nice girl, and marry as soon as you can make a home for her. Give over reading the Bible for a time, and look up some pleasant stories and books of travel, and the like; and leave off eating poison-berries and handling vipers. That's the only life for you, depend upon it; and though I am no theologian, I venture to say, that working honestly in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you, going to church, keeping out of beer-shops, and living like your respectable neighbors, is a far better kind of thing than all this high-flown religion you are hankering after. Depend upon it, our best religion is to do our duty, and to leave the care of our souls to those whose business it is to look after them."

"Thank you, sir; you mean kindly," said Joshua. "But God has given me other thoughts, and I must obey them if I would not sin against the Holy Ghost."

And the doctor said afterwards to Mr. Grand, that he was quite touched at the lad's sweetness and wrong-headedness combined, and would have given much to have been able to send him there and then to a lunatic asylum, where he might have been taken care of for a time and put to rights.

The failure of these trials of faith perplexed us all, and profoundly afflicted Joshua. Not many men have gone through greater spiritual anguish, I should suppose, than he did at this time. It was like the sudden darkening of the sun to him, and the doubt of himself which it brought was nearer madness than his simple faith had been. He passed through a bad time, when his soul went down into the Valley of the Shadow, if ever man's did! But in time he came out into the light again. He knew his own sincerity, and his entire acceptance of the Word of God and of the Divinity of Christ; and he could not think that God had met his prayer with a rebuff. God, who knew the heart, would he felt sure have accepted his endeavor, had that endeavor been within the scope of His plan for humanity. It was the first struggle between Faith and Law, Revelation and Nature, through which every inquiring mind has to pass; and it was a bitter one.

He said nothing of these thoughts for

many weeks. He was not a youth who jumped to conclusions, but rather one who pondered well, and who let his thoughts ripen; but at last he spoke one evening, when we were gathered together as usual, after work.

"Friends," he said, "it seems to me—indeed, I think we must all see it now—that His Word is not to be accepted literally, and not to be acted on in all its details. The laws of Nature are supreme, and even faith cannot change them. Can it be," he then said solemnly, "that much of that Word is a parable?—that Christ was truly, as He says of Himself, the corner stone, but not the whole building!—and that we have to carry on the work in His spirit, but in our own way, and not merely to try and repeat His acts?"

I do not think we were prepared for such a speech. We looked at one another uneasily, even the dimmest of us seeing something of the conclusions to which such a principle would lead us, and forecasting the rudderless wandering of souls that would ensue. But Joshua would say no more. He bade us good-night soon after, and it was long before we renewed the subject. We all felt that he had broken dangerous ground; for had we not set out with the determination to realize Christ in our lives, founded on our conviction of the literalness, the absolute uncompromising truth of every word in the Gospels?—a truth not to be explained away, or paraphrased in any manner of worldly wisdom or expediency; but to be accepted crude, naked, entire as it is set down? It was one thing or the other—Christ or society, the Bible or the world. It could not be both; but once admit the right of choice, of criticism, and where was then our standard? Yet again, what could we make of that text about faith, when we had proved it for ourselves and found it wanting? And if wrong in ever so small a matter, was not our theory of absolute infallibility at an end? But if absolute infallibility was at an end, was not that making Christ a mere temporary teacher, local and for the day—not universal and for all time; and God a bit by bit worker? And if so, and even Gospel revelation is not final, where then exists the absolute necessity of acceptance? Yet, if we came to this conclusion—sorrowfullest of all!—we must relinquish all anchorage everywhere, and do our best to piece together a theory of life for ourselves, glad if any of the broken fragments of faith might still serve us.

But we were far off, as yet, from any such conclusions; and the Christ life, and the Gospel narrative, and the need laid on us all to follow in the Master's steps, and believe as He taught, and do as He did, were still the cardinal points of Joshua's creed, and the object of his endeavors: and, with him, of ours.

It was after this that we noticed a certain restlessness in Joshua. He seemed to feel the narrowness of his life down at such a dead place as Trevalga, where a man must work hard to keep body and soul together, and keep them very poorly when he has done his best; and where he cannot get forward save by his own thoughts. There is nothing for an energetic-minded young man to do there after his day's work is over. No lectures, no mechanics' institute, no library; only a few books to be borrowed here and there by chance. And Boscastle and Trevenna are no farther advanced; nor was even Camelford in those days. And then Camelford is full five miles away, across a wild whisht country that does not invite much night walking. To be sure there are the cliffs and the sea, the waterfall up at Knighton's Kieve, the rocks and the old ruins at Tintagel—King Arthur's Castle—which fill the imagination. But imagination does very well for extreme youth, as looking back does for old age; a man coming to his prime wants action.

An opening, however, came in time, and Joshua had an offer to go up to London to follow his trade at a large house in the City; which he accepted; and got me a job as well, that I might be alongside of him. For we were like brothers; he, the elder, the better, the leader; and I, the younger, the led. And neither was afraid of work; or, let me add, afraid for our work. We were skilled in our trade so far as we could be without first-rate teaching, having made it a point of duty and honor both, that we should never give folks occasion to talk of us as babbling saunterers, who took to the Bible because they could not manage the plane and the saw.

A few days before he went, Joshua happened to be coming out of his father's workshop just as Mr. Grand was passing, driving the neat pair-horse phaeton he had lately bought.

"Well, Joshua, and how are you doing?" said the parson, pulling up.

I dare say he was a good man when he was at home, but Mr. Grand was not fit to be a parish priest—at all events, not of such a place as Trevalga. He might have made a fine general officer, or a dignitary in a cathedral where he had nothing to do with the poor; but among a lot of half-starving, uneducated creatures, such as you find in a by-kind of coast hamlet in Cornwall, he was worse than useless. He had no love for the poor, and no pity: he always called them "the common people," and spoke of them disdainfully, as if they were different creatures from gentry. I question if he allowed us the same kind of souls; and I do know that he denied equality of condition after death, and quoted the text of "many mansions" in proof of his theory of exclusion. He was a man of good family himself, and his wife was the daughter of a bishop; he was rich too, and looked to be made dean or bishop himself by time. So you see, Trevalga was only a stopping-place with him, where he just put off the time the best way he could till he saw his way to better things; and he didn't care a rush for any one in the place.

However, he drew up at seeing Joshua, and asked him how he was; and then said: "And why have you not been to church lately, my man?" as if Joshua had been in the habit of going, and had failed only of late. This was Mr. Grand's way. He never knew anything about his people. That gave them to think, you see, that he held himself too high to notice what such poor wretches might be about. God forgive me if I misjudge him!

"Well, sir," said Joshua, "I don't go to church, you know."

"No? have you joined the chapel then? Is that your latest fad, Joshua?"

"No, sir; neither church nor chapel," answered Joshua.

"What! a new light on your own account, hey?" and he laughed as if he mocked him.

"No, sir, only a seeker."

"The old paths not good enough for you?—the light that has lightened the Gentiles these eighteen hundred years and more not pure enough for an unwashed Cornish lad, planing wood at a carpenter's bench, and not able to speak two consecutive words of good English?"

"I must answer for my conscience to God, sir," said Joshua.

"And your clergyman, appointed by God and the State to be your guide, what of him? Has he no authority in his own parish?" cried Mr. Grand, warmly. "Does it never strike you, my fine fellow, that in thinking for yourself, as you call it, you are flying in the face both of Divine ordinances and the laws of man, and that you are entering on the sin of schism on the one hand, and of rebellion on the other?"

"Look here, sir," said Joshua, with earnestness, but quite respectfully; "if I speak plainly, I mean it for no offence; but my heart burns within me and I must speak out. I deny your appointment as a God-given leader of souls. The Church is but the old priesthood as it existed in the days of our Lord, and is, as much as that was, the blind leading the blind. There are good and kind gentlemen among you, but not Christians according to Christ. I see no sacrifice of the world, no brotherhood with the poor—"

"The poor!" interrupted Mr. Grand, disdainfully; "what would you have, you young fool? The poor have the laws of their country to protect them, and the Gospel preached to them for their salvation."

"Yes, and in preaching that—that is, in giving two full services on Sundays, and reading the marriage-service and the burial-service and the like of that when you are wanted—you discharge your conscience of all other obligations towards them, and think you have done enough. You never seem to remember that when Christ preached the Gospel to the poor it was to make them equal with the rich. Why, sir, the poor of our day are the lepers of Christ's; and who among you, Christian priests, consorts with them? Who ranks the man above his station, or the soul above the man?"

"Now, we have come to it!" cried Mr. Grand. "I thought I should touch the secret spring at last! And you would like us to associate with you as equals?—Is that it, Joshua? Gentlemen and common men hob-and-nob together, and no distinctions made? You to ride in our carriages, and perhaps marry our daughters?"

He had his little girl of six or so in the phaeton with him; a pretty little maid

that used to go about dressed in blue velvet and a white feather in her hat.

"That's just it, sir. You are gentlemen, as you say, but not the followers of Christ. If you were, you would have no carriages to ride in, and your daughters would be what Martha and Mary and Lydia and Dorcas were, women of no station, bent only on serving God and the saints, and their title to ladyhood founded on their degrees of goodness."

"Going in for socialism, Joshua?" said Mr. Grand, continuing his bantering tone. "A little radicalism, a little methodism, and a great deal of self-assurance —that seems to me to be about where you are!"

"Going in for no isms at all, sir," said Joshua. "Only for the truth as it is in Christ!"

"Shall I tell you what would be the very thing for you?" said Mr. Grand quite quietly.

"Yes, sir; what?" asked Joshua, eagerly.

"This whip across your shoulders!—and, by George, if I were not a clergyman I would lay it there, with a will!" cried the parson, half rising from his seat.

No one had ever seen Joshua angry since he had grown up. His temper was proverbially sweet, and his self-control was a marvel. But this time he lost both. It was not so much as a man, because of the insult to himself; he would have borne that meekly enough; but it was the feeling that the Sacred Thing had been mocked in him which drove him into sudden anger: an anger so violent and so sudden as to take the clergyman fairly aback.

"God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" he cried with vehemence. "Is this your boasted leadership of souls?—this your learned solving of difficulties?—this your fatherly guidance of your flock? 'Feed my lambs'—with what? with stones for bread—with insult for sincerity —with the gentleman's disdain for the poor thought of the artisan—with class insolence for spiritual difficulties! Of a surety, Christ has to come again to repeat the work which you priests and churches have destroyed and made of no effect, and to strip you of your ill-used power. You are the gentleman, sir, and I am only a poor carpenter's son; but I stand against you now—man against man—soul against soul—and I spurn you with a deeper and more solemn scorn than you have spurned me!" He lifted his hand as he said this, with a strange and passionate gesture, then turned himself about and went in; and Mr. Grand drove off more his ill-wisher than before; as perhaps was only natural. And yet he richly deserved all he had got.

This was one of the stories that got bruited abroad to Joshua's discredit. Some said he had struck the parson—some that he had been monstrously and unjustifiably impertinent; and the tale got bandied about as a kind of dramatic scarecrow—a kind of logical warning to young men given to think for themselves, as to what would become of them if they shook themselves free of authority. "You'll be as bad as Joshua to Parson Grand," was a phrase I myself heard more than once. But here is the story just as it happened; and I put it to my readers—was Joshua so very much to blame, all things considered—motives, feelings, spiritual disappointment, and that inner dignity of Man which overpowers all social differences when the fit moment comes? I can only say that never, to the last, could he be got to see that he had done wrong, and never, to the last, could I say it or see it either.

"No," he used to say, "some kinds of anger are righteous; and this was of them."

But Mr. Grand made old Davidson, Joshua's father, suffer for his son; for he took away his own custom from him, and did him what harm in the neighborhood a gentleman's ill-word can do a working man. It was a bad thing for the old man. The Trevalga schools were being built, and St. Juliot's church was under repair, and Davidson, as the best workman thereabouts, would have been sure to have been head man at both jobs. But Mr. Grand, he put his spoke in that wheel; and one day when I took courage to speak and plead, all I got was a recommendation to mind my own business, and not interfere where I was not wanted. And then as if in consideration—a kind of condescending consideration—for my being a "canter," Mr. Grand wound up with saying that I must see he was justified according to the law of God.

When I challenged him hotly, I daresay intemperately, I daresay even imper-

tinently, for his proof—for you see I was but a poor uneducated artisan, and he was a gentleman and a scholar—he laughed, and said he did not argue with carpenters' lads; and when I answered back, he ordered me out of the house, saying I was as pestilent a fellow as my friend;—I replying angrily that I did not think the pestilence rested with Joshua. Which ended the interview; not without loss of temper and dignity on both sides, and no good done to any one.

The night before we left for London Joshua had a kind of vision or waking dream, which he told me as we were on our way to Launceston, walking up the hill from Boscastle, while the omnibus toiled after us. He was on the cliff by Long Island, when suddenly he seemed to be caught away to a wide plain, where many men were gathered. In the centre of the plain was a hill, like Brown Willy out there by Camelford, and on this hill sat two kingly figures who ruled over the swarming multitudes below. They sat together, hand in hand, and he saw that they were in some mysterious manner inseparable. The one was dressed as a high priest, and was Ecclesiastical Christianity; the other as a king, and was Society; and both were stern, forbidding, and oppressive. The only persons to whom they showed favor were the well-dressed and the subservient—rich people dressed in gold and jewels, and the poor and undistinguished who were submissive and conforming; who accepted all that the high priest taught without questioning the truth of any part, and who obeyed what the king ordained without even so much as a wish to resist. These were called Believing Christians and Respectable Members of Society; and, in consideration of their obedience, both the high priest and the king smiled on them, and spoke them fair. Yet they were scarcely friendly to their adherents. The one surrounded them with the most monstrous shapes of demons cast by magic lanterns and in every way unreal, of which they were in continual fear—GOD, whom yet they labelled "Our Father," and the "God of Love," the most terrible looking demon of all; and the more they were afraid, and the more cruel they believed Our Father to be, the more Ecclesiastical Christianity was content. The other bound them round and round with chains and swathing bands, till they were scarcely able to move or breathe. And when they submitted to the stifling torture with a good grace—some of them even drawing the links tighter, and buckling up the thongs more home of their own accord, and all declaring the pattern of each particular bandage to have been sent down direct from heaven, and in nowise invented as an experiment by Society—then the king smiled on them kindly, and praised them with many flattering words; and the poor atrophied wretches were quite content with the barren honor of their reward.

At the feet of these two rulers lay three figures cruelly bound and tortured. They were Truth, bearing in her arms her young child Science, Freedom, and Humanity. All three were stretched on racks made in the form of a cross, which gave in the eyes of the multitude a kind of symbolic sanction to their torture. The two rulers were forever trying to gag them, so that they should not speak; but they could not quite succeed; and every now and then they uttered words, loud and clear as the sound of a silver trumpet, that stirred the multitude below, and set men running hither and thither, some shaking themselves free of the bonds in which both Christianity and Society had bound them. And when they spoke, the high priest and the king and their worshippers, all the well-dressed little kings and poorer conformists, buffeted them; and would have killed them if they could.

Ill-treated as they were, however, each tortured being had a small knot of adherents. Round Truth, bearing her young child, Science, gathered men of imposing aspect—men of authority, of large brains, of temperate nature, of clear and candid thought. There were some among them of such unquestionable grandeur, that even the mob of Believing Christians and Respectable Members of Society paid them a certain cold, deprecatory reverence as they passed; while Ecclesiastical Christianity tried to reconcile their statements with his own creed, hiding his magic lantern painted with demons and that all-devouring hell with which he terrified the multitudes, when he spoke to them, saying, "See, there is no such great difference between us after all! I do not contradict you. Say what you will about the sun, and the age of the earth, the rela-

tions of the universe, and the gradual evolution of man, nothing that you advance disturbs me. I only supplement you, and add the divine grace of spiritual truth, which is beyond your analysis. You are right and I am right; let us be friends and brothers."

Society was less concerned about these philosophers. They were for the most part swathed in *his* bands tight enough; some for preoccupation with other matters, some for expediency, some for dread of the unknown, and some for conviction; and, for the rest, he let his twin-brother, the high priest, fight his battles as he best could.

Round the prostrate form of Freedom, scarred, gashed, bleeding, fettered, stood only a few. Even the men of science were afraid of this huge giant, this son of the old gods, whose might no one had been able to calculate should he once arise in his strength. All, save his own few lovers, chiefly of the poorest class, looked on him with dread, and prophesied evil days for the world should he ever get free of his bonds and the symbolic constraint of the cross. But his small band of lovers, themselves either martyrs or victims, worked incessantly at his deliverance; every now and then getting one link loosened here and another there, knowing that in time he would with their help shake himself free of all his chains, and stand up before the world, the great-hearted leader, the glad possession of every man and woman that breathes.

The third figure was the most deeply oppressed. The face was hidden, but it was a lovely form, vilely clad in disfiguring garments, and bespattered with dirt that had been flung at it by the high priest and Society in concert. On its nailed hands hung the weeping and the miserable; and no one was rejected or bidden back. The most miserable sinner that crawled—the thief, the murderer, the harlot—it gathered them all around it; its own bound hands doing their checked best to free them from their stains. Pleasure and pain and sin and virtue all rested equally on its large breast, and to all it gave full sympathy and understanding. It condemned no one; only it refused obedience to the high priest and the king. As the dreamer looked, it slowly turned its face to the sky: and Joshua recognized in the soiled and vilified face of Humanity—the face of Christ.

Suddenly standing side by side with the magnificently attired pontiff, this Ecclesiastical Christianity, oppressor of Truth, slanderer of Humanity, tyrant of Freedom, ruler of the churches, and through them of the consciences of men; side by side, too, with his twin-brother Society, his fellow-tyrant and oppressor, was a man coarsely clad in rude garments, a man of uncultured speech, of unconventional manners, but of a noble aspect, whose face was the face of an enthusiast who believed in himself, and in whose self-reliance were his sole credentials. His companions were the same as those who had gathered round the crucified form of Humanity. All the poor and the miserable, the leprous, the sinners, the outcast, and those "sinless Cains" of history, those men who had lived to do good to their generation, and who had been stoned and crucified and blasphemed and cursed as their reward—they were all clustered closely round him. He had nothing to do with that regal Society, that mitred Christianity. He loudly proclaimed his antagonism to both, and drew to him only such as they spurned and rejected.

He pointed to the high priest: "Look," he said to Joshua, "what they have made of me; of an unskilled artisan, no schoolman even of his day, and a vagrant preacher living by charity, they have made a king; of a man, a god; of a preacher of universal tolerance, the head of a persecuting religion; of a life, a dogma; of an example, a church. Here am I, Jesus the Nazarene, the son of Joseph and Mary, as I lived on earth; poor, unlearned, a plebeian, and a socialist, at war with the gentlemen and ladies of my society, the enemy of forms, of creeds, of the priestly class of respectabilities; and there you see my modern travesty, this jewelled, ornate, exclusive Ecclesiastical Christianity, who is the ancient Pharisee revived. To you, and to such as you, is given the task of bringing men back to the creed that I preached. And if in securing the essence of the creed you forget the founder, and call my doctrine by another name than mine, so be it. The world wants the thing, not the label; and Christ-likeness, not Ecclesiastical Christianity, is the best Saviour of men."

As he said this the whole vision seemed to fade away, and the voice of Peggy Bray, whining and drunk, with Mr. Grand's deep tones of angry disgust, broke the quiet

evening stillness, and brought Joshua back to the realities of life.

"Something seemed to bid me," he said, when he told me the story: "I ran off over the down as fast as I could, and caught Peggy on the Tintagel Road. She was drunk, dirty, and crying. I took her by the hand. 'Peggy, woman,' I said, 'dry your eyes, and come along with me.' I spoke so sudden, I startled her, and so a little sobered her. Then I took her by the arm and led her to mother's cottage. 'Here, mother,' I said; 'here is a bit of Christ-work for you to do. Take this poor creature, in her dirt and vileness as she is, and cleanse her. You believe and know that God's love did that for the world: we are less pure than Christ, but we hold ourselves too fine to follow His example in that! Love her, mother; she is your sister—and maybe your love can heal her.' Poor mother! she didn't like the task. She cried over it, and said that I put a burden on her she could not bear; but I held to my point," said Joshua, with a glowing face; "and she yielded. Peggy stayed in our house for over a month, and mother was ill-called for her work. Not that she much cared, I fancy. I don't know, however, whether she did or not; she never said much. And though Peggy broke out again and went to the bad as before, yet a month's experience of loving-kindness and cleanly living was something. At all events, it was practical Christianity; and if it did Peggy herself little or no good permanently, it was the right thing to do, and mother was so far benefited."

PORTRAITS.

[**Jean François Marmontel,** one of the most celebrated and entertaining French writers of the eighteenth century, was born at Limousin, 1723, and died at Paris in 1799. After studying at a Jesuit College, he became a teacher, and came to Paris in 1745, by Voltaire's advice, to make a living by literature. He wrote many articles for the great *Encyclopédie*, edited by Diderot and others, which evinced much critical sagacity and a light and skilful touch. Being gifted with musical talent, he wrote several comic operas, was patronized by Madame Pompadour, and became, through her influence, editor of the official journal *Le Mercure*. In this paper first appeared the *Contes Moraux*, on which the literary reputation of Marmontel largely rests. They contain graphic and charming pictures of French society under Louis Quinze. Marmontel wrote the romance of *Bélisaire*, which incurred the censure of the *Sorbonne* because of the religious toleration inculcated; whereupon the author produced another romance, *Les Incas*, in which he retorted by tracing the Spanish cruelties in America to Roman Catholic fanaticism. Elected to the French Academy, historiographer of France, and professor in the Lycée, Marmontel began in 1795 his celebrated *Autobiography*, the most interesting of his works. It is, in fact, a literary history of the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI., containing a picturesque gallery of portraits, filling half a century, from Massillon to Mirabeau. Our extracts are from these graphic memoirs of his own times.]

You are now going to behold me living at Paris with people of very different characters, and I should have a beautiful gallery of portraits to paint to you, if I had colors lively enough for that purpose.

But I will at least attempt to sketch to you their features.

I have said that so long as Madame de Tencin lived, Madame Geoffrin was in the habit of going to see her; and the cunning old woman penetrated so well the motive of her visits, that she used to say to her guests, "*Do you know why la Geoffrin comes here? It is to see what she shall be able to collect from my inventory.*" And indeed, at her death, a part of her company, and the best part of what remained (for Fontenelle and Montesquieu were no longer living) had passed into the new society; but which was not limited to that little colony. Rich enough to make her house the rendezvous of letters and of the arts, and perceiving that it would be the means of affording to her old age an amusing society and an honorable existence, Madame Geoffrin had established at her own house two dinner parties, one, on Mondays, for artists; the other, on Wednesdays, for men of letters; and it is a remarkable thing that, without any tincture either of letters or of the arts, this woman, who, in her life had never learnt anything but very superficially, did not appear a stranger in either of these societies; she was even at her ease in them; but she had the good sense never to speak but of what she well knew, and to listen, on all other subjects, to the better informed; always politely attentive, without even appearing wearied at what she did not understand; but still more adroit in presiding, in watching over, in holding under her command these two societies, naturally inclined to a freedom

that borders on licence; in setting bounds to this freedom, and in bringing it back by a word, or a gesture, as by an invisible thread, when it would fain escape. "Come, that's well," was commonly the signal of prudence that she gave to her guests; and, whatever might be the vivacity of a conversation that passed the limit, at her house, you might say what Virgil has said of bees:

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

This lady was of a singular character, difficult to describe, as it consisted entirely of demi tints and shades; and, though very decided, it had not one of those distinguishing traits by which disposition is usually marked and defined. She had kindness, but very little sensibility; she was beneficent, but without one single charm of benevolence; eager to aid the unfortunate, but without seeing them, for fear of being moved by them; a sure, faithful, even an officious friend, but timid, disturbed, whilst in the very act of serving her friends, with the fear of compromising either her credit or her repose. She was simple in her tastes, in her dress, in her furniture, but nice in her simplicity, having the delicacies of luxury in all their refinement, but nothing of their brilliancy nor of their vanity. Modest in her air, in her carriage, in her manners, but with a fund of pride and even a little vain glory. Nothing flattered her more than her commerce with the great. At their houses, she saw them but rarely; there she was not at her ease; but she had the secret of attracting them to hers by a coquetry imperceptibly flattering; and in the easy, natural, half-respectful and half-familiar air with which she received them, I thought I saw an extreme address. Always free with them, always on the verge of propriety, it was never over-stepped. To be in favor with heaven, without being out of favor with her society, she used to indulge in a kind of clandestine devotion: she used to go to mass as one goes to an intrigue; she had an apartment of nuns, and a tribune in the church of the Capucins, but with as much mystery as the gallant women of that day had their private houses for intrigue. All kind of state disgusted her. Her greatest care was to make no noise. She was ardently desirous of celebrity, and of acquiring a great consideration in the world; but she would have it tranquil. A little like the lunatic who fancied himself made of glass, she avoided, as so many rocks, all that could expose her to the shock of human passions; and thence her timidity, her faint-heartedness, whenever a good office required courage. The man for whom, with a full heart, she would have freely opened her purse, was not equally sure of the support of her tongue, and on this point she flattered herself with ingenious excuses. For example, it was her maxim that, when we hear our friends abused in company, we should never undertake warmly their defence, nor contend with the defamer; for that was the sure way to irritate the viper, and refine its venom. She used to say that a man should praise his friends but very temperately, and for their qualities, not for their actions; for on hearing it said of some one that he is sincere and beneficent, each can say to himself, I too am beneficent and sincere. "But," said she, "if you cite of him a laudable act, an act of virtue, since each cannot say that he has done as much, he takes this praise for a reproach, and seeks to depress it." What she most esteemed in a friend was an attentive prudence never to compromise her, and, as an example, she used to cite Bernard, the man of all others most coldly precise in his actions and his words. "With him," she used to say, "one may be tranquil; no one complains of him; it is never necessary to defend him." This was a hint for heads a little lively like mine, for there were more than one such in her society; and if any one of those she loved happened to be in danger or in trouble, whatever might be the cause, and whether he were right or wrong, her first impulse was to accuse him herself: on which point, perhaps too warmly, I one day took the liberty of telling her that her friends should be always infallible and always happy.

One of her foibles was the desire of intermeddling in the affairs of her friends, of being their confidant, their counsel, and their guide. By initiating her in your secrets, and suffering yourself to be guided, and sometimes scolded by her, you were sure of touching her in her most sensible part. But indocility, however respectful, cooled her instantly; and, by

a little dry anger she showed how much she was offended. It is true that, to conduct yourself according to the rule of prudence, you could not do better than consult her. The knowledge of life was her supreme science; her notions on all other subjects were trivial and common; but in the study of manners and customs, in the knowledge of men, and, above all, of women, she was profound, and capable of giving good and useful instruction; and, therefore, if a little self-love was mixed with this desire of counselling and guiding, it was likewise accompanied by kindness, by a wish to be useful, and by sincere friendship.

With regard to her mind, although solely cultivated by her commerce with the world, it was delicate, accurate, and penetrating. A natural taste, a right understanding, gave her, when she spoke, the appropriate word and turn of expression. She wrote purely, simply, and in a concise and clear style; but like a woman who had been badly educated, and who liked to show it. In a charming eulogy that your uncle has written of her, you will read that an Italian abbé being come to offer to her the dedication of an Italian and French grammar—"To me, Sir," said she to him, "the dedication of a grammar! to me who do not even know how to spell!" It was the simple truth. Her peculiar talent was that of telling a story well; she excelled in it, and willingly employed it to enliven the table, but without affectation, without art, without pretension, solely to set the example; for she neglected none of the means she possessed to render her society agreeable.

Of this society, the gayest man, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was D'Alembert. After having passed his morning in algebraic calculations, and in solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and by the lively and pleasant turn that his mind, so luminous, so solid, so profound, then assumed, he soon made us forget the philosopher and the man of science, to admire in him all the qualities that can delight and engage. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, contented with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some new truth that recompensed and crowned his labors; a privilege which the mathematics exclusively possess, and which no other kind of study can so completely obtain.

The serenity of Mairan, and his gentle and engaging temper, had the same causes and the same principle. Age had done for him what nature had done for D'Alembert. He was temperate in all the emotions of his soul; and what warmth he had left was in the vivacity of Gascon wit, but steady, sage, and correct, of an original turn, sweet and delicate. It is true, that the philosopher of Béziers was sometimes disturbed about what was passing in China; but, when any letters from his friend, father Parennin, arrived, and calmed his inquietude, he was elevated with joy.

Oh! my children! what souls are those that are only agitated about the motion of the ecliptic, or the manners and arts of the Chinese? No vice degrades them, no regret decays them, no passion saddens and torments them; they are free, with that freedom which is the companion of joy, and without which there never was any pure and lasting gaiety.

Marivaux would have been very glad to have had this jovial humor too; but he had a business in his head that incessantly preoccupied him, and gave him a sullen air. As he had acquired by his works the reputation of a subtile and refined wit, he thought himself obliged to give perpetual proofs of it, and he was continually on the watch for ideas susceptible of opposition or analysis, in order to turn or wind them as his fancy dictated. He would agree that such a thing was true *as far as a certain point, or in a certain view;* but there was always some restriction, some distinction to make which no one perceived but himself. This exertion of the attention was laborious to him, and often painful to others; but it sometimes gave birth to happy perceptions and brilliant flashes of genius. Yet it was easy to discover, by the inquietude of his looks, that he was in pain about the success he already had, or about that he was about to obtain. There never was, I believe, self-love more delicate, more wayward, or more fearful; but, as he carefully humored that of others, we respected his; and we only pitied him that he could not resolve to be simple and natural.

Chastellux, whose mind never was sufficiently clear, but who had a vast deal of

understanding, and in whom very lively glimmerings would pierce from time to time the light vapor that enveloped his ideas, brought into our society the most engaging character, and the most lovely candor. Whether he were mistrustful of the accuracy of his opinions, and sought to assure himself of it, or whether he wished to refine them by discussion, he was fond of debate, and willingly engaged in it, but with grace and good faith, and as soon as his eye caught a glimpse of truth, whether it came from you or from himself, he was happy. No man ever employed his understanding better in enjoying that of others. A witticism, an ingenious story opportunely told, charmed him; you might see him leap for joy at them; and, in proportion as conversation became more brilliant, the eyes and countenance of Chastellux became animated: all success flattered him as if it had been his own.

The Abbé Morellet, with more order and clearness in a very rich magazine of every kind of knowledge, possessed in conversation a source of sound, pure, profound ideas, that, without ever being exhausted, never overflowed. He showed himself at our dinners with an open soul, a just and firm mind, and with as much rectitude in his heart as in his understanding. One of his talents, and the most distinguishing, was a turn of pleasantry delicately ironical, of which Swift alone had known the secret before him. With this facility of being severe, if he had been inclined, no man was ever less so; and if he ever permitted himself to indulge in personal raillery, it was but a rod in his hand to chastise insolence, or punish malignity.

Saint Lambert, with a delicate politeness, though a little cold, had, in conversation, the same elegant turn, the same acuteness of mind that you remark in his writings. Without being naturally gay, he became animated by the gaiety of others; and on philosophical or literary subjects, no one conversed with sounder reason nor more exquisite taste. This taste was that of the little court of Luneville, where he had lived, and whose tone he preserved.

Helvetius, preoccupied with his ambition of literary celebrity, came to us, his head heated with his morning's work. To write a book that should be distinguished in his age, his first care had been to seek for some new truth to publish, or some bold and new idea to produce and support. But, as new and fruitful truths have been infinitely rare for the last two thousand years, he had taken for his thesis the paradox which he has developed in his work *De l' Esprit*. Whether it were that, by dint of contention, he had persuaded himself of what he wished to persuade others, or whether he were still struggling against his own doubts, and sought to conquer them, we were amused at seeing him bring successively on the carpet the questions that occupied or the difficulties that embarrassed him; and after having afforded him for some time the pleasure of hearing them discussed, we engaged him to suffer himself to be carried along with the current of our conversation. He then gave himself wholly to it, with infinite warmth, as simple, as natural, as ingeniously sincere in his familiar converse as you see him systematic and sophistical in his writings. Nothing less resembles the simplicity of his character and of his habitual life, than the premeditated and factitious singularity of his works; and this want of harmony will always be found between the manners and opinions of those who fatigue themselves with imagining strange things. Helvetius had in his soul the complete contrary of what he has said. There never was a better man: liberal, generous, without ostentation, and beneficent because he was good, he conceived the idea of calumniating all honest men and himself, by giving to all moral actions no motive but self-love. Abstracted from his writings, we loved him such as he really was, and you will soon see what a resource his house was for men of letters.

A man, still more ambitious of glory than he, was Thomas; but, more in tune with himself, he only expected success from the rare talent he possessed of expressing his sentiments and his thoughts; sure of giving to common subjects the originality of a lofty eloquence, and to known truths new development, new extension, and new lustre. It is true that, absorbed in his meditations, and incessantly preoccupied with what might acquire him an ample fame, he neglected the little cares and the light merit of being engaging in society. The gravity of his character was soft, but reserved; silent, smiling with difficulty at the gaiety of con-

versation, without ever contributing to it. He even scarcely ever spoke freely on subjects that were familiar to him, unless it were in an intimate and confined circle: it was there only that he was brilliant with the light of intellect, and astonishing in copiousness. At our dinners, he added to our number, and it was only by reflection on his literary merit, and on his moral qualities, that he enjoyed there any consideration. Thomas always sacrificed to virtue, to truth, to glory, never to the graces; and he has lived in an age when, without the influence and favor of the graces, there was no brilliant reputation in literature.

I cannot mention the graces without speaking of one who had all their gifts, both in mind and in language, and who was the only woman that Madame Geoffrin had admitted to her dinners of men of letters; it was the friend of d'Alembert, Mademoiselle Lespinasse: a wonderful composition of correctness, reason, prudence, with the liveliest fancy, the most ardent soul, the most inflammable imagination that ever existed since the days of Sappho. The fire that circulated in her veins, and which gave to her mind such activity, brilliancy, and so many charms, has prematurely consumed her. I will tell you hereafter what regret her loss occasioned. Here I only mark the place she occupied at our dinners, where her presence excited inexpressible interest. The continued object of attention, whether she listened or whether she spoke herself (and no one spoke better), without coquetry, she inspired us with the innocent desire of pleasing her; without prudery, she made freedom feel how far it might venture, without disturbing modesty or wounding decorum.

It is not my intention to describe the whole circle of our convivial friends. There were some idle ones who scarcely did anything but enjoy it: men well informed, however, but covetous of their riches, and who, without giving themselves the trouble of sowing, came but to reap. The Abbé Raynal was most certainly not of this number, and in the use he made of the vast fund of knowledge he possessed, if he sometimes indulged in excess, it was not an excess of economy. The robust vigor of his philosophy had not there shown itself, the great mass of his information was not completely formed; sagacity, accuracy, precision, were then the most distinguishing qualities of his mind, and he added to them a goodness of heart and an amenity of manners that made him dear to us all. It was observed at the same time, that the facility of his elocution, and the abundance of his memory, were not sufficiently tempered. His brilliant flow of expression was rarely susceptible of dialogue; it has only been in his old age that, less vivid and less abundant, he has known the pleasures of conversation.

Whether it had entered into the plan of Madame Geoffrin to attract to her house the most distinguished foreigners who came to Paris, and by that means to render it celebrated throughout Europe; or whether it were the consequence and natural effect of the charm and the lustre this house received from the society of men of letters, there arrived neither prince, nor minister, nor men nor women of distinction, who, on going to see Madame Geoffrin, were not ambitious of being invited to our dinners, and who did not feel great pleasure at seeing us assembled at table. It was on those days particularly that Madame Geoffrin displayed all the charms of her understanding and used to say to us, *let us be agreeable.* And it was rare indeed that these dinners failed to be animated by excellent conversation.

From among the foreigners who came to make Paris their residence, or to stay some time there, she made a selection of the most learned and the most engaging, and they were admitted of the number of her convivial friends. I shall distinguish three of them, who, for the charms of wit and abundant information, were not surpassed by the most cultivated of the French: they were the Abbé Galiani, the Marquis of Caraccioli, since ambassador from Naples, and the Count de Creutz, the Swedish minister.

The Abbé Galiani was in his person the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but on the shoulders of this harlequin was the head of Machiavel. An epicurean in his philosophy, and with a melancholy soul, having looked at everything on the side of ridicule, there was nothing, either in politics or in morality, on which he had not some good story to tell; and these stories had always the merit of pertinence, and the wit of an

unforeseen and ingenious allusion. Figure to yourself too the prettiest little natural graces, in his manner of relating and in his gesticulation, and you may conceive what pleasure we derived from the contrast between the profound sense of the story and the bantering air of him who told it. I do not at all exaggerate when I say that we forgot everything in order to hear him, for whole hours together. But, when his part was played, he was like a cipher in the company; and, sad and mute in a corner, he had the air of impatiently waiting the watchword to re-enter on the stage. It was with his arguments as with his stories; he would be listened to. If he were sometimes interrupted, he would say, "Let me but finish, and you shall soon have full leisure to answer me." And when, after having described a long circle of inductions (for that was his way), he at last concluded, if any one showed an inclination to reply to him, you might see him slide in among the crowd, and quietly escape.

Caraccioli, at first sight, had in his physiognomy the dull and heavy air with which you would paint stupidity. To animate his eyes and disengage his features, it was necessary that he should speak. But then, and in proportion as that lively, piercing, and luminous intelligence with which he was gifted, awoke, it sent forth beams of light; and acuteness, gaiety, originality of thought, simplicity of expression, the grace of an animated smile, and a look of sensibility, all united to give an engaging, intelligent, and interesting character to ugliness. He spoke our language ill, and painfully; but he was eloquent in his own; and when the French term did not occur to him, he used to borrow the word, the turn, the image he wanted, from the Italian. Thus he every moment enriched his language with a thousand bold and picturesque expressions that excited our envy. He accompanied them too with those Neapolitan gestures that, in the Abbé Galiani, so well animated expressions; and it was said of both of them, that they had wit even to their fingers' ends. Both, too, had excellent stories, almost all of which had a delicate, moral, and profound meaning. Caraccioli had studied men as a philosopher; but he had observed them more as a politician and a statesman, than as a satirical moralist. He had contemplated the manners, the customs, and the policy of nations on a large scale; and, if he cited some particular features of them, it was only as examples, and in support of the inferences he drew. In knowledge, his riches were inexhaustible, and he distributed them with the most engaging simplicity; beside, he had in our eyes the merit of being an excellent man. Not one of us would have thought of making a friend of the Abbé Galiani; each of us was ambitious of the friendship of Caraccioli; and I, who have long enjoyed it, cannot express how desirable it was.

But one of the men to whom I have been most dear, and whom I have most tenderly loved, has been the Count de Creutz. He too was of the literary society and dinners at Madame Geoffrin's; less eager to please, less occupied with the care of attracting attention, often pensive, still oftener absent, but the most charming of the convivial circle, when without distraction he gave himself freely to us. It was to him that nature had really given sensibility, warmth, the delicacy of moral sentiment and that of taste; the love of all that is beautiful, and the passion of genius as well as that of virtue: it was to him that she had granted the gift of expressing and painting in touches of fire, all that had struck his imagination or vividly seized on his soul: never was a man born a poet, if this man were not so. Still young, his mind ornamented with a prodigious variety of information, speaking French like ourselves, and almost all the languages of Europe like his own, without reckoning the learned languages, versed in all kinds of ancient and modern literature, talking of chymistry as a chymist, of natural history as a pupil of Linneus, and particularly of climates and of their divers productions; he was for us a source of knowledge, embellished with the most brilliant elocution.

This may suffice to make you feel what interest and what a charm this rendezvous of men of letters must have had. For my own part, I kept my corner there, neither too bold, nor too timid; gay, simple, and even somewhat free; well liked in the society, dear to those I most loved and esteemed. With respect to Madame Geoffrin, though I lived at her house, I was not one of the first in her favor; yet she was pleased with me for animating the company in my turn, and pretty often too.

either by little stories, or by traits of pleasantry that I accommodated to her taste; but, as to my personal conduct, I had not enough complaisance in consulting her, and in following the advice she gave me; and on her part she had so little confidence in my prudence, that she feared lest I should occasion her some of those vexations that she sometimes suffered from the imprudence of her friends. With me, therefore, she was on a tone of timid and cautious kindness; but I would not suffer myself to be governed.

At the same time she saw me succeeding with her whole society: and at her Monday's dinner I was not less kindly welcomed than at her literary banquet. The artists liked me, because, at once curious and docile, I talked to them incessantly of what they knew better than I. I have forgotten to say that, under my lodgings, at Versailles, was a large room filled with pictures that were taken successively to decorate the palace, and which were almost all from the pencil of the greatest masters. This room was my recreation, my morning's walk; I used to pass hours together there with the good Portail, the worthy guardian of this treasure, in conversing with him on the genius and manner of the different schools of Italy, and on the distinctive character of the great masters. In the gardens I had formed some comparative ideas of ancient and modern sculpture. These preliminary studies enabled me to reason with our artists, and, by leaving them the advantage and the amusement of instructing me, I had in their eyes the merit of being delighted to listen to them, and to profit by their lessons. With them I took great care to display no other literary knowledge than that which interested the fine arts. I had no difficulty in perceiving that, with good natural understandings, they almost all wanted information and culture. The good Carle-Vanloo possessed, in a high degree, all the talent that a painter could have without genius; but he had no inspiration; and to supply it, he had cultivated but few of those studies that elevate the soul, and fill the imagination with great objects and great ideas. Vernet, admirable in the art of painting water, air, light, and the play of the elements, had all the models of his compositions very vividly present to his fancy; but beyond that, although gay enough, he was but a common man. Soufflot was a man of sense, very circumspect in his conduct, a skilful and learned architect; but his ideas were all inscribed within the circle of his compass. Boucher had some fire in his imagination, but little truth, and still less dignity; the graces he had seen were not of a good family; he and his language as well as his pictures, savored of the manners and tone of his models. Lemoine, the sculptor, tenderly inclined our hearts to friendship by the modest simplicity that accompanied his genius; but even on his art, which he knew so well, he spoke little; and he scarcely answered to the praises that were given him: a pleasing timidity in a man whose look was all mind and all soul. Latour had some enthusiasm, and he employed it in painting the philosophers of that time. But his brain was so disturbed about politics and morality, on which he thought he reasoned most learnedly, that he fancied himself humbled if you talked to him of painting. You have, painted by him, my dear children, a sketch of my portrait; it was a return for the complaisance with which I listened to him, regulating the destinies of Europe. With the rest, I instructed myself on what concerned their art; and hence these dinners of artists had for me their interest of pleasure and utility.

Among the amateurs who partook of these dinners, there were some well imbued with good studies. With these I had no difficulty in varying the conversation, nor in reviving it when it languished; and they seemed to be well pleased with my manner of conversing with them. One of them alone showed me no kindness; and, in his cold politeness, I perceived aversion; it was the Count de Caylus.

I cannot say which of the two had anticipated the other; but I had scarcely known his character when I conceived as strong a dislike to him as ever he felt to me. I never gave myself the trouble of examining in what I could have displeased him. But I well knew what displeased me in him. It was the importance he gave himself for the most futile merit, and the most trivial of talents; it was the value he attached to his minute researches, and to his antique gew-gaws; it was the kind of sovereignty he had usurped over the artists, and which he abused, by favoring ordinary talents that paid their court to him, and

by depressing those that, bolder in their force, did not go to solicit his support. It was, in short, a very adroit and very refined vanity, and a most bitter and imperious pride, under the rough and simple forms in which he had the art of developing it. Supple and pliant with the placemen on whom the artists depended, he obtained a credit with the former, whose influence was dreaded by the latter. He insinuated himself into the company of men of information, and persuaded them to write memorials on the toys he had bought at his broker's; he made a magnificent collection of this trumpery, which he called antique; he proposed prizes on Isis and Osiris, in order to have the air of being himself initiated in their mysteries; and with his charlatanism of erudition, he crept into the academies without knowing either Greek or Latin. He so often said, and had it published, by those whom he paid to praise him, that in architecture he was the restorer *of the simple style, of simple beauty, of beautiful simplicity*, that the ignorant believed it: and by his correspondence with the *Dilettanti*, he made himself pass in Italy and in all Europe for the inspirer of the fine arts. I felt for him, then, that species of natural antipathy that ingenuous and simple men always feel for impostors.

After having dined at Madame Geoffrin's with men of letters or with the artists, I was again with her in the evening in a more intimate society; for she had also granted me the favor of admitting me to her little suppers. The feast was very moderate, it was commonly a chicken, some spinage, an omelet. The company were not numerous; they consisted at most of five or six of her particular friends, or of three or four men and women of the first fashion, selected to their taste, and reciprocally happy to be together. But whatever these convivial circles might be, Bernard and I were admitted to them. One of them only had excluded Bernard, but had approved of me. The group that composed it consisted of three ladies and but one gentleman. The three ladies, who might well be likened to the three goddesses of Mount Ida, were the beautiful Countess de Brionne, the beautiful Marchioness de Duras, and the charming Countess d'Egmont. Their Paris was the Prince Louis de Rohan. But I suspect that, at that time, he gave the apple to Minerva; for, to my mind, the Venus of the supper was the seducing and engaging d'Egmont. She was the daughter of Marshal Richelieu; and she had the vivacity, the wit, the graces of her father; she had too, as was said, his volatile and voluptuous disposition; but this was what neither Madame Geoffrin nor myself had any appearance of knowing. The young Marchioness de Duras, with as much of modesty as Madame d'Egmont had of charming grace, gave us the idea of Juno, by her noble severity, and by a character of beauty that had neither elegance nor delicacy. As for the Countess de Brionne, if she were not Venus herself, it was not that in the perfect regularity of her form, and of all her features, she did not unite all that can be imagined to paint ideal beauty. Of all charms, she wanted but one, without which there is no Venus on earth, and which formed the witchery of Madame d'Egmont; it was an air of voluptuousness. As to the prince de Rohan, he was young, active, wild, with a good heart, lofty by starts, when in concurrence with dignities that rivalled his own, but gayly familiar with men of letters, who were free and simple like myself.

You may readily conceive that at these little suppers my self-love was in league with all the means I might have of being amusing and agreeable. The new tales that I was then writing, and of which these ladies had the first offerings, were, before or after supper, an entertaining reading for them. They gave each other rendezvous to hear them, and when the little supper was prevented by any accident, they assembled at dinner at Madame de Brionne's. I confess that no success over flattered me so sensibly as that which these readings obtained in this little circle, where wit, taste, beauty, all the graces, were my judges, or rather my applauders. There was not a single trait either in my coloring or my dialogue, however minutely delicate and subtle, that was not forcibly felt; and the pleasure I gave had the air of enchantment. What enraptured me was to see so perfectly the most beautiful eyes in the world swimming in tears, at the little touching scenes where I made love or nature weep. But in spite of the indulgence of an excessive politeness, I well perceived too the cold and feeble pas-

sages which they passed over in silence, as well as those where I had mistaken the word, the tone of nature, or the just shade of truth; and these passages I noted, to correct them at my leisure.

From the idea I give you of Madame Geoffrin's society, you will doubtless imagine that to me it might well have supplied the place of all other company. But I had some old and good friends at Paris, who were very happy to see me again, and with whom I was highly delighted to pass again some of my leisure hours. Madame Harenc, Madame Desfourniels, Mademoiselle Clairon, and particularly Madame d'Heronville, had a right to partake of my dearest moments. I had myself too some new friends, whose society was very charming.

Besides, I had well observed, that to be estimated by Madame Geoffrin at your real value, it was necessary to preserve with her a certain medium between negligence and assiduity; neither to let her complain of the one, nor weary herself with the other; and, in the attentions you showed her, to neglect nothing, but to be prodigal of nothing. Eager attentions oppressed her; even of the most engaging society, she would only take just what suited her inclination, at her own hours and at her ease. I therefore imperceptibly sought occasion of having some sacrifice to make to her; and, in talking of the life I led in society, I made her understand, without affectation, that the time I passed at her house might have been very gratefully spent elsewhere. It is thus that, during the ten years I was her tenant, without inspiring in her any very tender friendship, I never lost either her esteem or her favor; and, till her unfortunate paralytic affection, I never ceased to be of the number of those men of letters who were her convivial companions and her friends.

Yet I should tell the whole truth; Madame Geoffrin's society wanted one of the pleasures that I esteem most highly—liberty of thought. With her gentle *come, that's well*, she never ceased to keep our minds as it were in leading strings; and I partook of dinners elsewhere at which there was more freedom.

The freest, or rather the most licentious, of all was that which was given every week by a farmer-general, whose name was Pelletier, to eight or ten bachelors, all jovial friends. At this dinner, the men of the wildest heads were Collé and young Crebillon. Between them it was a continual assault of excellent pleasantry, and he that would, mixed in the combat. They never indulged in personality; the self-love of talent was alone attacked, but it was attacked without indulgence; and it was requisite to shake it off and sacrifice it on entering the lists. Collé was brilliant there beyond all expression; and Crebillon, his adversary, had singularly the address of animating by exciting him. Wearied of being an idle spectator, I sometimes darted into the circle at my risk and peril, and I received lessons of modesty that were rather severe. Sometimes, too, a certain Monticourt would engage in the dispute, adroit and delicate in his pleasantry, and what was then called a banterer of the first rate. But the literary vanity, which he attacked with the arm of ridicule, afforded us no hold on him; in avowing himself destitute of talents, he rendered himself invulnerable to criticism. I used to compare him to a cat, that lying on his back, with his paws in the air, only presented to us his claws. The rest of the company laughed at our attacks, and this pleasure was permitted them; but when gaiety, ceasing to indulge in raillery, quitted the arm of criticism, all were emulous of contributing to it. Bernard alone (for he too was of these diners) kept himself always in reserve.

The contrast between the character of Bernard and his reputation is a very singular thing. The nature of his poetry might well have procured him, in his youth, the epithet of *Gentil;* but he was anything rather than *gentil*, when I knew him. With women he had then only a worn-out gallantry; and when he had said to one that she was fresh as Hebe, or that she had the complexion of Flora; to another that she had the smile of the graces, or the figure of the nymphs, he had said everything to them. I have seen him at Choisy, at the *fete des roses*, which he celebrated there every year in a kind of little temple that he had decorated with opera scenes, and which, on that day, he ornamented with so many garlands of roses that the whole company complained of the headache. This *fete* was a supper, where the women fancied themselves all the divinities of spring. Bernard was the high-priest. Most certainly it was for him the

moment of inspiration, had he been in the least susceptible of it; yet, even there, not a single sally, not one stroke of gaiety, nor a lively touch of gallantry, ever escaped him; he was there coldly polite. With men of letters, even in their most engaging mirth, he was still only polite; and in our serious and philosophical conversations, nothing could be more sterile than he. In literature, he had but a light superficial knowledge; he knew only his Ovid. Thus reduced almost to silence on all that was not circumscribed within the sphere of his ideas, he never had an opinion, and on no question of importance could any one ever say what Bernard had thought. He lived, as we say, on the reputation of his gallant poetry, which he had the prudence not to publish. We had foreseen its fate, when it should be printed: we knew that it was cold; an unpardonable vice, most particularly in a poem on the art of love; but such was the benevolence which his reserve, his modesty, his politeness inspired in us, that not one of us, so long as Bernard was living, ever divulged this fatal secret. I return to the dinner where Collé displayed a disposition so different from that of Bernard.

Never was the fire of gaiety of so regular and so fruitful a warmth. I cannot now tell you at what we laughed so much; but I well know that at every turn he made us all laugh till the tears started in our eyes. His fancy, when once exalted, made everything appear comic and ridiculous. It is true, he often sinned against decency; but at this dinner we were not excessively severe on that point.

A singular incident broke up this jovial society. Pelletier fell in love with a fair adventurer, who made him believe that she was the daughter of Louis XV. She used to go every Sunday to Versailles, to see, as she said, her sisters the princesses; and she always returned with some little present; it was a ring, a case, a watch, or a box with the portrait of one of these ladies. Pelletier, who had some understanding, but a weak and light head, believed all this; and in great mystery he married this little gipsy. From that time, you may well suppose that his house no longer suited us; and he, soon afterward, having discovered his mistake and the shameful folly he had committed, became mad, and went to die at Charenton.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

[**Mrs. Julia Crawford,** poetess, author of the following fine poetical fragment, was born in Ireland, and died about 1855.]

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met, and we parted forever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence; our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling.
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealèd book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

[**Mrs. Sarah Stickney Ellis,** an Englishwoman, born about 1812, died 1872, was one of the most voluminous and popular writers of the day. Her *Poetry of Life* had given her considerable celebrity before her marriage, in 1837, to the Rev. Wm. Ellis, the well-known and highly-respected missionary to the South Sea Islands. The works of Mrs. Ellis are very numerous. The principal ones are *The Daughters of England, The Wives of England, The Mothers of England, Fireside Tales, Social Distinction,* etc.]

Love's early dream has music
In the tale it loves to tell;
Love's early dream has roses
Where it delights to dwell;
It has beauty in its landscape,
And verdure in its trees;
Unshadowed by a passing cloud,
Unruffled by a breeze.

Love's early dream has moonlight
  Upon its crystal lake,
Where stormy tempest never blows,
  Nor angry billows break:
It has splendor in its sunshine,
  And freshness in its dew;
And all its scenes of happiness
  Are beautiful and—*true!*

Love's early dream has kindness
  In every look and tone;
Love's early dream has tenderness
  For one, and one alone.
It has melody of language
  And harmony of thought,
And knows no sound of dissonance
  By ruder science taught.

O early dream of happiness,
  Where is thy waking bliss?
What brings thy golden promises
  To such a world as this?
Perchance thou art some shadow
  Of that which is to come—
The fluttering of an angel's wings,
  To lead the wanderer home.

DOWN TO SLEEP.

[**Helen Fiske Hunt Jackson,** better known by her initials, "H. H.," an American poet and novelist, born in Amherst, Mass., in 1830; died at San Francisco in 1886. She was the daughter of Prof. N. W. Fiske, of Amherst College, and was twice married, her first husband, Mr. Hunt, dying during the civil war. She became widely known as a contributor to periodicals, and wrote a charming narrative of foreign experiences, entitled *Bits of Travel* (1872); a volume of *Verses* (1879), marked by fine ideality and rhythmic faculty; *Bits of Talk about Home Matters* (1873); *A Century of Dishonor* (1881), which is a forcible arraignment of the United States government in its dealings with the Indians; and *Ramona* (1885), a powerful romance, the scene of which is laid in California, and which depicts with free and graphic touch the wrongs done to the aborigines of our country. She also wrote *Hetty's Strange History*, and *Mercy Philbrook's Choice*, for the *No Name Series*, and several books for children; and the *Saxe Holm* stories have been confidently attributed to her pen.]

November woods are bare and still,
  November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
  The morning's snow is gone by night;
  Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
  Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
  I never knew before how much
  Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
  Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
  Her ferns kneel down full in my sight;
  I hear their chorus of "Good-night!"
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still,
  November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,
  Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
  Some warm, soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—
  A world we do not see—
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
  May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek:
  Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love
  And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
  Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
  With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
  They have no power to break,
For mortal words are not for them
  To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that from this;—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.[1]

THE SONG OF HARALD THE HARDY.

[**Harald the Hardy** reigned in Norway the latter half of the eleventh century. The Russian maiden, alluded to in the following poem, was the daughter of Jarisleif, king of Gardarike (a part of Russia). In this song he vaunts his own prowess, as was the custom of the Northern sea-rovers; though, in his feats of dexterity, he hardly equalled his predecessor, Olaf Tryggvason, of whom it is said, that he could walk on the oars outside of his boat while the men were rowing. The original may be found in Bartholinus' "De Causis Contemptæ a Danis Mortis," and in Percy.]

My bark around Sicilia sailed;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong.
The winged ship, by youths impelled,
Skimmed (as we hoped) the waves along.
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield,
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem's heath;
I saw her sons to battle move;
Though few, upon that field of death,
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove.
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious waxed the tide;
O'er the deep bark its billows flew.
My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Eight feats I ken: the sportive game,
The war array, the fabrile art;
With fearless breast the waves I stem;
I press the steed; I cast the dart;
O'er ice on slippery skates I glide;
My dexterous oar defies the tide.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Let blooming maid and widow say,
'Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day!
What falchions sounded through their halls!
What blood distained each weighty spear!
Those feats are famous far and near!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Where snow-clad Uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew 'mid bowmen strong;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
'Midst barren isles, where ocean foamed,
Far from the tread of man I roamed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Translated by HERBERT

SONNET TO THE TAGUS.

[**Francisco Rodriguez Lobo.** This poet, who has been called the Portuguese Theocritus, was born about 1550, at Leiria, in Portuguese Estremadura. He was distinguished while yet at the University. But little is known of his life. He was drowned in attempting to cross the Tagus, which he had so often celebrated in his writings.

As a poet, Lobo has been ranked next to Saa de Miranda and Camoens. He was a scholar of great erudi-

[1] See Vol. II., page 302.

tion, and the services he rendered to the Portuguese language and style make an era in that literature. His principal prose work is the *Corte na Aldea, e Noites de Inverno* (the *Court in the Country*, and *Winter Nights*). He also wrote pastoral romances, in which were introduced sonnets, songs, *redondilhas*, etc., of great beauty.]

How, lovely Tagus, different to our view
Our past and present states do now appear!
Muddy the stream, which I have seen so clear,—
And sad the breast, which you contented knew.
Thy banks o'erflowed, through unresisting plains,
Thy waters stray, by fitful tempests driven,—
Lost is to me the object which had given
A life of pleasures or a life of pains.
As thus our sorrows such resemblance bear,
May we of joy an equal cup partake!
But, ah, what favoring power to me can make
Our fates alike?—for spring, with soothing air,
Shall to its former state thy stream restore;
Whilst hid if I again may be as heretofore.

Translated by ADAMSON.

SONNET ON YOUTH DEPARTED.

[**Manoel de Faria e Souza.** This voluminous author, whose writings belong more to Spanish than to Portuguese literature, was born at Lisbon, in 1590. At the age of fifteen he was appointed secretary by one of his relations who held an office, and he soon displayed a remarkable capacity for business. Not having, however, obtained an appointment commensurate with his desires, he left his native country and went to Madrid. He was appointed to a place in the embassy to Rome; but on his return to Madrid withdrew from public affairs and devoted himself to literature. He boasted that he filled every day twelve sheets of paper, each page containing thirty lines. He died in 1649.]

Now past for me are April's maddening hours,
Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth;
A spring so utterly devoid of truth,
Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.
Gone, too, for me, is summer's sultry time,
When idly, reasonless, I sowed those seeds
Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds,
With gaudy colors, poisoning as they climb.
And well I fancy that they both are flown,
And that beyond their tyrant reach I'm placed;
But yet I know not if I yet must taste
Their vain attacks; my thoughts still make me own,
That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,
When feelings sober not as years pass by.

Translated by ADAMSON.

NIGHT OF MARVELS.

[**Violante do Ceo,** who has been called the Tenth Muse of Portugal, was born at Lisbon, in 1601. At the age of eighteen she wrote a comedy in verse. She is said to have been a good singer and performer on the harp. Afterwards she devoted herself to a religious life, and entered a cloister. She lived to the age of ninety-two, dying in 1693.]

In such a marvellous night, so fair,
And full of wonder strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare,
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

FIRST.

I saw the trembling fire look wan.

SECOND.

I saw the sun shed tears of blood.

THIRD.

I saw a God become a man.

FOURTH.

I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels! at the thought,
The bosom's awe and reverence move.
But who such prodigies has wrought?
What gave such wonders birth? 'Twas love!

What called from heaven that flame divine
Which streams in glory from above;
And bid it o'er earth's bosom shine,
And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bid the glorious sun arrest
His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
In tears,—the saddest, loneliest,
Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

Who raised the human race so high,
E'en to the starry seats above,
That, for our mortal progeny,
A man became a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day to night;
And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

Yes! love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all,—beneath, above;
And earth and heaven shall shout, as one,
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud:
The trembling fire that looked so wan,—
The weeping sun behind the cloud,—
A God—a God—become a man!—
A mortal man become a God!

Translated by BOWRING.

MAJOR FRANCES.

[**Mrs. A. L. G. Bosboom-Toussaint,** who is universally acknowledged as the sun of modern Dutch novelistic literature, was born about 1812, at Alkmaar, a little town in the province of North Holland, noted for its cheese-market.

Mrs. Bosboom-Toussaint is the daughter of a chemist. A great part of her youth was passed in Harlingen, and she early showed a love of literature. Her first work, written while she was still very young, was *De Graaf van Devonshire* ("The Earl of Devonshire"), an historical novel, laid in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

This was followed by another novel called *The English in Rome.* She then published *Het Huis Lauernesse,* an historical novel of great merit, which she is universally acknowledged never to have surpassed, though she has written many historical novels since, all of which contain beauties of the highest order. The book made a sensation; her native city was proud of its child, and accorded to her its honorary citizenship.

In *Abondio II.,* a work less extensive than its predecessors, she proved herself able to portray other characters and other circumstances. Abondio II. is the incarnation of moral cowardice: he has not the courage to do those things which he thinks right himself, for fear of public opinion and of being called eccentric. She depicts, with marvellous talent, the many and great evils that result from such cowardice, a feeling so common among the lower classes or inferior minds. After this she returned to her old style. Her next production was *De Wonderdokter.*

The specimen of her writing which we give contains all the author's peculiarities, her merits and her faults. It has been needful to retrench the sentences, but even so they are long, and reflections have been omitted. The scene is thoroughly Dutch. The extract we make is from *Major Frances.*]

"That is Major Frances," said the driver, turning round to me.

"Major Frances!" I repeated, half angrily, half surprised. "Whom do you mean by that?"

"Well, the lady of the castle, so all the people of the village call her."

. . . . . .

The driver begged me to alight. I walked in front of him to find the right way; but, alas, we were at the end of a path at the extreme edge of the wood. Opposite to us were ploughed cornfields which were rather large, and from which we were separated by a half-dry ditch, in which heaps of dead leaves lay rotting, and all manner of marsh-plants were growing luxuriantly. There was not the least possibility of our reaching the other side from here, and even if we could, where should we be then? On the right hand spread nothing but heath, its undulations covered with firs and pines; on the left hand, also separated from us by dykes and ditches, lay fields sown with potatoes, whose soft, light-green foliage was peeping a few inches above the ground; behind us was the forest that we had already traversed without finding an outlet. I looked at my watch; it was about twelve o'clock, consequently the dinner-hour of the laborers who had business in the fields. No information was to be got; there remained nothing for it but to return the same way that we had come up to the toll-bar, and then to begin once more from the beginning. Suddenly we heard a peal of resounding laughter quite close to us, only the sound seemed to come somewhat from above. I looked up in the direction of the hilly heath. On the top of an overgrown hill stood the person who was enjoying our perplexity.

"Major Frances!" shouted the loud voice of my driver, making no attempt to hide his astonishment and annoyance.

It was she herself, Frances Mordaunt, who was mocking us. Really I had not anticipated such a reception.

As she stood there, some feet above me, but still pretty near, I had a good view of her; and I cannot say that this first glance reconciled me to this person who had already caused me so many disagreeable emotions.

Perhaps that was not her fault; but certainly she need not have equipped herself in such an odd way that we doubted

at first sight whether a man or woman stood before us. She had gathered up her riding-habit in a way that recalled Zouave trousers, and she had, besides, put over the tight jacket of her dress a wide cloak made of some long-haired material, which was doubtless very useful this sharp, cold spring day, but which, buttoned up to the throat, was not adapted to show off the beauty of her form if she was really well shaped. Her head was covered by a gray billycock hat with a soft downward bent brim; the blue or green veil ladies generally attach to their masculine headgear, and which would have given her a more womanly appearance, was absent. Instead, a bunch of cock's feathers was fastened negligently with a green ribbon, as if the person who wore the hat wished to imitate the wild huntsman of the fairy tale. Last, but not least, she had fastened on her hat by a red silk handkerchief tied under her chin. As far as this unattractive fancy costume made it possible to me to judge of her appearance, she seemed to be rather delicately built and slim than rough and manly—indeed, the whole person was the exact contrary of what I had dreamed. I had convinced myself that she would resemble Ristori in the character of Medea, have coal-black frizzled hair, and a face expressively lined. Of her hair I could see nothing, owing to the downward-bent brim of her hat; but, as far as I could judge by that part of her face which was not hidden by the ungraceful covering, she was fair and delicately shaped, with a fine Roman nose. Still, it needed more good-will than I possessed at that moment to be agreeably impressed by that face, screaming with laughter, and tied up in an ugly red silk toothache bandage. Her laugh sounded to my ears like a provocation, and made me yet more disinclined to give a proof of courteousness to a woman who had so evidently forgotten all feminine self-respect.

"Listen!" I cried. "Listen for a moment, you who rejoice so much at your neighbor's distress. You would do better to show us how we can pursue our road."

"There is no road to pursue here. He who enters this wood with any other purpose than to have a walk or a ride, does a stupid thing; that is all I can say."

"And you?"

"I?" she laughed again. "I sprang with my horse across the dry ditch yonder, between the shrubs—this was my way of getting on to the heath. Imitate me if you feel inclined, though I fear that with a carriage and horse you will not succeed. But where do you intend to go?"

"I intend to go to the mansion De Werve."

"To De Werve," she repeated; and now for the first time gave herself the trouble to descend the hill and approach me as nearly as she could, so that it was possible to converse with her. "What is your business at the castle, sir?" she inquired, in quite another manner than before, no longer in the tone of a somebody speaking to a nobody.

"To pay a visit to the General van Zwenken, and Freule Mordaunt, his granddaughter."

"The general is no longer in the habit of receiving visitors, and what you have to say to his grandchild you can address to me. I am Freule Mordaunt."

"I do not intend to beg for any hospitality. I only wish to call at your grandfather's, and to make his and your acquaintance, for I intend to stay a while in this neighborhood; and I remember that I am related on the maternal side with the family van Zwenken."

"Still worse, since at De Werve we do not specially suffer from family affection."

"I have heard this said before, but I am no Rozelaer. I am a van Zonshoven, Freule—Leopold van Zonshoven."

"And I have never heard that my grandfather lived in friendship with people of that name. But if you are no Rozelaer, your visit will do less harm; and as a curiosity that any member of the family cares for us, you may perhaps succeed with the general. But it is quite certain that you do not come on business?"

"I can only tell you that I shall assist you as far as possible in your endeavors to keep far from him any trouble or discomfort."

"That proves your good heart; but if such are your intentions, I hesitate to see in you a member of the family, for such behavior is totally contradictory to the family traditions."

"It may be; but you may safely call me cousin, for even in our family there are exceptions, and I hope to prove one of these."

"If that is the truth, you will be welcome at De Werve; but also as an exception, for as a rule we do not admit strangers."

"That is a great pity. I think it cannot be your wish to live in such isolation."

"It is just *my* wish," she interrupted, with a certain haughtiness. "My experience is already sufficiently wide to make me have no desire for company."

"So young, and already such a misanthrope—afraid of the world," I remarked.

"I am not so very young. I have turned twenty-six; and some of my years may safely be counted as double, just as for soldiers during war-time. You may speak to me as though I were a woman of forty. I have her experience of life. But tell me, what did you take me for at first sight—for an apparition of the wild huntsman?"

"An apparition! Certainly not; that is too ethereal. I thought you a sad reality, a forester who suffered from toothache."

She seemed piqued for a moment, her cheeks colored, and she bit her lips.

"That is rude," she said at last, and glanced at me with scintillating eyes.

"You wished me to be sincere, and assert you can endure it," was my rejoinder.

"You are right; and you will find that I have told you the truth. Stretch out your arm, cousin; there is my hand: I think we shall become good friends."

"That is my sincere desire, cousin; but do not be generous by halves. Allow me really to shake your hand, and not that coarse riding-glove."

"You are fastidious," she said, shaking her head, "but I will let you have your way. Here it is."

The next instant a fine white hand lay in mine, which I held a minute longer than was absolutely necessary. She did not seem to perceive it.

"But call me Frances; I shall call you Leo. The endless repetition of cousin is so tiresome," she said cordially.

"With the greatest pleasure;" and I again pressed the hand that now freed itself at once.

No, truly; she was not ugly, even when she had done all she could to make herself look as displeasing as possible. It is true her features were sharp and irregular, but not at all rough or coarse. There was an expression in her face of haughtiness and firmness, that spoke loudly of conscientious strength and independent character; but these qualities were at the same time far removed from vulgarity or sensuality. It was clear that she had struggled and suffered a good deal without greatly diminishing the liveliness and cheerfulness of her spirit. The large blue eyes expressed an open-heartedness which awoke confidence. That they could glisten with indignation, or glow with enthusiasm, I had already experienced.

. . . . . .

"Yes, general; I have already carried up the travelling-bag of Meneer van Zonshoven."

"Indeed! Have you brought a carpet-bag with you?" asked the general, smiling.

"Well, what shall I say to that, uncle? Was it very indiscreet of me to count on a few days' hospitality if I were well received?"

"Of course not—of course not, my boy!" he exclaimed cordially. "As far as I am concerned, a change will be very welcome to me, only try to be good friends with Frances."

"Freule has ordered me to show Meneer van Zonshoven his room," said the faithful Frits, to apologize for following us.

"That is just what I wished to tell you, Leo. Please excuse me for not going up with you myself." And he parted from me as we reached the great hall.

Frits turned to the left, went up the large oakenwood stairs that led to the first landing of the left wing, and conducted me just into that part which had given me the impression of not being in a very habitable state. Nevertheless it was an apparently well-furnished room that Frits opened for me, in which, before all else, a large, old-fashioned bedstead, with red-silk hangings, attracted my attention. For the rest, I had to grow accustomed to the darkness that reigned here before I could distinguish in what style it was papered, because, from habit, they had only half-opened one of the shutters, although there were three large windows. Frits asked me if I had any orders to give. I directed his attention to this matter, and begged him to let me have more light. He did not

stir, but stood as if he had swallowed a stick. Then he said:

"Sir, Freule ordered that the shutters should remain shut, else the light would be too bright; for there are no blinds."

"O, never mind; open them all the same."

"Yes, but also on account of the draught; you see, as we never have guests, we have accidentally forgotten to mend them, and in fact, there is no glazier in the village."

I understood him, the number of window-panes was also rather large.

"Well, then, it is all right, Frits; I shall content myself with the light of that single window."

So speaking I dismissed the good man, whose fidelity to his master was evident by his reticence. The one shutter opened fully let in light enough, and the few broken window-panes were carefully covered with white paper, so that they could not let in much air. Now I saw that the walls were hung with tapestry, divided into squares, surrounded by gilt edges, while the wainscot and the woodwork above the door was also painted and gilt in the style of Louis XIV., but evidently executed by no master-hand; and since no care had been taken to secure it against damp and dirt, both had done the greatest possible damage; and so had the rats and mice, who had gnawed holes in the tapestry. It was the same thing with the furniture. The red-silk damask coverings, and the fringes and trimmings of a splendid couch, which was standing in a corner, had not only lost their original color, but were in several places so worn and torn that the horsehair showed through. Then, too, it stood on three legs; nor was there among all the high antique sculptured chairs—all equally swathed in red silk—one upon which I could have taken a seat in full confidence. On the other hand, a table with a marble top stood steadily on its three gilt bear-paws, as if it would defy you to move it; but the top itself was cracked in several places, and here and there large pieces of the mosaic ornament, that represented a star, had vanished.

In striking contrast to these splendid, but neglected, antiquities was a simple modern washstand, of gray-painted wood with light-green borders, that was certainly put, *à mon intention*, just under an oval rococo mirror; yet this had suffered too much from the influence of wet and damp to be fit for use. Fortunately I had a pocket-mirror in my bag, which served me for putting my hair and cravat in order before dinner, for I had heard that the general was very particular about appearances. Frances had warned me that a bell would be rung to announce dinner, and that I must be very punctual if I wished to avoid giving offence to the general and his aide-de-camp, the captain. I was ready in a few moments; nor did I need to inspect my room more carefully than I had already done, in order to recognize that the symbol of all De Werve was "decayed splendor." I did not a little enjoy the magnificent view that was to be seen from the single window that could be opened. Looking across the moat, now nearly a marsh, that surrounded the castle, there extended a splendid Guelderland landscape. On the right, at a little distance, stood the ruins of a very old castle, that I determined to visit one of these days. It boasted a heavy square tower, which was still habitable for crows and owls, who made great use of it. The arches, which had enclosed painted windows, were still intact, light and dark-colored ivy twined around them. It seemed to be a majestic ruin, which I should take care to keep in existence when my rights to De Werve were ascertained; for I could not cease to look upon all these fine possessions with the eyes of a future proprietor. In a certain sense I was so already, and nothing could prevent me from taking possession of it if—Frances were only willing. The dinner-bell rang; I hurried to obey the summons. I was very curious to see how Frances would look after having dressed herself for the evening, for I expected this, owing to the demands of the general. I should also see in it a good omen for myself, after our conversation in the morning.

The general had already taken his seat, and he pointed out to me a chair next to his at the oblong table, a piece of furniture that had certainly already seen service under the despotic government of my great-aunt Sophie, without having lost any of its solidity, and at which twenty persons could have found room, while we were only to be four. I thought of a *table d'hôte* with four guests. The captain, who was also present, took the seat opposite to me;

and Frances, who entered rather flurriedly, sat down next to him; and there, in truth, she was in the same washed-out violet jacket that she had put on instead of her riding-dress as soon as she came home. Her beautiful hair had been put up, with more speed than grace, in a silk net that hung down heavily under this rich burden. A discolored kerchief was fastened loosely round her neck, so as to hide its slim shape and whiteness; even a simple clean collar was lacking, to give to this neglected toilette an appearance of freshness. I certainly could not expect that she should adorn herself in that short space like a princess in a fairy ballet; but such utter negligence of dress seemed, in my opinion, to bode so little good, that after I had glanced at her for a minute I turned away my head with a look full of disappointment and discouragement. The naughty girl must have seen something of my disappointment; for she smiled maliciously, and fixed her large blue eyes on me, as if she would say, "Make yourself easy; I do not mind a bit what you think of me." For the rest, she fulfilled her duties as hostess with exemplary zeal and great dexterity. She served the soup, carved the meats, and even changed our plates—for Frits seemed to consider his duty done when he had brought in the courses. The two gentlemen, and I according to their example, had to submit to this arrangement, and so she had really enough to do. But you will say that a dinner for three persons, with an unexpected guest, and in the country, in a lonely castle, among people who acknowledge themselves *qu'ils sont pris au dépourvu*, and who, above all, are living *en gêne*, could not require so much waiting; and you would be right. I had thought just the same; but at De Werve everything goes as it should not go, or at least as people would not have expected that it would.

In fact, it was no more than their usual dinner; and yet there was an abundance and a variety of food, and an evident effort after dainty dishes, that would have allowed it to pass quite well for a dinner-party. We had, besides the soup, a roasted joint and choice preserved vegetables, "surrogate of the *primeurs*," as the captain expressed himself; then partridges in aspic, and a dish of *poulet au riz*, with which alone we could have managed quite well; and young cabbages with baked eels, of which the captain said playfully that they had only gone into his net for my sake. As *plat doux* we had a pudding with a wonderful sauce, in whose interest Frances was called into the kitchen; and, further, a complete dessert.

The different kinds of wine furnished by the captain, who acted as butler with really too much liberality and variety, completed the luxuries of the table. The wines were of the best brands, and our host, as well as his aide-de-camp, took care that I did not overlook this feature. With apparent gratification he pointed out to me the quality and date of each specimen; and although I did all I could not to appear too indifferent, and to excuse my moderation with the habits of abstinence to which I had been used since my youth; I saw plainly that my want of enthusiasm in this respect disappointed them a little.

But neither the crockery nor the table-linen was in keeping with the splendor of the courses. The first, of French china, dating from the same period as the furniture and the gold leathern tapestries, had evidently suffered a good deal from the rough hands of time and servants, and was not only cracked and riveted and incomplete, but whatever was lacking had been supplied by ordinary ware, which enhanced the splendor, but, alas, also emphasized the deficiencies of the other. The large damask table-cloth, that represented the marriage of a Spanish infanta, had certainly been in use as long as the china. It was exceedingly fine, but worn, and had not always been mended with good results. As regards the silver, certain signs exchanged by Frances and the gentlemen, and the speed with which she sent the forks and spoons into the kitchen and ordered them back, showed me that the dozen was far from complete. On the other hand, there was an abundance of beautiful glass, to which the captain directed my attention lest I should overlook this feature, adding, however,

"I do not attach great value to such things. Many a day in the campaign I have drunk beer out of a milk-measure, and champagne out of tea-cups; and I did not enjoy it the less for that."

"Provided that the cups were not too small," interrupted Frances.

"But the general," continued Rolf, without noticing the remark—"the gen-

eral is so fond of beautiful things that he would prefer not to drink Yquem if it were poured into a sixpenny glass; and while our major (I mean Freule, the commander-in-chief) always manifests the greatest indifference in this respect, I have charged myself, once and forever, with the care of the general's wine-cellar."

I could do nothing else than compliment him upon his zeal; but at times there was something in his manner of giving the general his title that did not please me—a tone of sarcasm calculated to offend the old man, although he did not seem to feel the pin-prick. He was thus, in a way, reminded of the inferiority of his means to his rank, which probably roused the jealousy of his former companion-in-arms. Any other person would have risen from his chair with indignation, or have revenged himself by a sharp repartee; but it seemed that van Zwenken lacked moral courage, or that he inclined his head to the blow from a desire for rest.

Frances felt more deeply, and was not willing to be so patient. In her vehement way she did not fail to retaliate.

"Fie, captain!" she interrupted. "You should not proclaim so loudly that you act as quartermaster here. Are you afraid lest Meneer van Zonshoven will not observe how great are your merits? But, you see, if every one in this house would follow my *régime*, and content himself with our crystal-clear spring-water, your zeal and care for the wine-cellar would be perfectly superfluous."

I had noticed that she drank nothing but water.

. . . . . .

I left the captain sitting with the cognac-bottle before him. He said he needed this spirit to guard against the chill caused by eating fruit. I looked for a moment at the general, who evinced vocal proof that he was enjoying profound rest; and then walked as softly as I could towards Frances, trying to make my cigar invisible.

She raised herself from the sofa, evidently a little troubled at being taken by surprise in a disconsolate mood; but she composed herself almost immediately.

"You can safely continue smoking, cousin, if you wish to have a talk with me," she said, and at the same time she tried to smile.

"I am not in the habit of smoking in the presence of ladies."

"Nonsense! I am not so fastidious; you know that quite well. Shall I make you some coffee? The people yonder do not take any; they continue smoking and drinking till—"

I interrupted her with,

"I want nothing else but to talk confidentially with you for a quarter of an hour. Will you grant me that favor?"

"Certainly; it will give me great pleasure. Take that easy-chair and sit down opposite to me; that is the best position for a talk."

I did as she bade, and she continued,

"Tell me, first of all, do you now understand why I do not like receiving company?"

"Perhaps. I venture to suppose that you wish to simplify the way of living, and that the gentlemen do not approve of it. Consequently you wish to avoid the expense occasioned by receiving guests."

"I shall never let you guess again. After my grandfather had asked for his pension, and we took up our abode here at De Werve, it was urgently necessary to live more economically. Before then we had lived stylishly. His rank required that he, the commandant of a small fortified town, should receive all the dignitaries, as well as all his own lieutenants; and then (let me acknowledge it) we had both got into the habit of living in abundance, and of being hospitable; and consequently we nearly always had an open table, and there was always enough for some unexpected guests. Owing to different events, but most of all to painful family circumstances, our fortune within the last few years has shrunk so visibly that it was not possible to continue living in the same way. At that time grandpapa saw things as I did. To live less stylishly, and still remain in active service, was impossible; but here in the country we could do just as we liked. We did not want to see company, and we severed ourselves at one stroke from all parasites; and although it was a perilous experiment to go and live in a castle like this, with one man and one maid-servant, we resolved to do so. We further resolved to take only two or three rooms into use, as I did not mind doing a great deal of the work myself. Activity was a necessity to me. I counted on the kitchen-garden, the orchard, and the farmyard, that in those days still belonged to De

Werve, to provide all our wants; and I secretly hoped that, living thus economically, I should be able to lay by some money, and one day to raise this castle from its state of decay.

"At first everything went tolerably well; we came in the summer-time; we both wanted rest badly; the splendid and varied scenery enticed us to ride and drive out; all combined to make us enjoy the solitude. But, alas, the autumn came, with its cold days and long evenings, when the general, suffering from rheumatism, could not mount his horse. Then weariness overmastered him like a plague, that I tried in vain to banish by music and reading. He was not fond of music, and he did not care for reading. He does not even like to see a book in the hands of those who surround him, except it be an illustrated book, such as are fit for a drawing-room table. When we had read the newspaper we had nothing more to say. Every evening we played some games at dominoes and *piquet à deux*. I could hardly do it any longer; but he never found it enough. There was no one here with whom we could converse. Those who are considered the great people are rough and uncultured, and above all belong to the burgomaster's party; the clergyman is not a man of our sort; and that which is called an interesting conversation is not to grandpapa's taste, although he always was *par excellence* the man for social life in a large circle. Now he missed all that he was used to, got fidgety and sad, began to languish, and was less and less satisfied with the simple way of living which I had instituted. I could hardly bear to see him so cast down without having the means of helping him. At that time one of his former comrades, who had also retired on his pension, but for the purpose of living comfortably upon his means, and enjoying life, invited grandpapa to spend some time with him. It would be a nice change, and he could thus breathe without trouble in an atmosphere more to his taste. This captain had taken a house at Arnhem, and lived splendidly, a member of the circle that gave the tone to the society of the town. Grandpapa felt quite at his ease there, and stayed the three winter months."

"And you?"

"I stayed at home; no question about that."

The captain had already arranged the cardtable, and rang for Frits, to take away the tea-things. We took our seats, and the general fixed the price of the counters tolerably high, I thought.

It was as though the old man underwent a metamorphosis when he held the cards in his hands. His dull sleepy eyes glistened with intelligence and sparkled with enthusiasm. Every limb moved; the tips of his fingers trembled, yet still they held the cards firmly, and he inspected them with an eagle eye, to calculate with mathematical certitude what was lacking in ours. His pale cheeks flushed a deep red, his nostrils expanded or contracted according to the chances of the game, and the melancholy man, who usually sat with his head bowed down as though overburdened, was of a sudden seized by a spirit of audacity, of rashness, of foolhardiness, that not rarely procured him splendid successes, and reminded me of the saying, "Good luck is with the rash man." It is with the audacious player.

I put down my money on the table, and pitied the old man who played for the sake of money.

NIGHT.

[**Joseph Blanco White,** an English writer of poetry and prose, was born in Spain in 1775, and died in 1841. He became editor of *The London Review*, and wrote many books, among which *Letters from Spain* (1822), *Evidence against Catholicism* (1825), and his *Life and Correspondence*, edited by J. H. Thom (1845), are the most notable.

The sonnet which follows drew from Coleridge the extraordinary praise of "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language;" and Leigh Hunt says of it, "It stands supreme, nor can we ponder it too deeply."]

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

THE ROSES.

I saw them once blowing,
Whilst morning was glowing;
But now are their withered leaves strewed o'er the ground,
For tempests to play on,—
For cold worms to prey on,—
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds, which then flourished,
With dew-drops were nourished,
Which turned into pearls as they fell from on high;
Their hues are now banished
Their fragrance all vanished,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay,
And smiling and gladness,
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reached its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances
And Melody's glances
Are rays of a moment,—are dying when born:
And Pleasure's best dower
Is naught but a flower,—
A vanishing dew-drop,—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded,
Our strength disappears,—we are helpless and lone:
No reason avails us,
And intellect fails us,
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

WILLEM BILDERDIJK.
Transl. in Westminster Review.

INTRODUCTION TO A HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

[Da Costa belongs to the school of Bilderdijk. A writer in the *Westminster Review* (Vol. X., p. 43) says of this poet:—"His productions have none of the ordinary defects of those of his master,—they are all smooth and polished, without those irregularities which so often destroy the charm of Bilderdijk's compositions. Da Costa, full of the pride of his Jewish ancestry, was some years ago converted to the Christian faith. Intense emotions,—profound and anxious studies,—the struggles of doubts and fears,—produced a state of mind which then often gave vent to its mingled emotions in language wonderfully eloquent and harmonious."

When Homer fills his fierce war-trump of glory,
And wakes his mighty lyre's harmonious word,
Whose soul but thrills enraptured at the story,
As thrilled old Ilium's ruins, when they heard?

Mæonian Swan! that shakes the soul, when loudly
Rushing,—or melts the heart in strains sublime;
Strong as the arm of Hector, lifted proudly,—
Sweet as his widow's tears, in watching-time!

Though still thy strains song's glorious crown inherit,
Though age to age kneel lowly at thy shrine,
Yet, (O, forgive me,—venerable spirit!)
Thou leav'st a void within this heart of mine.

My country is the land of sunbeams—Heaven
Gave me no cradle in the lukewarm West;
The glow of Libyan sands by hot winds driven
Is like the thirst of song within my breast.

What is this fray to me,—these battle-noises
Of mortals led by weak divinities?
I must hear higher notes and holier voices,—
Not the mere clods of beauteous things, like these.

What are these perished vanities ideal
Of thee,—old Grecian bard,—and following throng?
Heaven, heaven, must wake the rapturous and the real,
The sanctified, the sacred soul of song.

Can they do this, the famed Hellenic teachers,
Or Northern bards? O, no! 'tis not for them;
'Tis for the inspired, the God-anointed preachers,—
The holy prophets of Jerusalem!

O privileged race! sprung forth from chosen fathers,—
The son of Jesse, and his fragrant name!
Within my veins thy holy life-blood gathers,
And tracks the sacred source from whence it came.

Angelic Monarch's son! the great Proclaimer,
The great Interpreter of God's decree!
Herald, at once, of wrath, and the Redeemer!
Announcing hopes,—announcing agony!

The seraphs sing their "Holy, holy, holy,"
Greeting the Godhead on his awful throne;
And earth repeats heaven's song—though far and lowly,
Poured, 'midst the brightness of the dazzling One,

By safety-girded angels. Hallowed singers!
Yours is the spirit's spiritual melody;
Touch now the sacred lyre with mortal fingers,—
Aspirers! earth is gazing tremblingly.

My heart springs up,—its earthly bonds would sever,
Upon the pulses of that hymn to mount;
My lips are damp with the pale blights of fever
And my hot blood grows stagnant at its fount.

My father! give me breath, and thought, and power!
My heart shall heave with your pure, hallowed words;
Hear! if ye hear, the loud-voiced psalm shall shower
From east to west its vibrating accords.

Inspire! if ye inspire, the glad earth, reeling,
With rapture, shall God's glory echo round;
And God-deniers, low in ashes kneeling,
Blend their subjected voices in the sound.

O, if my tongue can sing the Lord of ages,
The Ruler, the Almighty, King of kings;
He who the flaming seraphim engages,
His watchers,—while he makes the clouds his wings!

Spread, spread your pinions,—spread your loftiest pinions,
Spirit of song, for me—for me!—in vain
To the low wretchedness of earth's dominions
I seek your heavenly, upward course to rein!

Wake, lyre! break forth, ye strings!—let rapture's current
Soar, swell, surprise, gush, glow!—thou heart, be riven!
Pour, pour, the impassioned, overflowing torrent,
The hymns are hymns of heaven!

ZADIG; OR THE BOOK OF FATE.

BY M. DE VOLTAIRE.[1]

CHAPTER I.

The Blind of One Eye.

There lived at Babylon, in the reign of King Moabdar, a man named Zadig. He was endowed by nature with an uncommon genius, and his parents, who were persons of rank, took care to cultivate it with an excellent education. Though rich and young, he knew how to moderate his passions; he had nothing in him affected; he disdained the ostentation of wisdom, and knew how to pity the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. Every one was surprised to find that, though he had such a fund of wit, he never exposed, by his raillery, those impertinent and seditious discourses, those rash slanders, those ignorant decisions, those rude jests, and that vain sound of words which, in Babylon, went by the name of polite conversation. He had learned, in the first book of Zoroaster, that self-love is a bladder swelled with wind, from whence tempests proceed whenever it is pierced. In particular, he never boasted of his conquests among the fair sex, and of his bringing them into subjection. He was too generous to be afraid of conferring obligations on the ungrateful, following this great precept of Zoroaster—*When thou eatest, give to the dogs, though they should growl at thee.* He was as wise as it was possible, for he sought not the

[1] See Vol. V., page 256.

company of any but such as were famous for their wisdom. He was acquainted with the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans; was not ignorant of such physical principles of nature as were then discovered; and knew as much of metaphysics as has ever yet been known; that is to say, little or nothing of the matter. He was firmly persuaded, in spite of the philosophy of his time, that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and a half, and that the sun was situated in the centre of the earth: but when the chief magi told him, with an insulting haughtiness, that he entertained heretical sentiments, and was an enemy to the state, for believing that the sun turned about its own axis, and that the year consisted of twelve months, he was wise enough to avoid the appearance of anger or contempt.

As Zadig possessed great riches, and had consequently many friends, and as he had also an excellent constitution, an amiable figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart sincere and noble, he imagined that he might be happy. He therefore determined to marry a gay young lady, named Semira, whose beauty, birth, and fortune rendered her the most desirable person in Babylon. He had a solid and virtuous affection for this lady, and she loved him with the most passionate tenderness. A short time before their intended union, as they were walking together near one of the gates of Babylon, under a row of palm-trees on the banks of the Euphrates, they saw a band of men armed with sabres, bows and arrows, approaching towards them. These were the attendants of young Orcan, nephew to a minister of state, whom the concubines of his uncle had persuaded might commit, with impunity, whatever crimes he pleased. Although he had none of the internal accomplishments of Zadig, yet he imagined himself to be greatly his superior, and was therefore enraged at not being preferred before him. This jealousy, which arose merely from his vanity, induced him to believe that he loved Semira to distraction, fired with which notion, he determined to carry her away by force. The ruffians rudely seized her; and, in the heat of the encounter, drew the blood of a beauty the sight of whose charms would have moved to pity even the tigers of Mount Emaus. The injured lady pierced the heavens with her cries, exclaiming: "O, my husband! my dear husband! They force me from the arms of him whom alone I adore!" She regarded not her own danger: her thoughts were wholly engrossed by her fears for her dearly beloved Zadig. In the meantime, he defended himself with all the strength and resolution which love and valor usually inspire. Assisted only by two slaves, he put the villains to flight, and carried home Semira, senseless and bloody as she was. The moment she came to herself, she fixed her lovely eyes on her deliverer. "O Zadig," said she, "I not only love thee as my husband, but as him to whom I owe my life; and what to me is far dearer, the preservation of my honor." Never was a heart more enflamed than Semira's; never did such ravishing lips express sentiments so kind and tender: her words were of fire; they were inspired by gratitude for the greatest of all benefits, and the warmest transports of a lawful affection. Her wounds were slight, and were quickly healed. Zadig was wounded in a more dangerous manner; he was struck by an arrow near his left eye. Semira incessantly addressed the gods for the cure of her lover; her cheeks were night and day bathed in tears, and she waited with impatience for the happy moment when the eyes of Zadig should behold her anxiety. But, alas! the wounded eye became so swelled and inflamed, that his friends were in the greatest concern for his sight. They sent even to Memphis, for the great physician Hermes, who immediately attended his patient with a numerous retinue. On his first visit, he declared that Zadig would lose his eye, and predicted the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. "If it had been the right eye," said he, "I could have healed it; but the wounds of the left are incurable." All Babylon, while they lamented the destiny of Zadig, admired the wisdom of Hermes. Two days after, the abscess burst of itself, and Zadig, in a short time, was perfectly recovered. Hermes then wrote a very elaborate treatise, to prove that he ought not to have been cured, which Zadig, however, did not think worth his perusal; but, as soon as he could go abroad, prepared to visit her on whom he founded his hopes of happiness, and for whose sake alone he had wished the restoration of his sight. Semira, he found, had been three days in the country; and he was at the same time

informed that, as this beautiful creature had publicly declared an insuperable aversion to one-eyed men, she was that very night to be wedded to Orcan. At this unexpected ill.news, poor Zadig fell senseless on the earth, and was so greatly affected with his disappointment, that it threw him into a violent illness, which lasted some months. At length reason prevailed over his affliction, and the reflection of the guilt he had experienced in her, served to give him consolation.

"Since I have suffered," said he, "the effects of such cruel caprice, from a woman educated at court, I will now wed the daughter of some substantial citizen." Accordingly, he made choice of Azora, a young lady of genteel education, an excellent economist, and descended from parents the most respectable. Shortly after, they were married, and lived for a whole month in all the delights of the most tender union. But he soon began to perceive that Azora possessed some small degree of levity, and had a strong propensity to believe that those young men who had the most agreeable persons were always the most virtuous and witty.

CHAPTER II.

The Nose.

Azora had been one day walking, when she returned filled with rage, and uttering loud exclamations. "Why, O my dear wife! are you afflicted?" said he. "Who has been able thus to disturb you?"—"Alas!" said she, "you would have been equally enraged, had you seen what I have just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who has been these two days erecting a monument to the memory of her deceased husband, near the rivulet which runs by the side of this meadow. In the height of her grief, she made a solemn vow to stay at his tomb as long as the rivulet kept its course."—"Well," said Zadig, "this woman is worthy of esteem; she loved her husband with perfect sincerity."—"Ah!" replied Azora, "did you know how she was employed, when I went to visit her, you would not say so."—"How was it, lovely Azora?" said he; "was she turning the stream of the rivulet?" Azora answered by long invectives; and uttered such bitter reproaches against the young widow, that Zadig was disgusted at her ostentation of virtue.

Zadig had an intimate friend named Cador, whose wife was perfectly virtuous and actually preferred her husband to all the world besides: this friend Zadig made his confidant, and secured his fidelity by a considerable present.

Azora had been two days in the country, visiting one of her friends: at her return home, on the third, she was informed by her domestics, who were all in tears, that Zadig died suddenly the night before; that they had not dared to carry her this fatal news; and that they had just buried him in the tomb of his fathers, at the end of the garden. She burst into a flood of tears, tore her hair, and vowed that she would immediately follow him. In the evening Cador came, and begged to be permitted to condole with her; and they both joined their lamentations. The next day they wept less, and dined together; when Cador informed her that Zadig had left him the greatest part of his wealth, and gave her to understand that his happiness depended on her sharing his fortune. The lady again burst into tears; grew angry; and became reconciled. They sat longer at supper than they had done at dinner, and talked together with greater confidence. Azora was lavish in her encomiums on the deceased; but at the same time observed that he had faults from which Cador was exempt. In the midst of their entertainment, Cador suddenly complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, afflicted, and eager to serve him, ordered the essences of flowers and drugs to be brought; and with these she anointed him, to try if any of them would assuage his anguish: she was much concerned that the great Hermes was not still in Babylon, and condescended to lay her warm hand on the part affected. "Are you subject to this tormenting malady?" said she, in a soft, compassionate tone. "Sometimes," said Cador, "I am so violently affected with it, that it brings me to the very brink of the grave: nor is there but a single remedy which can give me ease, and that is, to apply to my side the nose of a man lately dead."—"This is a strange remedy!" said Azora. "Not more strange," replied he, "than the satchels of the great Arnou[1] against the apoplexy."

[1] There was at this time in Babylon, a famous doctor, named Arnou, who (in the Gazettes) cured apoplectic fits, and prevented them from affecting his patients, by hanging a little bag about their necks.

This reason, added to the person and merit of the young man, at last determined her in his favor. "After all," said she, "when my husband passes the bridge Tchimavar, the angel Asrail will not stop his passage, though his nose be somewhat shorter in the next life than it was in this." She then took a razor, went to the tomb of her husband, bedewed it with her tears, and approached to cut off his nose, as he lay extended in his coffin. Zadig mounted in a moment, holding his nose with one hand, and putting back the instrument with the other. "Azora," said he, "do not so loudly exclaim against the widow Cosrou; the project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning a rivulet."

CHAPTER III.

The Dog and the Horse.

Zadig found by experience, that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zind, is the moon of honey; but that the second is the moon of wormwood. In short, he was some time after obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too hard to be pleased, and seek for happiness in the study of nature. "None," said he, "can enjoy greater felicity than the philosopher, who judiciously peruses that spacious book which God has placed before his eyes. The truths he discovers become useful to himself: he nourishes and exalts his soul; lives in tranquility; fears nothing from men; and has no tender spouse to cut off his nose."

Filled with these ideas, he retired to a house in the country that stood on the banks of the Euphrates. He did not there employ himself in calculating how many drops of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge; or if there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouse, more than in the month of the Sheep. He formed no projects for making silk gloves and stockings with the webs of spiders, nor china-ware out of broken glass bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of animals and plants; and was very soon, by his strict and repeated inquiries, enabled to discover a thousand variations in visible objects, that others, less curious, imagined all alike.

As he was one day walking by the side of a thicket, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs approaching towards him, followed by many officers, who appeared under the greatest perplexity, running here and there like persons almost distracted, and seeking with impatience something extremely precious. "Young man," said the first eunuch, "have you seen the queen's dog?" Zadig coolly replied, "You mean, I presume, her bitch?"—"You are in the right, sir!" returned the eunuch; "it is a spaniel-bitch, indeed!"—"And very small," said Zadig. "She has lately whelped, she limps on the left-foot before, and has very long ears."—"You have then seen her?" said the eunuch, quite out of breath. "No," answered Zadig, "I have never seen her; nor do I know, but by you, that the queen had such a bitch."

Just at this time, by one of the ordinary caprices of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stables had escaped from the groom, and got upon the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, and all the inferior officers, ran after him with as much concern as the first eunuch after the bitch. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked, if he had not seen the king's horse run by. "No horse," replied Zadig, "is a better runner; he is five feet high; his hoofs are very small; his tail is about three feet and a half long; the studs of his bit are of pure gold, about twenty-three carats; and his shoes are silver."—"Which way did he run? where is he?" demanded the huntsman. "I have never seen him," replied Zadig; "nor did I till now ever hear that the king had such a horse."

The principal huntsman and the first eunuch, not doubting but that Zadig had stole the king's horse and the queen's bitch, immediately caused him to be conducted before the grand desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to be confined for life in some remote part of Siberia. Scarce was the sentence passed, when the horse and bitch were found. The judges were then under the disagreeable necessity of reversing their decision; but they condemned him to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to deposit in court: after which he was allowed to plead his cause before the council of the grand desterham; when he spoke in these terms:—

"Ye bright stars of justice, profound abyss of sciences, mirrors of truth! who

have in you the weight of lead, the inflexibility of steel, the lustre of the diamond, and the resemblance of the purest gold! since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear by Orosmades, that I have never seen the queen's illustrious dog, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. I will, however, be ingenuous enough to declare the truth, and nothing but the truth. As I was walking by the side of the thicket, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious huntsman, I saw on the sand the traces of an animal, and easily judged they were those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on small eminences of sand, between the marks of the paws, made me know that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that she had therefore lately whelped. As I observed, likewise, other traces of a different kind, which seemed to have grazed the surface of the sand, on the sides of the marks of the fore feet, I easily judged that she had very long ears. And as I remarked, that there was a fainter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the three others, I concluded that the bitch of our august queen was, if I may be permitted so to say, a little lame.

"With respect to the horse of the king of kings, give me leave to inform you, that as I was walking down the lane by the thicket-side, I took particular notice of the prints made upon the sand by a horse's shoes, and found they were all at equal distances; from which observation I concluded the horse galloped well. The dust on the trees, in a straight road, seven feet wide, was brushed off a little both on the right and the left, at three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which, by its being whisked to the right and the left, swept away the dust. Again, I perceived under the trees, which formed a kind of arbor five feet high, that the leaves were newly fallen, and was sensible the horse must have shook them off; I therefore judged him to be somewhat more than five feet high. As to the bits of his bridle, I knew they must be of gold of twenty-three carats, for he rubbed the studs against a certain stone which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried. To conclude, I have judged, by the marks which his shoes left on flints of a different kind, that he was shod with silver."

All the judges were astonished at the profound and subtle discernment of Zadig. The news reached even the king and queen. Nothing was spoke of but Zadig, in the ante-chambers, in the chambers, and in the cabinet; and though many of the magi were of opinion he ought to be burnt as a sorcerer, the king ordered that the four hundred ounces of gold he had been obliged to pay, should be restored to him again. The register and other officers then went to his house with great formality, to carry him his four hundred ounces: they kept back only three hundred, fourscore, and eighteen, for the expenses of justice; and their servants demanded their fees.

Zadig saw how dangerous it sometimes is to appear too wise; and he firmly resolved, in future, to set a watch before the door of his lips.

An opportunity soon offered for the trial of his resolution. A prisoner of state having made his escape, passed under his window. Zadig was examined, but made no answer; however, as it was proved that he had looked at him from his window, he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold for this crime; and, according to the custom of Babylon, thank the judges for their indulgence. "Good God!" said he to himself, "what a misfortune is this to walk near a wood through which the queen's dog and the king's horse have passed! how dangerous it is to look out of a window! and, in a word, how difficult for a man to be truly happy in this life!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Envious Man.

As Zadig had met with such a series of misfortunes he resolved to comfort himself by the study of philosophy and the conversation of select friends. He had in the suburbs of Babylon a house adorned with much taste, where he assembled all the arts and all the pleasures worthy the attention of a good man. In the morning his library was open to the learned; in the evening his table was surrounded by good company; but he soon found the danger there is in conversing with the sons of science. There arose a great dispute on one of the laws of Zoroaster, which forbids the eating of griffins. "How should

he prohibit our eating a griffin," said one of the company, "if this animal has no existence?" "It must necessarily exist," said the others, "since Zoroaster will not allow it to be eaten." Zadig strove to make them agree by saying: "If, gentlemen, there are griffins, let us not eat them; if there are no such things, we cannot eat them; and thus we shall all obey Zoroaster."

A learned man, who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, hasted to accuse Zadig before one of the principal magi, named Yebor, the most foolish, and the greatest bigot of all the Chaldeans. This man would have impaled Zadig to do honor to the sun, and when he had done it, would have recited the breviary of Zoroaster with greater satisfaction. His friend, Cador (a friend of more value than a hundred magi), went to old Yebor, and said to him: "Long live the sun and the griffins! take care of punishing Zadig, for he is a saint; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them: and his accuser is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet and are not unclean." "Well," said Yebor, shaking his bald pate, "we must impale Zadig for having spoken disrespectfully of griffins, and the other for having spoken contemptuously of rabbits." Cador, however, put a stop to the affair by means of a maid of honor, by whom he had a child, and who had great credit in the college of the magi, so that nobody was punished; whereupon many of the doctors murmured, and presaged the ruin of Babylon. Zadig said to himself: "On what does happiness depend? I am persecuted by everything in this world, even on account of beings that have no existence." He cursed the sons of learning, and for the future resolved to keep none but good company. He now assembled at his house the most worthy men in Babylon, and ladies of the greatest beauty; he gave them delicate suppers, frequently preceded by concerts of music, and always animated by the most engaging conversation, in which he carefully avoided the desire of appearing witty, well knowing that to be a sure method of defeating its own end, as well as of spoiling the most agreeable company. Neither the choice of his friends nor that of his provisions were the result of pride or ostentation. He delighted in appearing what he was, and not in seeming what he was not; by which means he obtained a far more respectable character than that which he actually aimed at.

Opposite to his house dwelt Arimazes, a person puffed up with pride, who, having never been able to obtain so much success in life as he wished for, sought to revenge himself by railing against all mankind. Although he was rich, he found it difficult to procure flatterers. He was greatly provoked at the rattling of the chariots which approached the door of Zadig; but was still more aggravated by the sound of his praises. He sometimes intruded himself so far as to sit down at Zadig's table without any invitation, and when there he constantly interrupted the mirth of the company, as harpies are said to corrupt all the provisions they touch.

Arimazes one day intended to give an entertainment to a young lady, but instead of accepting it she went to sup at Zadig's. Another time, as Zadig and he were conversing together in the palace, a minister of state came up and invited Zadig to supper, but took no notice of Arimazes. The most implacable hatred has seldom a more solid foundation. This person, who in Babylon was called the Envious Man, resolved to ruin Zadig, because he was usually distinguished by the appellation of the Happy Man. An opportunity of doing mischief is found an hundred times in a day, but that of doing good only once in a year, as says the wise Zoroaster.

Arimazes went one day to see Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he said abundance of fine things, without any other intention than the innocent pleasure of saying them. The conversation turned on a war the king had just happily concluded against the prince of Hircania, his vassal. Zadig, who had signalized his courage in this short struggle, bestowed great praises on the king, but was still more lavish in his compliments to the lady; and taking out his pocket-book, instantly wrote four lines, which he gave her to look at. His friends then begged to see them; but modesty, or rather a just degree of self-love, prevented him; for he knew that extempore verses are seldom good, except in the opinion of those in honor of whom they are written. He therefore broke in two the tablet on which he had been writing, and threw both pieces into a thicket

of roses, where his friends sought for them in vain. A small rain falling presently after, all the company, except Arimazes, returned to the house. He, however, continued in the garden, and sought till he found a piece of the tablet. It had been unfortunately torn in such a manner that each half of a line formed a complete sense, and even a verse in a very short measure; and by a chance still more strange, the lines were found to contain most injurious reproaches against the king. They ran thus:

"By crimes of blackest dye
He's of the throne possess'd;
To peace and liberty
The enemy profess'd."

Arimazes was now happy for the first time in his life, since he had in his hands the means of destroying one who was worthy and virtuous. Filled with a cruel joy, he produced the broken tablet which contained this virulent satire before the king, who ordered Zadig to be imprisoned, together with the lady and his two friends. His trial was soon over, without his being suffered to speak for himself. When he came to receive his sentence the envious man threw himself in his way, and told him aloud that his verses were of no value. Zadig was but little displeased at being thought a bad poet, but he could not bear the reflection of being condemned for high treason, and considering that a beautiful lady and two of his friends were detained in prison for a crime of which they were entirely innocent. He was not permitted to speak, because his writing spoke; such were the laws of Babylon. They obliged him, therefore, to go to punishment through a crowd of spectators, brought together by their curiosity, none of whom durst appear to pity him; they threw themselves before him to examine his countenance, and to see if he acted with a becoming fortitude. His relations were, indeed, the only real mourners, for they could not inherit his estate. Three parts of his substance were confiscated to the king's use, and the other was given to Arimazes.

Just as Zadig was preparing himself for death, the king's parrot flew from her cage, and alighted on a rose-bush in the garden of Zadig. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighboring tree, and was fallen on a piece of the tablet, to which it stuck, when the bird carried it away, and alighted on the monarch's knee. The king, seized with curiosity, read the words on the broken tablet, which formed not any meaning, but appeared to be the endings of a verse. He was a great admirer of poetry, and there is always some relief to be expected when a prince is a friend to the muses; the adventure of his parrot made him thoughtful. The queen, who perfectly well remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket-book, ordered that part to be brought. They examined the two pieces together, which perfectly fitted each other, and then read the verse as Zadig had wrote it:

"By crimes of blackest dye I've seen the earth made hell;
He's of the throne possess'd who all their power can quell.
To peace and liberty love's now the only foe,
The enemy profess'd of mortals here below.

Upon this the king ordered Zadig to be instantly brought before him, and his two friends and the lady to be immediately released from their confinement. Zadig prostrated himself with his face to the earth before the king and queen, and most humbly begged pardon for having made an ill verse. He spoke, indeed, with such a becoming grace, and with so much modesty and good sense, that the king and queen desired to see him again, when they gave him all the wealth of Arimazes, by whom he had been so unjustly accused, but Zadig generously restored him back the whole of his fortune. Arimazes, however, felt no other sensation than the pleasure which arose from his not having lost his substance. The king's esteem for Zadig increased from day to day; he made him share in all his pleasures, and consulted him in all his affairs. The queen from that time showed him so much respect, and spoke to him in such soft and endearing terms that it seemed to threaten much danger to herself, her royal consort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom. Zadig now began to believe that the attainment of happiness was not so difficult as he had formerly imagined.

CHAPTER V.

The Force of Generosity.

The time now arrived for celebrating a great feast, held once in five years. It was a custom in Babylon solemnly to declare, at the end of this period, which of the citizens had done the most generous action.

The grandees and magi always sat as judges on this occasion, and the first satrape, who had the care of the city, made known the most noble actions that had passed under his government. They proceeded by votes, and the king himself pronounced the judgment. Persons of all ranks and degrees came to this solemnity from the most remote parts of the kingdom. The successful person received from the hands of the monarch a gold cup, adorned with precious stones; and the king said these words: "Receive this reward of your generosity; and may the gods grant me many thousands of such valuable subjects!"

On this memorable day, when the king appeared on his throne, surrounded by his grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the surrounding nations who came to these games, where glory was acquired, not by the swiftness of horses, nor by strength and activity of body, but by virtue; the principal satrape reported, with a loud voice, such noble acts as might seem to entitle their authors to this inestimable reward, but never mentioned the greatness of soul with which Zadig had restored to the envious man the possession of his fortune; this was not an action that deserved to dispute the prize.

He first presented a judge, who having made a citizen lose a considerable cause, by a mistake for which he was no way responsible, had made restitution out of his own private fortune.

He next produced a young man, who being desperately in love with a damsel he was going to marry, yielded her up to his friend; whose passion for her had almost brought him to his grave; and, on parting with the damsel, gave also a portion with her.

He afterwards produced a soldier, who in the wars of Hircania had furnished a still greater example of generosity. The enemy had taken from him his mistress; but while he was fighting in his defence, he was informed that other Hircanians, at some paces distant, were carrying away his mother: he then quitted his mistress with tears, and ran to deliver his parent. At length he returned to her he loved, and found her just expiring: upon which he resolved to die with her, and was about to plunge a dagger in his own breast; but his mother remonstrating, that she had no other support nor protection but him, he had the courage to resolve to live.

The judges seemed disposed to declare in favor of the soldier, when the king spoke thus—"This action, and those of the others, are truly great; but they do not fill me with surprise. Zadig yesterday performed one that has raised my astonishment. I had for some days disgraced Coreb, my prime minister and favorite. I complained of his conduct in violent and bitter terms; when all my courtiers assured me that I was too mild, and loaded him with the most reproachful invectives. I asked Zadig his opinion of Coreb, and he dared to give him the noblest of characters. I must own, that I have seen in our histories, examples of persons who have paid their own fortunes to atone for an error; of those who resigned a mistress; and who have preferred a mother to a woman tenderly beloved; but never had I read of a courtier who has spoken favorably of a fallen minister, the object of his sovereign's anger. I give to each of those, whose generous actions have been just recited, twenty thousand pieces of gold, but the cup I give to Zadig."

"O king!" said Zadig, "it is your majesty alone who deserves the cup; you alone have acted in the most noble and uncommon manner; since you, who are so great a king, was not offended at your slave, when he opposed your passion." The whole assembly gazed with admiration both on the king and Zadig. The judge who had generously atoned his error, the lover who had resigned his mistress to his friend, the soldier who had preferred the safety of his mother to that of his mistress, received the monarch's presents, and saw their names written in the book of generous actions: Zadig had the cup; and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. This day was celebrated by feasts which continued longer than the law prescribed; tragedies were represented that made the audience burst into tears, and comedies that excited laughter, both of which were

very unusual in Babylon; and the memory thereof is still preserved in Asia. "Now," said Zadig, "I am at length completely happy." He was, however, most egregiously mistaken.

CHAPTER VI.

The just Judge.

Notwithstanding Zadig's youth, he was established supreme judge of all the tribunals throughout the empire. He discharged this office, as a man whom God had endued with the strictest justice, and the most solid wisdom. It was from him the surrounding nations received this grand principle, that it is much better to run the hazard of sparing the guilty, than be liable to condemn the innocent: and it was his firm opinion, that the laws were intended to honor those who did well, as much as to be a terror to the wicked. His principal talent consisted in discovering truth, which most men seek to obscure. On the first day of his administration he exerted this peculiar talent. A rich merchant of Babylon died in the Indies, who had made his two sons joint heirs, as soon as they should dispose of their sister in marriage; and moreover, left a legacy of thirty thousand pieces of gold to that son who should be proved to have loved him best. The eldest erected a superb monument to his memory; the second increased his sister's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance. Upon which everybody said, that the eldest best loved his father, and the youngest his sister; and that, therefore, the thirty thousand pieces ought to be given the eldest.

The cause came before Zadig, who examined them apart. To the eldest he said—"Your father is not yet dead; he is cured of his illness, and is on his return to Babylon."—"God be praised!" replied the young man; "but his tomb cost me a considerable sum!" Zadig afterwards said the same to the youngest; who immediately replied—"God be praised! I will go and restore to my father all I have; but I hope he will not insist upon what I have given my sister." "You shall restore nothing," said Zadig, "and shall have the thirty thousand pieces: you are the man who best loves his father."

A young lady, who was very rich, had promised herself in marriage to two magi; and, after having for some months received instructions from both, discovered herself to be with child. Each of them was desirous of marrying her. "I will take him for my husband," said she, "who has put me in a condition to give a citizen to my country."—"It is I, Madam, who have answered that valuable end," said the one: "It is I who have had this advantage," said the other. "Well," replied she, "I will acknowledge for the infant's father him who can give it the best education." In a short time after, she was delivered of a son. Each of them insisted on being its tutor; and the cause was brought before Zadig. When the magi came before him, he said to the first—"What will you teach your pupil?"—"I will teach him," replied the doctor, "the eight parts of speech, logic, astrology, and magic; what is meant by substance and accident, the abstract and the concrete, etc., etc." When the second was asked the same question—"I will do my utmost," said he, "to make him an honest man, and to render him worthy of having many friends." Upon this, Zadig cried—"Whether you are the father or not, you shall marry the mother."

Complaints every day reached court against the itimadoulet of Media, whose name was Irax. He was a person of great rank and fortune, and naturally possessed a good disposition; but had corrupted his mind, and squandered away great part of his estate, in the constant pursuit of vain and expensive pleasures. He seldom permitted an inferior to speak to him; and no person whatever dared to oppose his will. He was as vain as the peacock, as voluptuous as the pigeon, and as sluggish and inactive as the tortoise. In short, he made false glory, and false pleasures, his own pursuits.

Zadig undertook his cure: he accordingly sent him, in the king's name, a master of music, with twelve singers, and twenty-four musicians; and a steward of the house, with six cooks and four chamberlains, who were never to quit his presence. The king's order was, that the following particulars should be inviolably observed; and thus the business proceeded—

The first morning, as soon as the voluptuous Irax awaked, the music-master entered, followed by the vocal and instrumental musicians, who performed a cantata that lasted two hours and three min-

utes; in which the following lines were every three minutes repeated—

In vain our feeble pow'rs we raise,
To sing thy valor, wisdom, worth;
Far, far beyond all human praise,
Thy virtues soar, most blest on earth.

When the cantata was ended, a chamberlain made an oration three-quarters of an hour long, in which he particularly praised him for all the good qualities he wanted. The speech being ended, they conducted him to table by the sound of instruments. The dinner lasted three hours, before he condescended to speak: as soon as he opened his mouth for that purpose, the first chamberlain said he was in the right; scarce had he pronounced four words, when the second chamberlain cried—"Sir, you are perfectly right!" The other two chamberlains employed themselves in laughing heartily at every smart thing Irax had said, or seemed willing to say, and were lavish in their praises of his wit. After dinner, the adulating chorus was repeated.

The first day Irax was in raptures, and he thought the king of kings paid a proper attention to his merit; the second seemed less agreeable; the third was somewhat troublesome; the fourth insupportable; and the fifth tormenting. In short, disturbed at hearing them always singing—"In vain our feeble pow'rs we raise," with hearing them continually say he was in the right, and at being harangued every day at the same hour, he wrote to court to beseech the king to recall his chamberlains, his musicians, his stewards of the household, and his cooks; and promised, in the most submissive manner, to be less vain, and apply himself more closely to business. From this time he grew less fond of adulation, and had fewer feasts, though he was yet more happy; for, as it is said by Sadder—"Always pleasure, is no pleasure."

Scarce a day passed wherein Zadig did not exhibit some fresh proof of his amazing penetration, and extreme goodness of heart; he was adored by the people, and beloved by the king: even the first misfortunes of his life served to augment his present felicity. Every night, however, he had a dream which filled him with uneasiness. He imagined that he laid himself down on a heap of dry herbs, among which there were prickly ones that greatly incommoded him; and that afterwards he reposed himself in the softest manner on a bed of roses, from whence there proceeded a serpent, which wounded him to the heart with its sharp and envenomed tooth. "Alas!" said he, "I have long laid on these dry and prickly herbs; I am now on the bed of roses; but what shall be the serpent?"

CHAPTER VII.

The Force of Jealousy.

The misfortunes of Zadig proceeded in a great measure from his preferment, but more particularly from his merit. He every day conversed with the king and his august consort; and the charms of his conversation were redoubled by that desire of pleasing which is to the mind what dress is to beauty. The youth and graceful deportment of Zadig had a much greater influence on Astarte than she readily perceived; and her bosom continually nourished an affection of which she was by no means conscious. She freely, and without scruple, indulged the pleasure of seeing and conversing with a man who was not only dear to her husband, but to the whole empire. She was continually speaking in his praise to the king; and he was the whole subject of her conversation among her women, whose eulogiums of him even exceeded her own. In short, everything served to sink into the heart of Astarte the arrow which to her was imperceptible. She made presents to Zadig, in which there was more of gallantry than she imagined; she thought only of speaking to him like a queen pleased with his services, but her expressions did not unfrequently resemble those of a woman in love.

Astarte was far more beautiful than Semira, who had such a hatred for one-eyed men; or his late affectionate spouse, who had been willing to cut off his nose. The pleasing familiarity of Astarte; her tender expressions, which sometimes crimsoned her cheeks; and the delicate glances of her eyes, which in spite of herself were continually fixed upon his; all conspired to light up a fire in the heart of Zadig, at which he was himself amazed. He endeavored to extinguish it, by calling to his assistance that philosophy which had hitherto been his support; but drew

nothing from this source but empty knowledge, without any real consolation.

Duty, gratitude, and violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind as avenging deities; he struggled bravely with his passions, and at length gained the victory; this conquest, however, which he was obliged every moment to re-obtain, cost him many sighs and tears. He now durst not speak to the queen with that delightful freedom which had hitherto proved but too agreeable to them both: his eyes were veiled with a mist; his discourse was unconnected, and had the appearance of constraint; he endeavored to look another way, that he might not behold the queen; and when, contrary to his wishes, his eyes met those of Astarte, he found that hers, though bathed in tears, were capable of darting forth arrows of flame: they seemed, in short, silently to intimate, that they were afraid of being in love with each other, and that both burned with a fire which both condemned.

Zadig left her presence with a mind unsettled and dismayed; and his heart was oppressed with a burden too great for him to bear. Amidst the violence of his agitations he disclosed to Cador the secrets of his heart; just as a man who, having long supported the fits of a violent disease, makes his anguish known by a cry which its redoubled sharpness forces from him, and by the cold sweats which hang on his brow.

"I have already discovered," said Cador, "the sensations you would fain have concealed from yourself; the passions show themselves by signs which will not suffer us to be mistaken. Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have read your heart, whether the king will not discover a sensation so offensive to him. He has no other fault than that of being the most jealous of mankind. You will resist your passion with greater strength than the queen will combat hers, not only because you are a philosopher, but because you are Zadig. Astarte is a woman; and suffers her looks to speak with the more imprudence, as she does not believe herself to be yet guilty. Conscious of the innocency of her heart, she is by much too unguarded. I tremble for her, because she hath nothing with which to reproach herself. Were you both agreed, you might deceive the whole world: a rising passion, which is smothered, breaks out into a flame; but love, when once gratified, knows how to conceal itself with art." Zadig shuddered at the proposal of violating the bed of his royal benefactor; nor was there ever a more faithful subject, though guilty of this involuntary crime. The queen, however, so often pronounced the name of Zadig, with her face covered with blushes; she was sometimes so animated, at others so much depressed, when she spoke of him in the presence of her husband, and was seized with so deep a thoughtfulness when he was absent, that the king became extremely uneasy. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He more particularly remarked, that the queen's sandals were blue, and that those of Zadig were of the same color; that her ribbands were yellow, and that Zadig's turban was also yellow. These were terrible prognostics for a prince of his delicacy to reflect on. In a mind so distempered as his, suspicions became as facts.

The slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. It was soon discovered by them, that Astarte was tender, and Moabdar jealous. Arimazes had not corrected his envious disposition; for flints never soften, and venomous animals always preserve their poison. This wretch sent an anonymous letter to Moabdar: the infamous recourse of a sordid mind, and which is always the object of contempt; but at this time it had the intended effect, because it seconded the fatal sentiments that possessed the prince's heart. In short he no longer thought of anything besides the manner of his revenge. He one night resolved to poison the queen, and to make Zadig die by the bow-string; his revenge was to be executed at break of day, and the order was given to a merciless eunuch, the ready executioner of his vengeance. There was, at this time, a little dwarf in the king's chamber, who was dumb, but not deaf. He was suffered to go where he pleased; and was a witness of whatever passed in secret, without being more suspected than any domestic animal. This little dwarf had an extraordinary affection both for the queen and Zadig. He heard, with equal horror and surprise, the orders given for their death; but how to prevent those orders from being put in execution, as the time was so short, was his principal concern. It is true he could not write; but then he had

learned to draw, and knew how to form a resemblance. Accordingly, he spent part of the night in delineating on a piece of paper what he wished to inform the queen. His design represented the king agitated with fury, who stood in a corner of the picture, giving orders to his eunuch; a bow-string and a cup were placed on a table; and in the midst of the picture was the queen expiring in the arms of her women, and Zadig strangled at her feet. In the horizon he represented a rising sun, to show that this horrible execution was to be performed by break of day. As soon as he had finished this piece, he ran to one of Astarte's women, awaked her, and made her understand that she was that very instant to carry it to the queen.

In the middle of the night there was a knocking at Zadig's door; he was awaked, and a note presented him from the queen; he doubted whether he was not in a dream, and opened the letter with a trembling hand: but what was his surprise, and who can express his consternation and despair, when he read these words—"Fly, dear Zadig, at this very instant, in which they are going to take away your life! Fly, I conjure you, in the name of that fatal passion with which I have long struggled and which I at last confess, when on the point of expiating it by my death. Although I am not conscious of having committed any crime, I find that I am doomed to suffer as a traitor."

Zadig had scarce power to speak. He ordered his friend Cador to be called, and gave him the paper without uttering a word. Cador pressed him to obey the contents, and immediately take the road to Memphis. "If you should dare go in search of the queen," said he, "you will hasten her death; if you should speak to the king, you will infallibly ruin her. I will myself endeavor to avert the stroke which threatens her; it will be sufficient for you to provide for your own safety. It shall be instantly spread abroad, that you are gone to the Indies; and as soon as the pursuit of you shall be given up, I will follow after, and inform you of every occurrence."

Cador immediately ordered two of the swiftest dromedaries to be ready at one of the private doors of the palace, and made Zadig mount that which was to carry him, though he was scarce able to sit up. He had but one trusty servant to attend him; and Cador, overwhelmed with grief, in a few moments lost sight of his friend.

The illustrious fugitive, having reached the summit of a hill from whence he might take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and immediately fainted away: when he recovered his senses, his cheeks were bathed with tears, and he eagerly wished for death. At length, having employed his thoughts in contemplating the deplorable fate of the most amiable woman and greatest queen upon earth, he for a moment turned his views on himself, and exclaimed—"What, then, is human life! O virtue, virtue! what hast thou availed me! I have been basely betrayed by two females: yet a third, who is innocent, and ten thousand times more lovely, is on the point of being murdered for her partiality to me. Whatever good I have done, has been to me a constant source of disappointment and misery: I have been only raised to the height of grandeur, that my fall might be the greater down the horrible precipice of misfortune. Had I been as wicked and abandoned as others, I should, like them, have been happy!" With a mind agitated by these fatal reflections, his eyes covered with the veil of grief, the paleness of death on his countenance, and his soul plunged in the blackest despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

CHAP. VIII.

The Wife beaten.

Zadig directed his course by the stars. The constellation Orion, and the shining Dog-star, guided him towards the pole of Canopæa. He reflected with admiration on those vast globes of light which appear to our eyes no more than faint sparks; while the earth, which in reality is but an imperceptible point in nature, seems to our fond imaginations far more great and noble. He then reflected on the whole race of mankind, and considered them, truly, as insects that devour each other on an atom of earth. This idea seemed greatly to alleviate his misfortunes, by making him retrace the nothingness of his own being, and even that of Babylon. His capacious soul now soared into infinity, and contemplated, while detached from her earthly partner, the immutable order of the universe. But the moment he returned to himself, and again searched

into his own heart, he began to consider that Astarte might possibly have died for him; the universe vanished from his sight, and he beheld nothing throughout all nature but Astarte dying, and Zadig unfortunate. As he gave himself up to this flux and reflux of sublime philosophy and distressing sorrow, he insensibly arrived on the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful attendant was already in the first hamlet, seeking a lodging. Zadig, in the mean time, approached the surrounding gardens, when he saw, at a small distance from the highway, a woman in tears, calling heaven and earth to her assistance, and a man in a violent rage pursuing after her. He now came up with her, and she fell prostrate before him, imploring his forgiveness; but he gave her only blows and reproaches. By the violence of the Egyptian, and the reiterated entreaties for pardon uttered by the lady, Zadig judged that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he beheld the exquisite beauty of the woman, and considered that she bore some little resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt himself filled with compassion for her and horror for the Egyptian. "For Heaven's sake, Sir, assist me!" cried she to Zadig, with the deepest sighs; "deliver me from the hands of the most barbarous man living! Save me; save my life!" At these words Zadig ran to throw himself between the lady and this barbarian; and as he had some knowledge of the Egyptian language, said to him, in that tongue—"Dear Sir, if you have any humanity, let me beg you to pay some regard to her beauty and weakness: how can you be so enraged at the masterpiece of nature, who lies at your feet, and has no defence but her tears?"—"Ah, ha!" cried the jealous man, "you are, I suppose, one of her admirers, and I will be revenged on you this moment." So saying, he left the lady, whom he had before held by the hair; and, taking his lance, attempted to wound the stranger. Zadig, however, who was in cool blood, easily avoided the blow aimed by the enraged Egyptian, and seized the lance near the point. One strove to draw it back, the other to wrest it from him; and in the scuffle, it broke in their hands. The Egyptian then drew his sabre; and Zadig arming himself with his, they attacked each other. This gave a hundred precipitate blows; that warded them off with address. Meanwhile the lady sat on the ground, adjusting her head-dress, and looking at the combatants. The Egyptian was more robust than his adversary, but Zadig was the most expert. This acted like a person whose arm was conducted by his judgment; that like a man whose passion made him fight at random. In short, Zadig soon closed, and disarmed him; and while the Egyptian became more furious, and attempted to throw himself upon him, he laid fast hold of him, pressed him close, threw him down, and holding his sword to his breast, offered him his life. The Egyptian, fired with rage, drew his poignard, and wounded the conqueror at the very instant he granted him his pardon; upon which, Zadig instantly plunged his sabre into his bosom, and the Egyptian, with a horrible cry, gave up the ghost. Zadig then advanced towards the lady, and said, with a submissive voice—"He has forced me to kill him; I have revenged your cause; and you are now delivered from the most furious man I have ever seen: what more would you have me do for you?"—"Die, villain!" she replied; "I would have you die: you have killed my lover, and I wish I was able to tear out your cruel heart!"—"You had, indeed, a strange kind of lover!" replied Zadig: "he beat you with all his strength; and would have taken away my life, because you entreated me to assist you!"—"I wish he had beat me still," replied the lady, weeping bitterly; "I well deserve it, for I had made him jealous. Would to Heaven he was now beating me, and that you was in his situation!" Zadig, more surprised and angry than he had ever been in his life, said—"Madam, notwithstanding your beauty, you merit that I should beat you in my turn; but I disdain to concern myself farther about you!" Upon this he remounted his dromedary, and advanced towards the town. Scarce had he began to set forwards, when he turned back at the noise made by four couriers of Babylon, who came riding full speed. One of them seeing the woman, cried—"It is she herself; she answers the description given us." They took no notice of the dead man, but immediately seized the lady, who incessantly cried out to Zadig—"Help me once more, generous stranger; deliver me from these ruffians: I humbly

beg pardon for my late ungrateful behavior; help me, and I will be yours forever!" Zadig, however, had no inclination to fight in her defence. "Apply to some other for assistance," replied he; "you shall not again make me the dupe of your artifice." Indeed, Zadig's wound bled so fast, that he had himself need of assistance; and the sight of four Babylonians, probably from King Moabdar, gave him much concern. He therefore hasted towards the town; at a loss to conceive why four couriers from Babylon should take this Egyptian woman, but still more puzzled to account for her very strange behavior.

CHAP. IX.

Slavery.

The moment Zadig entered the place he was surrounded by the people. Every one said—"This is the man that carried away the beautiful Missouf, and assassinated Cletofis."—"God preserve me," said he, "from ever carrying away your beautiful Missouf! she is too capricious for me: and as to Cletofis, I have not assassinated him; I have only killed him in my own defence. He endeavored to take away my life, because I begged him to show mercy to the lovely Missouf, whom he was cruelly beating. I am a stranger, fled hither for shelter; and there is but little likelihood, that on coming to entreat your protection, I should begin with carrying away a lady, and assassinating her lover."

The Egyptians, at that time, were just and humane. The people conducted Zadig to a house in the town; and having dressed his wound, he and his domestic were examined apart, in order to discover the truth. They acquitted Zadig of the crime of wilful murder; but as he had been guilty of taking away the life of a man, though in his own defence, the law condemned him to be a slave. His two dromedaries were immediately sold, for the benefit of the town; they divided amongst the inhabitants the gold he had brought; and his person was exposed to sale in the market place, together with that of his servant. They were bought by an Arabian merchant, named Setoc; and the servant being best adapted for fatigue, was sold at a much higher price than his master: indeed, there was no comparison between them. Zadig was therefore a slave subordinate to his servant; they were linked together by a chain fastened to their feet, and in this condition they followed the Arabian merchant. Zadig, in the mean time, comforted his companion; exhorted him to patience; and, according to his usual custom, made reflections on human life. "I see," said he, "that the unhappiness of my destiny has an effect on yours. Everything in which I have had any concern has hitherto been strangely conducted. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen the traces left by the feet of a dog; I have suffered the fear of being impaled on account of a griffin; I have been sent to execution for making verses in praise of the king; I have been on the point of being strangled, because the queen hath spoke to me with mildness; and here I am a slave with you, because a brutish fellow has beat his mistress. Let us, however, be cheerful, and not lose our courage; all this, perhaps, will have an end. If it be necessary for the Arabian merchants to have slaves, why should not I be one as well as another since I am also a man? Probably the merchant will not be void of pity; it is requisite for him to treat his slaves well, if he would reap much advantage from them." This was the form of his words; but his thoughts were wholly employed about the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant set out for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Oreb; and the way was long and painful. Setoc, while on the road, set more value on the servant than the master, because the first was more expert in loading his camels; and all the little marks of distinction were in his favor. A camel happening to die within two days' journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and placed on the backs of his slaves. Setoc smiled at seeing them walk stooping forward; and Zadig took the liberty of explaining the cause, by informing him of the laws of the balance. The merchant, astonished at his philosophical discourse, began now to look upon him with a very different eye; and Zadig, finding that he had excited his curiosity, redoubled it, by informing him of many things not foreign to commerce; the specific gravity of metals, and other commodities of various

kinds under an equal bulk; the properties of several useful animals, and the means of rendering those that were not so fit for service. In short, he appeared to Setoc as a sage, and was esteemed by him far more valuable than his companion; he accordingly treated him with the utmost kindness, and never had the smallest cause to repent his indulgence.

Setoc being arrived among his own tribe, demanded payment of five hundred ounces of silver, which he had lent to a Jew in the presence of two witnesses; but the witnesses being dead, and the Jew satisfied of the impossibility of proving the debt, he looked on the money to be his own, and thanked God for having enabled him safely to defraud an Arabian. Setoc told his uneasiness to Zadig, who was now his chief confidant. "Where," said Zadig, "did you lend the money to this infidel?" "On a large stone near Mount Oreb," replied the merchant. "What is the character of your debtor?" said Zadig. "That of a notorious villain," replied Setoc. "But I ask," said Zadig, "whether he be lively or phlegmatic, cautious or imprudent." "He is the worst paymaster in the world," said Setoc, "but the most lively and merriest fellow I ever knew." "Well," said Zadig, "permit me to plead your cause." Accordingly, Setoc consented; and Zadig having cited the Jew to appear, spoke thus before the judge: "Pillar of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man, in the name of my master, five hundred ounces of silver, which he refuses to pay him." "Have you any witnesses to prove the debt?" said the judge. "No," repeated Zadig; "they are both dead; but there yet remains a large stone on which the money was counted; and if it pleases your excellence to order the stone to be sought for, I doubt not but it will prove a sufficient evidence. The Jew and I will wait here till it arrives, and the expense of bringing it shall be defrayed by my master." "Your request is but reasonable," replied the judge; "do as you propose." He then proceeded to other business.

When the court was about to break up, the judge addressed Zadig: "Well," said he, "is your stone yet come?" The Jew sneeringly replied: "Should your excellence wait here till to-morrow you would not even then see the stone; for it is above six miles distant from hence, and would require fifteen men to remove it." "I have well said," cried Zadig aloud, "that the stone would bear witness! Since this man knows where the stone lies, he confesses that the money was counted on it." The Jew, thus confounded, was soon constrained to confess the truth; and the judge ordered that he should be fastened to the stone, without meat or drink, till he had restored the money, which was then speedily paid. From that time the slave, Zadig, as well as the stone, were held in great esteem throughout all Arabia.

CHAPTER X.

The Funeral Pile.

Setoc, transported with his good success, made Zadig his favorite companion. He valued him as much as the king of Babylon had formerly done, and, luckily for Zadig, the merchant had no wife. He discovered in his master a natural propensity to goodness, and found him to be a worthy and a sensible man; but he was concerned to see a person he so greatly esteemed paying divine adoration to a host of created, though celestial beings, according to the custom in Arabia of worshipping the sun, moon, and stars. He sometimes cautiously introduced this important topic, and at length ventured to assert that they were equally created with things of less lustre, and no more entitled to our adoration than a tree or a rock. "But," said Setoc, "these are eternal beings, from whom we derive every blessing we enjoy; they animate nature, they regulate the seasons, and are, in short, situate at such an infinite distance from us that we cannot but revere them." "You receive more advantages," replied Zadig, "from the waters of the Red Sea, which carry your merchandise to the Indies; and may not that be as ancient as the stars? Or, if you will worship what is at a distance, you should rather pay your adoration to the land of the Gangarides, which is situate at the extremities of the earth." "No," said Setoc, "the stars are so surpassingly brilliant, that it is impossible for me not to prefer them."

In the evening Zadig lighted a great number of candles in the tent in which they were to sup; and as soon as Setoc appeared threw himself on his knees before the flaming tapers, and thus addressed them: "Eternal and ever-shining

brightness, be propitious to your votary!" Having uttered these words, he sat down to table, without regarding Setoc. "What are you doing?" said Setoc, filled with astonishment. "I act, sir, like you," replied Zadig; "I adore these candles, and neglect their Master and mine."

Setoc comprehended the profound sense of this apologue. The wisdom of his slave entered into his soul, and he no longer burned incense to created beings, but adored the Eternal who made them.

The Arabians had at that time a horrid custom, originally brought from Scythia, and which being established in the Indies by the credit of the Brachmans, threatened to spread its infection over all the East. When a married man died, and his dearly beloved wife wished to be esteemed a saint, she burned herself publicly on her husband's funeral pile. This was a solemn festival, called the widow's sacrifice, and the tribe in which most women had been thus burnt was held in the greatest respect. An Arabian of the same tribe as Setoc being dead, his widow, named Almona, who was very devout, made known the day and hour in which she would throw herself into the pile, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonstrated to his master how contrary this horrible custom was to the welfare of the human race that young widows should be every day permitted to burn themselves, who were capable of giving children to the state, or of educating those they had already; and he obliged him to acknowledge that so barbarous a custom ought, if possible, to be totally abolished. "It is now," said Setoc, "more than a thousand years since widows were in possession of the right of burning themselves, and who can change a law consecrated by time? Is there anything more respectable than even an ancient error?" "But reason is still more ancient and respectable," replied Zadig. "Do you, sir, communicate these sentiments to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will attend on the widow."

Accordingly, he waited upon her; and, having insinuated himself into her favor by compliments to her beauty, he urged what a pity it was that charms like hers should be consumed by fire, only to mingle ashes with a dead husband, and was lavish in his praises of her constancy and heroic fortitude. "You must surely have loved your husband extremely," said he. "No," replied the lady, "I loved him not at all. He was a brute; he was jealous; and so great a tyrant that he was quite insupportable. But I have, notwithstanding, firmly resolved to throw myself on his funeral pile." "There is, then, surely," said Zadig, "a very delicious pleasure in being burnt alive!" "Alas!" said the lady, "the thought makes nature shudder; but that is not to be considered. I am a professed devotee, and, should I show the least reluctance, my reputation would be forever lost. In short, the whole world would despise me if I did not burn myself." Zadig having made her confess that she burnt herself merely to please others, and satisfy her vanity, conversed with her a long time, in such a manner as not only to make her a little in love with life, but even proceeded so far as to inspire her with some degree of partiality for the speaker. "What would you do," said he, "if the vanity of burning yourself should not prevail?" "Alas!" replied she, "I believe I should wish you to be my husband."

Zadig was too much filled with the idea of Astarte not to elude this warm declaration. He took his leave, and went instantly to the chiefs, whom he told what had passed, and advised them to make a law that no widow should be permitted to burn herself till she had conversed with a young man one hour in private. The law was accordingly passed, and since that time no lady has burnt herself in Arabia. To Zadig they were indebted for destroying, in one day, a cruel custom that had lasted so many ages, and he was therefore very justly regarded, by all the ladies in Arabia, as their principal benefactor.

CHAPTER XI.

The Supper.

Setoc, who could not long separate himself from Zadig, in whom he discovered so much wisdom, took him to the fair of Balzora, whither the richest merchants of the earth usually repaired. Zadig was delighted to see so many men of different countries assembled in the same place. It seemed to him as if the universe was one large family met together at Balzora. On the second day after his arrival he sat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtic,

and several other foreigners, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian Gulf, had learned sufficient Arabic to make themselves understood. The Egyptian appeared greatly exasperated. "What an abominable place is Balzora!" said he; "they here refuse me a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world!" "How is that?" said Setoc; "on what security have they refused you this sum?" "On the body of my aunt," replied the Egyptian. "She was one of the finest women in all Egypt; she constantly accompanied me in my journeys, but unhappily died on the road. I made her one of the choicest mummies we have amongst us, and might, in my own country, have whatever I pleased by giving her as a pledge. It is exceedingly strange that they will not here lend a thousand ounces of gold on so solid a security!" He was now going to vent his rage on an excellent boiled fowl, when the Indian taking him by the hand cried, in a sorrowful manner: "Ah! what are you going to do?" "To eat a wing of this fowl," said the Egyptian, "as part of my supper!" "Consider what you are doing," said the Indian; "it is possible that the soul of the deceased may have passed into the body of that fowl; and you would not, surely, expose yourself to the danger of eating your aunt! The dressing of fowls is a manifest outrage on nature." "What do you mean by your nature and your fowls?" replied the choleric Egyptian; "we worship oxen, and yet eat heartily of beef." "Worship oxen! is it possible?" cried the Indian. "There is nothing so possible," returned the other; "it is an hundred and thirty-five thousand years since we first did so, and nobody amongst us has ever yet found fault with it." "A hundred and thirty-five thousand years!" said the Indian; "this account must certainly be exaggerated; it is but fourscore thousand since India was first inhabited, and we are certainly more ancient than you. Brama prohibited our eating cows before you put them on your altars or your spits." "Your Brama is a pleasant sort of an animal to be compared to our Apis," said the Egyptian. "What mighty matter has your Brama ever done?" "Why," replied the Braman, "it is he who first taught mankind to read and write, and to him the whole earth is indebted for the noble game of chess." "You deceive yourself, sir," said a Chaldean, who stood near him; "we owe these great benefits to the fish, Oannes, and it is just that we should pay our homage only to him. All the world will tell you that he is a divine being; that he had a golden tail, with the head of a most beautiful man, and that, three hours every day, he left the water to preach upon land. Everybody knows that he had many children, who were all powerful kings. I have his picture at home, to which, as in duty bound, I pray every evening before I retire to rest and every morning when I arise. No doubt people may eat as much beef as they please, but it is surely a very great impiety to have fish served up at table. Besides, you are both of an origin too ignoble and too recent to dispute with me about anything: the nation of the Egyptians reckon only one hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and the Indians boast but of fourscore thousand, while we have almanacs of four thousand centuries. Believe what I tell you, renounce your follies, and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of our Oannes."

The Chinese, or man of Cathay, joining in the discourse, said: "I greatly respect the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celtics, Brama, Apis, and the beautiful Oannes; but it is possible that Li, or Tien,[1] as he is commonly called, is superior to all the bulls and fishes in the universe. I will say nothing of my country, though it is as large as the land of Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies, together. I shall not dispute about antiquity, because it is sufficient we are happy; but, if it were necessary to speak of almanacs, I should say that all Asia prefers ours, and that we had very correct ones before arithmetic was known in Chaldea."

"Ignorant mortals!" cried the Greek; "have ye not yet been informed that chaos is the father of all, and that form and matter have put the world in its present state?" He spoke thus for a long time, but was at length interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drank pretty freely during the whole time of this debate, imagined himself more learned than all the others, and cried out, with a great oath, that there were none but Teutath, and the misletoe

[1] The Chinese term, *Li*, signifies *natural light*, or *reason*; and *Tien* signifies the *heavens*, or the *Supreme Being*.

of the oak, that were worth the trouble they were giving themselves; that, for his part, he had always misletoe in his pocket; that the Scythians, his ancestors, were the only men of worth that had ever appeared in the world; and although they had, it was true, sometimes ate their countrymen, yet that was no reason why they ought not to have a great respect for his nation; in short, he declared, that if any one spoke evil of Teutath, he would soon teach him how to behave himself. The quarrel then grew warm, and Setoc began to fear the table would be presently stained with blood. Zadig, who had kept silence during the whole dispute, at last arose. He first addressed himself to the Celtic, as being the most furious; and, telling him he had reason on his side, begged to have some of his misletoe. He expatiated on the eloquence of the Grecian; and softened, in the most artful manner, all the contending parties. He said, indeed, but little to the man of Cathay, because he had been by far the most reasonable. At length he addressed them, in general terms, to this effect. "My dear friends, you have been all this while contesting about an important topic, in which it is evident you are all unanimously agreed!" At this word, they all cried out together. "Is it not true," said he to the Celtic, "that you do not adore this misletoe, but him that made the misletoe and the oak?"—"Certainly," replied the Celtic. "And you, the Egyptian, probably revere, in a certain ox, him who has given us all horned cattle?"—"Yes," said the Egyptian. "The fish Oannes," continued he, "ought to yield to him who made both the sea and the fishes."—"Agreed," said the Chaldean. "The Indian and Cathaian," added he, "acknowledge, like all the rest, a first principle. I have not, it is true, perfectly understood the admirable things which have been delivered by the Greek; but I am fully persuaded he also will acknowledge a Superior Being, on whom form and matter entirely depend." The Greek, whose wisdom they all admired, confessed that Zadig had exactly penetrated his thoughts. "You are then all of one mind," replied Zadig, "and there is no room for dispute." They then all embraced him; and Setoc, after having sold his commodities at a very high price, returned home with Zadig. On their arrival at Oreb they presently found that a prosecution had been carried on against Zadig in his absence, and that he was condemned to be burnt before a slow fire.

CHAPTER XII.

The Rendezvous.

While Zadig attended his friend Setoc to Balzora, the priests of the stars determined to punish him. As all the costly jewels, and other valuable ornaments, of every young widow whom they sent to the funeral pile, became their property, it is not greatly to be wondered at, that they should be inclined to burn so great an enemy to their interests. They accordingly accused him of having erroneous sentiments with respect to the heavenly host: they made oath he had been heard to say the stars did not set in the sea. This frightful blasphemy made the judges tremble; they were ready to tear their vestments when they heard these impious words, and would doubtless have done it, if Zadig had had sufficient to pay them for new ones: but, in the excess of their grief, they were willing to content themselves with condemning him to be roasted alive before a slow fire. Setoc, reduced to despair, employed all his interest to save his friend; he was, however, soon obliged to be silent. The young widow Almona, who had conceived a great fondness for life, for which she was indebted to Zadig, resolved, if possible, to draw him from the funeral pile, which he had convinced her was greatly abused. She revolved her design in secret, without speaking to any one. Zadig was to be executed the next day, and she had only the night in which she could save him. Let us now behold the method pursued by this discreet and benevolent widow.

She made use of the most costly perfumes, and heightened the power of her charms by the richest and gayest apparel: she then went to demand a secret audience of the chief priest of the stars. On being admitted into his august and venerable presence, she addressed herself to him in these terms: "Eldest son of the Great Bear, brother to the Bull, cousin to the Great Dog," [these were the titles of the pontiff,] "I come to acquaint you with my scruples. My conscience tells me I have committed an enormous crime, in not burning myself on the funeral pile of my dear husband. What, in fact, had I

worth sparing? Perishable flesh only, already wrinkled and dried up." She then drew off, with a negligent but artful air, her long silk gloves, and displayed her naked arms, which were of an admirable form, and rivalled the snow in whiteness. "You see," said she, "that these are little worth." The pontiff found that his heart told him they were worth a great deal; his eyes said so; and his mouth confirmed it by the most solemn protestations that he had never before seen such lovely arms. "Alas!" said the widow, "my arms may not be quite so bad as the rest; but you will confess that my neck was not worthy of the least regard." She then discovered the most charming bosom that nature had ever formed. A rose-bud on an apple of ivory, when compared to her breast, would have appeared like madder on the wood of the box-tree, and the whiteness of new-washed lambs would have seemed but a dusky yellow. Her delicate neck; her full, black eyes, which languished with the soft lustre of a tender fire; her cheeks, which were animated with the most lovely purple, blended with the whiteness of the purest milk; her nose, which somewhat resembled the tower on Mount Lebanon; her lips, that were as two borders of coral enclosing the most beautiful pearls in the Arabian sea; in short, the pleasing combination of charms which appeared before him, made the old priest fancy himself not more than twenty; and, with a trembling voice, he began to utter a tender declaration of his passion. Almona, seeing him enflamed, begged he would pardon Zadig. "Alas! lovely fair one!" said he, "though I should grant you his pardon, my indulgence would be of little avail: it is necessary that it should be signed by three others, my brethren." "Sign it first, however," replied Almona. "I will do it freely," said the priest, "on condition that your favors be the price of my readiness to serve you." "You load me with honor," said Almona; "but, if you will be pleased to come to my chamber after sun-set, and as soon as the bright star Sheat twinkles in the horizon, you will find me on a rose-colored sofa, embroidered with silver, and you may there use your pleasure with your servant." She then departed with Zadig's general pardon, which the pontiff had signed, and left him full of love, though not without distrust of his abilities. The remainder of the day he spent in bathing; he drank enlivening draughts of a liquor composed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and the precious spices of Tidor and Ternate; and waited with great impatience the rising of the brilliant Sheat.

The lovely Almona, in the meantime, went to the second. He assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the fires in the firmament, were but as insignificant meteors in comparison of her charms. She demanded the same favor of him, and he proposed to grant it at the same price. Almona suffered herself to be overcome, and appointed the second pontiff to meet her at the rising of the star Algenib. From thence she passed to the third, and to the fourth priest, still obtaining a signature from each, and making the assignations from star to star.

She then sent for the judges to come to her house on an affair of the greatest importance. They waited on her accordingly, and she laid before them the pardon of Zadig, signed with the names of the four priests, informing them of the conditions upon which it had been obtained. The priests, in the meantime, punctually kept their appointment, and each was greatly surprised at finding his brethren; but still more, at seeing there the judges, before whom his shame was manifest. By this stratagem Zadig was saved; and Setoc was so charmed at the dexterity of Almona, that he shortly after made her his wife.

Zadig now departed, having thrown himself at the feet of his fair deliverer; and Setoc and he separated from each other with tears, vowing a mutual and eternal friendsip; and promising, that the first of the two who should raise a splendid fortune, should share it with the other.

Zadig travelled by the side of Assyria, constantly thinking on the unhappy Astarte, and reflecting on the fates, which seemed obstinately bent on sporting with him, and making him the subject of new persecutions. "What," said he, "four hundred ounces of gold for not having seen a dog! condemned to lose my life for four lines of bad poetry in praise of the king! ready to be strangled because the queen looked kindly upon me! reduced to slavery for having relieved a woman who was beat! and on the point of being consumed to ashes, for having saved the lives of all the young widows in Arabia."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Robber.

When Zadig arrived on the frontiers which separate Arabia Petrea from Assyria, as he passed near a pretty strong castle, a party of armed Arabians sallied out and, immediately surrounding him, cried: "Whatever property you have belongs to us, and your persons are at the disposal of our master." Zadig answered by drawing his sword; and his servant, who was a man of great courage, did the same. They presently overthrew those who had first attacked them; and though the numbers of their opponents redoubled, they seemed not at all dismayed, but resolved to die fighting. Two men fought against a multitude, and such a combat could not be of long continuance. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having beheld from a window the intrepid behavior of Zadig, felt his mind filled with esteem; he descended in haste, and came himself to call off his men, and to deliver the two travellers. "Whatever passes over my territories," said he, "becomes my property, as well as what I find in the possession of others; but your bravery, sir, shall exempt you from this consequence." He then made him enter into his castle; ordered his domestics to treat him with the greatest respect; and in the evening they supped together.

Although Arbogad was an Arabian robber, yet, amidst a multitude of bad actions, he sometimes performed such as were worthy of the highest praise. He plundered mankind, it is true, with a furious rapacity, but he also behaved with great liberality. He was intrepid in action; easy in his dealings; a debauchee at his table, but gay even in his debauchery; and had, above all, a free and open frankness. He was much pleased with Zadig, the gaiety of whose conversation prolonged their repast. At length Arbogad said to him—"I advise you to enroll yourself under me; it is impossible for you to do better. My occupation is not a bad one, and you may one day become what I am at present."—"I could wish to know," replied Zadig, "how long you have exercised this noble profession?"—"From my most tender youth," returned the great man: "I was at first only servant to an Arabian; who, indeed, treated me kindly enough. But any state of servitude was to me insupportable: I was unhappy in considering that Fate had given me no portion in a world to which all mankind have an equal claim. I imparted my uneasiness to an old sage Arabian, and he thus endeavored to comfort me:—'My son,' said he, 'do not despair: there was formerly a grain of sand which lamented its being an atom unknown in the deserts; but at the end of some years it became a diamond, and is at present the richest and most admired ornament of the Indian crown.' This discourse made a very strong impression upon me: I considered myself as the grain of sand, and determined, if possible, to become the diamond. Accordingly, I began by stealing two horses; associated to myself companions, and put myself in a condition to rob small caravans; and thus, by degrees, I soon lessened the disproportion there appeared between me and other people. I not only enjoyed my share of the good things of this life, but was even recompensed with usury for my former sufferings. I now grew much respected, and became the captain of a band of robbers. This castle was gained by violence: the satrape of Assyria, however, resolved to dispossess me; but I was too rich to have anything to fear; for, by giving him money, I not only preserved this castle, but increased my possessions. He even made me treasurer of the tributes which Arabia Petrea pays to the king of kings; and I punctually execute my office of collector, but shall not very speedily discharge that of paymaster.

"The great desterham of Babylon sent hither, in the name of King Moabdar, an insignificant satrape, with a commission to strangle me. This person arrived with his royal master's warrant. I was apprised of the whole affair, and ordered his entire retinue, consisting of four inferior officers, to be strangled before his face, after the same manner as was intended for me. I then desired to know what he was to have obtained by my death. He replied, that his fees would have amounted to about three hundred pieces of gold. I laid before him the advantage he would gain by staying with me; constituted him an inferior robber; and he is now one of the best and richest officers. Believe me, your success will be as great as his. There never was a better season

for robbery than at present, for Moabdar is lately killed, and all Babylon is in the greatest confusion."—"Moabdar killed!" exclaimed Zadig; "then what is become of Queen Astarte?"—"I cannot inform you," replied Arbogad: "all I can tell is, that Moabdar lost his senses, and was murdered; that the people of Babylon are destroying one another; and that the whole empire is laid waste. There are some fine strokes yet to be taken; and, for my part, I have been already pretty successful."—"But the queen, sir!" said Zadig; "are you acquainted with the fate of the queen?"—"I have heard something of a prince of Hircania," replied he, "if she was not slain in the tumult, she is probably one of his concubines. But I am more anxious for booty than for news. I have taken many ladies in my excursions, but I never keep them. When they are beautiful I sell them for the best price I can, without minding who they are. Nothing is given on account of rank; and a queen who is ugly will never find any one inclined to buy her. Perhaps I may have sold the queen, or perhaps she may be dead; but that is of little importance to me, and I suppose you have no more reason to trouble yourself about it than I have." After this he drank so plentifully, that all his ideas were too much confused for Zadig to gain any further information: he was struck dumb, confounded, and remained motionless as a statue. Arbogad continued drinking, told a number of merry stories, incessantly repeated that he was the happiest man alive, and invited Zadig to become as cheerful as himself. At length, being overcome by the fumes of his liquor, he sunk into a profound sleep; while Zadig passed the night in the most violent agitations. "What," said he, "the king then has lost his senses! he is slain! I cannot but lament his fate. The empire is torn to pieces, and yet this robber is happy! O Fortune! O Destiny! A man who lives by rapine is happy; and the most amiable creature that Nature ever framed has, perhaps, either suffered an ignominious death, or lives in a state worse than even death itself! O Astarte! O Astarte! what is become of thee?"

As soon as day-light appeared, he inquired about Astarte of every one he saw; but all were busy, and nobody made him any answer. During the night fresh plunder had been brought in, and they were employed in dividing the spoil. All he could obtain in this tumultuous confusion, was the permission to depart: of which he took advantage without delay, and left the castle of Arbogad more overwhelmed with grief and deep reflection than he had ever yet been.

Zadig proceeded on his way greatly agitated and disturbed: his thoughts were wholly employed on the unhappy Astarte; on the king of Babylon; on his faithful friend Cador; on Arbogad, the happy robber; on the capricious female whom the Babylonians had seized on the confines of Egypt; and, in short, on all the misfortunes he had ever experienced.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fisherman.

When Zadig had travelled some few leagues from the castle of Arbogad, he approached the banks of a very small river, still lamenting his unhappy fate, and considering himself as the most unfortunate man existing. He there beheld a fisherman lying by the water-side, who was scarce able to hold, with his weak and trembling hand, a net which he seemed little to regard; and raising up his eyes towards heaven—"I am certainly the most miserable wretch alive," said the fisherman: "I have been, in the opinion of every one, the most famous dealer in cream-cheese in all Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the most beautiful wife that a man in my station could wish; and by her I have been cruelly forsaken. There still remained my poor house; but even that I have seen pillaged and destroyed. I have taken shelter in a cabin; I have no other resource besides fishing, and yet I cannot catch a single fish. O my net! I will no more throw thee into the water; it is myself I will throw into it." On uttering these words, he arose, and advanced forward, in the posture of a man going to throw himself into the stream, in order to put an end to his life. "What," said Zadig to himself, "is there a man living more wretched than I?" His eagerness to save the fisherman was as sudden as this reflection. He ran to him; stopped him; and questioned him, with an air of pity and compassion. We seem to be less unhappy when we have companions in our misfortunes: according

to Zoroaster, this is not owing to a malignant disposition, but is the effect of a fatal necessity; for we then find ourselves attached to an unfortunate person, as to our own likeness. The transports of the happy would be insults; but two men in distress are like two weak and slender trees, which leaning together, mutually support and fortify each other against the storms that blow around them. "Why," said Zadig to the fisherman, "do you sink under your misfortunes?"—"Because I find no means of relief," replied he. "I have been the most considerable person in the whole village of Derlback, near Babylon; and I made, by my wife's assistance, the best cream-cheese in the empire of Persia. Queen Astarte, and the famous minister Zadig, admired them extremely. I sent to their houses six hundred cheeses, and one day went to the city to be paid; when I was informed, on my arrival in Babylon, that both the queen and Zadig had disappeared. I ran to the house of lord Zadig, whom I had never seen, and found there the officers of the grand desterham; who, being provided with a royal license, plundered it with great loyalty and order. I then flew to the queen's kitchen; where some of the lords of the mouth told me she was dead, others that she was in prison, and others pretended that she was fled; but all of them assured me that my cheeses would never be paid for. I then went with my wife to lord Orcan's—for he was one of my customers—and we begged his protection in our distress. He readily granted it to my wife, but refused it to me. She was whiter, sir, than the cream-cheeses that began my misfortunes; and the bloom of her lovely cheeks was ten times more beautiful than the finest Tyrian purple: it was for this reason Orcan detained her, and refused his protection to me. I wrote to my dear wife a letter of desperation. She said to the messenger—'It is very well; I have some little knowledge of the writer; I have heard speak of him: they say he makes excellent cream-cheese; let him bring me some, and he shall be paid.'

"In the height of my misfortune I determined to seek redress in a court of equity. I had but six ounces of gold, and it was necessary for me to give two ounces to my counsellor, two to the solicitor who undertook my affair, and the other two to the judge's clerk. When all this was done my business was not yet began, although I had expended more money than my cheese and my wife were worth. Notwithstanding this, I returned to the village, with an intention to sell my house in order to regain my wife.

"My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold; but as my neighbors saw me poor and obliged to sell it, the first to whom I addressed myself offered me thirty, the second twenty, and the third ten. At length, when I was ready to come to an agreement with one of them, the prince of Hircania came to Babylon, and, laying waste all before him, my poor house, among the rest, was first plundered of everything valuable, and afterwards reduced to ashes.

"Having thus lost my money, my wife, and my house, I retired to the place where you now see me. I have endeavored to procure my subsistence by fishing, but the fish, as well as all mankind, desert me—I scarce catch one in a day. I am ready to die with hunger; and had it not been for your kind interposition I should ere now have perished in the river."

The fisherman did not make this long recital all at once, for Zadig, moved and transported, every moment repeated: "What! do you not know what is become of the queen?" "No, my lord," replied the fisherman; "but this I know, to my grief, that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me for my cream-cheeses; that my wife is taken from me; and that I am driven to the very brink of despair." "I flatter myself," said Zadig, "that you will not lose all your money. I have heard much talk of this Zadig. They say he is an honest man; and if he returns to Babylon, as it is to be hoped he will, no doubt but he will give you even more than he owes. But as for your wife, who does not appear to be over-honest, I advise you not to seek after her. Take my advice and make the best of your way to Babylon: I shall be there before you, because I shall ride, and you will go on foot. Address yourself to the illustrious Cador, tell him you have seen his friend, and wait for me at his house. Go, follow my directions, and perhaps you may not always be unhappy.

"O puissant Orosmades!" continued Zadig; "thou makest use of me to bestow comfort on this man, whom thou hast ordained to give me comfort." In speaking

thus he gave to the fisherman half the money he had brought from Arabia, and the fisherman, transported with joy, and filled with amazement, kissed the feet of the friend of Cador, and cried out: "You are certainly an angel sent to save me!"

Zadig, however, still continued to make fresh inquiries, not without tears. "What, my lord," cried the fisherman, "are you then so unhappy, who have loaded me with benefits?" "I am an hundred times more unhappy than you," replied Zadig. "But how is it possible," said he, "that the person who gives should have more cause for complaint than he who receives?"

"It is because your greatest misfortunes," returned Zadig, "arose from your necessity, and mine from the heart." "Has Orcan, then, taken your wife?" said the fisherman. This last interrogation recalled to Zadig the remembrance of all his adventures: he repeated the train of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen's dog, and ending with his arrival at the castle of the robber Arbogad. "Ah!" said he to the fisherman, "Orcan deserves to be severely punished; but it is commonly such men as he who are the favorites of Fortune. However, go to my friend Cador's immediately, and there wait for me." They then separated: the fisherman walked, thanking Destiny; and Zadig rode, constantly accusing the decrees of Fate.

CHAPTER XV.

The Basilisk.

Zadig being arrived in a very beautiful meadow, perceived several young Syrian females looking in the grass with great application. He took the liberty to approach one of them, and asked if he might have the honor to assist them in their search. "Take care what you do," replied the fair Assyrian; "what we are searching for can only be touched by a female." "That is somewhat strange," said Zadig; "may I beg to be informed what this curiosity is that the ladies only are allowed to touch?" "It is a basilisk," replied she. "A basilisk, fair one! For what reason, pray, do you seek for a basilisk?" "It is," said she, "for our lord and master Ogul, whose castle you see on the banks of that river at the end of the meadow: we are all his most humble slaves. The lord Ogul is sick; and his physician has ordered him to eat a basilisk stewed in rose water. As this is a very scarce animal, and will suffer nothing to approach it but one of our sex, the lord Ogul has promised to choose for his well-beloved wife her who first brings him a basilisk. Do not, therefore, longer detain me from the search, since you see what I shall lose if I am circumvented by my companions."

Zadig then withdrew, and left the Syrian ladies in search of their imaginary booty, in order to pursue his intended journey. But when he came to the banks of a rivulet at the remotest part of the meadow, he perceived another female lying on the grass, who was not employed in seeking for anything. Her stature seemed majestic, but her face was covered with a veil. She was leaning towards the brook, and profound sighs issued from her mouth. She held in her hand a small wand, with which she traced characters on a fine sand that lay between the turf and the brook. Zadig had the curiosity to draw near, in order to discover what this lady was writing. He approached her; he saw the letter Z; then an A; he was astonished: then appeared a D; he started. Never was surprise equal to his, when he saw the last two letters of his name. He stood for some time immovable: at last breaking silence, with a faltering voice—"O generous lady!" cried he, "forgive a stranger, an unfortunate man, who presumes to ask by what astonishing adventure he finds here the name of Zadig traced out by so lovely a hand?" At this voice, and at these words, the lady arose; and with a trembling hand pulled up her veil, looked at Zadig, cast forth a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy; and, sinking under the various emotions, which at the same instant agitated her soul, fell senseless into his arms. It was Astarte herself; it was the queen of Babylon; it was she whom Zadig adored, and had reproached himself for adoring; it was she, whom he had so deeply lamented, and for whose fate he had been under such dreadful apprehensions! He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses; while his eyes were fixed on the lovely Astarte, who now began to revive, and gazed on him with looks of the sweetest confusion and tenderness. "O ye immortal powers!" cried he, "who preside over the destiny of feeble mortals;

have ye indeed restored Astarte to me! How strange the time, the place, the state, in which I see her!" He then threw himself on his knees before her, and laid his forehead amidst the dust of her feet; but the queen raised him up, and made him sit near her on the bank of the rivulet. She often wiped away the tears from her eyes, which as often were renewed by her grief; and more than twenty times resumed her discourse, which was so frequently interrupted by her sighs. She inquired by what accident they were brought together, and suddenly prevented his answer by new questions. She put a stop to the recital of her own misfortunes, and would know those of Zadig. In short, both having a little appeased the tumult of their souls, Zadig related in a few words the motives that had brought him thither. "But tell me, O unhappy but ever worthy queen!" cried he, "by what means is it that I find you in this solitary place, clothed in this servile manner, and accompanied by other female slaves, who are in search of a basilisk; which I find is, by the order of a physician, to be stewed in rose-water, as a specific for his dying patient?"

"While they are busied in the fruitless search," said the lovely Astarte, "I will acquaint you with what I have suffered since last I saw you; for which heaven has indeed sufficiently recompensed me, by permitting me to see you again.

"You know the king my husband was displeased at your being the most amiable of all mankind, and that for this reason he took the resolution to have you strangled, and to poison me. You know, likewise, how heaven permitted my little mute to inform me of the order given by his sublime majesty.

"Scarce had the faithful Cador obliged you to comply with my request, and depart, than he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight, by a secret passage, and conveyed me to the temple of Crosmades; where the magi his brother shut me up in that huge statue, whose base reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whose head rises to the top of the dome. There I lay concealed, or rather buried, for some time; but was carefully attended, and furnished with every necessary, by that venerable and loyal priest. In the mean time, the king's apothecary entered my chamber by break of day, with a potion in his hand, composed of henbane, opium, hemlock, black helebore, and aconite; and another officer went to yours, with a silk bowstring. Our flight had, however, happily frustrated their designs. Then Cador, the better to deceive the king, affected to accuse us both, and informed him that you had taken the road to the Indies, and that I was fled to Memphis: on which the guards were immediately dispatched after both of us.

"The couriers who went in search of me knew nothing of my features; for, by the king's express orders, I had hardly ever shown my face to any besides yourself. They followed the pursuit, on the description that had been given them of my person; till a woman of the same stature as myself, but who perhaps had more charms, appeared before them on the frontiers of Egypt. She was found alone, and in a very disconsolate condition; they therefore made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly took her to Moabdar. Their mistake at first threw the king into a violent rage; but having considered her more attentively, he found her extremely beautiful, and became reconciled. This lady was called Missouf; and I have since been informed that her name, in the Egyptian tongue, signifies *the capricious fair one:* a title to which she certainly was well entitled. She had, however, as much art as caprice. She pleased Moabdar, and had sufficient influence over him to make him choose her for his wife. She then began to unfold her real character, and gave herself up to all the fantastical whims of her vain imagination: she endeavored to oblige the chief of the magi, who was old, and troubled with the gout, to dance before her; and, on his refusal, she made him suffer the effects of her resentment. She ordered her master of the horse to make her a pie of sweetmeats: the master of the horse wisely represented that he was not a pastry-cook; but his making the pie was an affair of great importance, and she degraded him from his office, for being too obstinate. She gave the post of master of the horse to her dwarf, and the place of chancellor to a page. In this manner did she govern Babylon. Everybody regretted the loss of me. The king, who had behaved with great uprightness, till the moment he

resolved to poison me, and cause you to be strangled, seemed to have drowned his virtues in the prodigious fondness he had discovered for the capricious fair. He came to the temple on the solemn festival of the sacred fire; and I saw him implore the gods in behalf of Missouf, at the feet of the statue in which I was inclosed. I then raised my voice, and cried out—"The gods refuse to listen to the vows of a king, who is become a tyrant; who has sought the life of his innocent consort; and has suffered one to supply her place, who is distinguished only by her folly." At these words Moabdar was confounded, and his head became disordered. The oracle I had pronounced, and the behavior of Missouf, disturbed his judgment, and in a few days his reason entirely forsook him.

"His madness, which seemed a chastisement from heaven, was as the signal of a revolt. The people arose; they ran to arms; and Babylon, that had so long indulged herself in indolence and ease, became the seat of a dreadful civil war. I was now taken from the hollow of the statue, and placed at the head of a party; and Cador hasted to Memphis, that he might bring you back to Babylon. The prince of Hircania, hearing of these fatal contests, came with his army, and made a third party in Chaldea. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar was so closely pursued, that he died of the wounds he received in his retreat, and Missouf fell into the hands of the conqueror. I myself had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, and was led to the prince, at the very instant when Missouf was brought before him. Your vanity will perhaps be flattered, by learning that the prince esteemed me more beautiful than the Egyptian: but you will no doubt be afflicted to hear that he destined me for his seraglio. He told me, with great resolution, that, as soon as he had completed a military expedition which he was going to perform, he would honor me with a visit. Figure to yourself what was then my grief! The bonds which had bound me to Moabdar were broken; I had the opportunity of being the bride of Zadig, and was fallen into the power of a barbarian! I answered him with all the pride that sprung from my rank and lofty sentiments; having been always told that heaven bestowed on persons, like me, such peculiar marks of grandeur, as, with a word or glance, reduced to the lowliness of the most profound humility those rash persons who dared to swerve from their duty. I spoke like a queen; but was treated like the most servile domestic. The Hircanian, without even condescending to address himself to me, turned to his black eunuch, and told him that I was impertinent, but he thought me handsome. He ordered him to take care of me, and to put me under the regimen of his favorites, to the end that, my color being heightened, I might be rendered more worthy of his favors, on the day in which he should be pleased to honor me. I told him, that I would first put a period to my existence; he replied, laughing, that life was a blessing too valuable to be thrown away; and that he was prepared for such speeches. He then left me, with the negligence of a person who had just put up a parrot in its gilded cage. What a state was this for the first queen of the universe! and, what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!"

At these endearing expressions Zadig prostrated himself before the queen, and bathed her feet with his tears: when Astarte tenderly raised him up, and proceeded thus—"I found myself in the power of a barbarian, and the rival of a silly coquette with whom I was confined. She related to me her adventure in Egypt; and I judged by the lineaments she painted, by the time, by the dromedary on which you were mounted, and by every circumstance, that Zadig had fought for her. I did not doubt of your being at Memphis, and therefore took the resolution to retire thither." "Beautiful Missouf!" said I, "you are much more agreeable than me; much better will you divert the prince of Hircania; facilitate as much as possible the means of my escape, you will then reign alone; and, while you render me happy, will at the same time free yourself from the fear of a rival." Missouf listened to my request; she joined with me in concerting the means of my flight; and I secretly departed with an Egyptian slave.

"No sooner had we reached the borders of Arabia, than a famous robber, named Arbogad, seized upon me, and sold me to some merchants, who brought me to this

castle, the abode of the lord Ogul, where I was purchased without being known. He is a man who delights in voluptuousness; seeks for nothing but to gratify his appetites; and believes the Almighty has sent him into the world merely to sit at table. He is excessively corpulent, and in continual danger of suffocation. His physician, whom he but little regards when he has a good digestion, governs him, when he has ate too much, with the most despotic sway. He has persuaded him at present that his life is in danger, and nothing can cure him but a basilisk stewed in rose-water: the lord Ogul has therefore promised his hand to the female slave who first brings him a basilisk. You see I have left them to obtain this honor; and I never had less desire to find the basilisk, than since heaven has permitted me to see you again."

After this declaration, they gave utterance to those tender sensations that had been so long smothered, and said all that love and misfortunes can inspire in hearts the most noble and passionate; while the Genii who preside over love wafted their mutual vows of eternal constancy and truth even to the sphere of Venus.

The whole train of slaves, after a long and fruitless search, returned to Ogul; when Zadig presented himself before him, and spoke to this effect—"May immortal health descend from heaven to preserve a life so precious as yours! I am a physician, and have hasted hither, at the report of your sickness, with a basilisk stewed in rose-water. As I can have no benefit of the high reward you have offered, in case my application succeeds, I only desire the liberty of a young Babylonian slave you have for some days had in your possession; and I consent to remain in slavery in her place, if I am not so happy as to restore the magnificent and illustrious lord Ogul to his former health and vigor."

The proposal was accepted immediately, and Astarte set out for Babylon; promising speedily to send a courier to inform Zadig of all that should have passed. Their parting was as their meeting had been. The moment in which we meet, and in which we separate, are (as it is written in the Sacred book of Zend) the two most remarkable epochas of life. Zadig's love for the queen equalled his protestations; and the queen's love for Zadig was much greater than her words expressed.

In the meantime, Zadig spoke thus to Ogul—"My lord, my basilisk is not to be eaten; all its virtues must penetrate through the pores. I have put it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine skin: you must strike it with all your strength; and I must strike it back for some time. When you have for a few days practiced this regimen, the effects of my art will be perceived." On the first day Ogul was quite fatigued, and imagined he could not survive; on the second he was less tired, and slept better; in eight days he recovered all the strength, health, activity, and vigor, of his most agreeable years. "You have played at ball and been moderate," said Zadig. "Know, then, that there is no such creature on earth as a basilisk; that exercise and temperance are friends to health; and that the art of making health and intemperance subsist together is as chimerical as judicial astrology, or the philosopher's stone."

Ogul's former physician now perceiving how dangerous this man was to the cause of physic, raised a party amongst his dependents in order to destroy him; but, while they were concerting the destruction of Zadig, he received a courier from queen Astarte.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Tournaments.

The queen was received at Babylon with all those transports which are usually felt in favor of injured beauty. Babylon was at this time perfectly quiet and serene. The prince of Hircania had been slain in battle; and the Babylonians being conquerors, declared that Astarte should marry him whom they should choose for their sovereign. They would not have the first office in the world, that of husband to Astarte, and King of Babylon, depend on intrigues and cabals; they therefore swore to acknowledge for their king only him who was most valiant and possessed of the greatest wisdom. The lists were marked out at some leagues from the city, and surrounded by a magnificent amphitheatre. The combatants were to repair thither completely armed, and each had behind the amphitheatre a separate apartment, where he was neither to be seen nor known by any one. He was successively to encounter four knights; and those who

were so happy as to conquer that number, were afterwards to engage against each other, in such a manner as that he who remained the last master of the field should be proclaimed conqueror at the games.

Four days after he was to return with the same arms, and to explain such enigmas as the magi should propose; and, if he did not explain them, he was not to be king. The running at the lances was then to begin again, till a man should be found who was conqueror at both these combats, for they were resolutely bent on having a king possessed of the greatest valor and the most consummate wisdom. During all this time the queen was to be closely guarded, and only permitted to be a distant spectator of the games, covered with a veil; but they would not allow her to speak to any of the competitors, that they might have neither favor nor injustice.

Astarte made known to her lover the preliminary articles above mentioned, not doubting but he would show himself, in such a cause, superior to every other person, both in valor and wisdom. Zadig accordingly set out for Babylon, and besought Venus to fortify his courage and illuminate his understanding on this very important occasion.

He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day, and caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing his face and name, as the law required, and then went to repose himself in the apartment allotted him.

His friend Cador, who was returned to Babylon, after having in vain sought for him in Egypt, sent to his lodge a complete suit of armor, presented him by the queen, and also from himself the finest horse in Persia. Zadig attributed these presents to Astarte; and from this consideration his courage and his love derived fresh strength, and his mind was inspired with new hopes.

The next morning, the queen having placed herself under a canopy sparkling with jewels, and the amphitheatre being filled with all the ladies, and with people of every station in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi; with these devices they drew lots, and that of Zadig was the last. The first who advanced was a lord of great wealth, named Itobad; he was filled with vanity, had little courage, was extremely awkward, and almost void of understanding. His parasites had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be a king; he had answered them: "Such a man as me ought to reign." They had therefore armed him from head to foot. His armor was pure gold, covered with green enamel; he had a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbands. It was quickly perceived, by the manner in which Itobad governed his horse, that it was not for such a man as him that heaven had destined the sceptre of Babylon. The first knight who tilted with him drove him out of his saddle; the second threw him backwards over the horse's crupper, with his legs in the air and his arms extended. He soon recovered himself, however, but with so ill a grace that all the amphitheatre laughed heartily. A third disdained to use his lance against him, but, making a feigned pass, took him by the right leg, and turning him half round, threw him upon the sand. The squires who attended ran laughing to his assistance, and replaced him in his saddle. The fourth knight then caught him by the left leg, and threw him off on the other side. After this he was conveyed with scornful shouts from the multitude to his lodge, where, according to the rule prescribed, he was obliged to pass the night; and, as he hobbled with great difficulty along, "What an adventure," sighed he, "is this for such a man as me!"

The other knights performed their duty much better. There were those who conquered two combatants one after another; some proceeded even to three; none, however, but Prince Otamus, vanquished four. Zadig at last entered the lists, and successively threw four knights out of their saddles, with the most graceful ease imaginable. It now remained to be tried whether Otamus or Zadig should be conqueror. The armor of the first was blue and gold, with a plume of the same colors; Zadig's were white. The wishes of the multitude were divided between the blue knight and the white. The queen, whose heart suffered the most violent palpitations, fervently petitioned heaven in behalf of the white.

The two champions made their passes and volts with such agility, they mutually

gave and received such shocks from each other's lances, and sat so firmly in their saddles, that every one but the queen wished to have two kings in Babylon. At last, their horses being weary, and their lances broken, Zadig made use of this stratagem: he passed artfully behind his antagonist, sprung nimbly upon his horse, seized the knight in his arms, threw him to the earth, and placing himself on the saddle, wheeled about Otamus, who lay extended in the dust. All the spectators cried out with loud acclamations: "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus, highly enraged, arose and drew his sword, and Zadig leaped from his horse with his sabre in his hand. They were now both on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where strength and agility triumphed by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the studs of their brassarts, and the rings of which their armor was composed, flew afar off by the force of a thousand precipitate blows. They sometimes struck at each other with their swords, at other times they thrust, as occasion best served; now on the right, then on the left; now on the head, then at the breast; they retreated, they advanced; they kept at a distance, they closed again; they grappled with each other, twining themselves like serpents; in short, they struggled and engaged as fiercely as two Lybian lions fighting for their prey, and their swords struck fire almost at every blow. At last, Zadig for a moment stood still, and having in an instant recovered his breath, made a false pass at the prince, threw him on the ground and disarmed him. Otamus then cried out, "O thou knight in white armor! it is you alone who are destined to reign over Babylon." The queen was transported with joy. The knight in blue armor and the knight in white were each conducted to their lodges, in conformity to the rules prescribed, and they were waited on by mutes, who carried them proper refreshments. It is easy to imagine that the queen's dwarf was appointed to wait on Zadig. After supper the mutes withdrew, and left the combatants to rest their wearied limbs till the next morning, when the conqueror was to produce his device before the grand magi, to compare it, and to make himself known.

Zadig slept pretty sound, notwithstanding his affection for the queen, so much was he fatigued; but Itobad, who lay near him, could not once close his eyes; he arose, therefore, during the night, entered Zadig's lodge, took his white armor and device, put his green armor in their place, and at daybreak went boldly to the grand magi, to declare himself the mighty hero, the thrice happy conqueror. It is true, no one expected to see him the victor; he was, however, proclaimed, while Zadig still slept. Astarte, astonished, and with her heart filled with despair, returned to Babylon. When Zadig awoke the amphitheatre was almost empty; he sought for his arms, but finding none but the green, he was obliged to cover himself with them, because he had nothing else near him; confounded and enraged, he put them on, and went forth in this equipage.

Those who still remained in the circus now received him with hootings; they surrounded him, and insulted him to his face—never man suffered such humbling mortifications. At length his patience forsook him; he dispersed, by striking with his sabre, the populace who dared to affront him; but he knew not what measures to pursue, or how to rectify the mistake. He could not see the queen, nor could he reclaim the white armor she had sent him without exposing her; thus, while plunged in grief, he was filled with rage and inquietude. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded that Fate had destined him to be irremediably wretched, and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the damsel who had an aversion to one-eyed men, to that by which he had lost his armor. "This has happened," said he, "from my having awaked too late. Had I slept less, I should not only have been king of Babylon, but should also have been completely happy in the embraces of my dearest Astarte. The vast knowledge of the sciences, the sincere love of virtue, and the personal strength and courage I can boast, have answered no other purpose than involving me in misfortunes." He at last presumed to murmur at the unequal dispensation of Divine Providence, and was tempted to believe that all occurrences were governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and gave prosperity to knights in green armor. One cause of his vexation was his wearing the very green armor

which had drawn on him such disgrace; and a merchant happening to pass by, exchanged it for a robe and bonnet. In this dress he walked along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with the deepest despair, and secretly accusing Providence for involving him in so many afflictions.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Hermit.

While Zadig was thus rambling he met a hermit, whose white and venerable beard descended even to his girdle, and who held in his hand a book, which he seemed to read with much attention. Zadig approached him with a most profound obeisance, and the hermit returned his salute with an air so noble and beneficent that he had the curiosity to converse with him. He asked of the venerable stranger the subject of the book he was reading, who informed him it was the Book of Fate, and demanding if he wished to peruse it, put the book into his hands. Zadig, notwithstanding he was versed in many languages, could not explain a single character; this still more increased his curiosity. "You appear to me much disturbed," said the good father. "Alas! I have but too much reason to be so," said Zadig. "If you permit me to accompany you," replied the hermit, "perhaps I may be of service to you; for I have sometimes poured the balm of consolation into the souls of the unhappy." The air, the beard, and the book of the hermit, filled Zadig with the greatest respect for this venerable stranger, whose conversation diffused a superior and sublime knowledge into his soul. He discoursed of destiny, of justice, of morals, of the sovereign good, of human frailty, and of virtues and vices, with such a lively and persuasive eloquence that Zadig felt himself attached to his person by an irresistible charm, and earnestly entreated the venerable stranger not to leave him till they returned to Babylon. "I myself desire this favor," said the old man: "swear by Orosmades, that whatever I do, you will not leave me for some days at least." Zadig signified his assent, and they set out together.

The two travellers arrived that evening at a superb castle, when the hermit begged an hospitable reception for himself and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, who might have been taken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of disdainful goodness; and they were conducted to a principal domestic, who showed them the magnificent apartments of his master. They were admitted to the lower end of his table, without being honored by the lord of the castle with the least notice, but were served with the same delicacy and profusion as the rest of his guests. After supper, water was brought them to wash, in a gold basin adorned with rubies and emeralds; and they were then conducted to an apartment richly furnished, in which they took their rest. When they arose in the morning, a servant presented to each a piece of gold, and they proceeded on their way.

"The lord of this castle," said Zadig, as they passed along, "appears to me a very hospitable man, though somewhat too haughty." While he uttered these words, he took notice that the hermit's pocket, though very large, was considerably extended, and soon perceived that this appearance was occasioned by the golden basin, which his fellow-traveller had stolen. He was afraid to mention what he saw, but the thoughts of it gave him much concern. About noon, the hermit stood before the door of a little cottage, the residence of a rich miser, and desired they might refresh themselves for a few hours; when an old servant, ill-clothed, let them in with a visible reluctance, and conducted the hermit and Zadig into a stable, where he gave them some rotten olives, bad bread, and sour beer. The hermit eat and drank with as contented an air as he had done the preceding evening; then addressing himself to the old servant, who carefully watched them both, to see that they stole nothing, and often reminded them that the day was declining apace, he gave him the two pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his respectful behavior. "Pray," added he, "permit me to speak to your master." The servant, filled with astonishment, introduced the two travellers. "Munificent lord!" said the hermit, "I cannot but render you my most humble thanks for the friendly manner in which you have received us; be pleased to accept this golden basin, as a small testimony of my gratitude." The miser started, and was ready to fall to the earth; the hermit, however, did not give him time to recover from his surprise, but

instantly departed with his young traveller. "Father," said Zadig, "what is the meaning of all I have seen? In nothing do you appear to resemble other men: you have stole a gold basin, set with precious stones, from a lord who entertained us magnificently, and have given it to a sordid wretch who treated you with the greatest indignity." "My son," replied the hermit, "that magnificent personage, who entertains strangers with no other view than to gratify his pride, and raise their astonishment at the richness of his furniture, will become more wise for the future; and the miser will henceforth learn better to exercise the duties of hospitality. Be astonished at nothing, but follow me." Zadig was not yet certain whether his companion was the silliest person in the world, or one who surpassed all mankind in wisdom and discernment; but the hermit spoke with such authority, that Zadig, not to mention his oath, could not help following him.

At night they arrived at a house very commodiously built, though with great simplicity, and without the least appearance either of prodigality or avarice. The master was a philosopher, who had retired from the world that he might cultivate in peace his improvement in wisdom and virtue. In this retreat he received strangers with great cordiality, but without any ostentation. He went himself to introduce the two travellers, and led them to a commodious apartment, where he desired they would rest themselves. Some time after, he came himself to invite them to a frugal, but genteel repast, during which he talked very intelligently about the late revolutions in Babylon. He appeared sincerely attached to the queen, and wished that Zadig had appeared in the lists to dispute the crown; "But the people," added he, "do not deserve to have a king like Zadig." A modest blush diffused itself over the cheeks of Zadig at this unexpected compliment, which not only renewed, but redoubled the keen sense of his misfortunes. It was agreed that the affairs of this world are not always conducted so as to please the wise; but the hermit steadily maintained, that the ways of Providence were unknown; and that men were to blame to judge of the whole, when they perceived only the smallest part.

The next topic of their discourse was that of the passions. "Alas!" said Zadig, "how fatal are their effects!" "They are the winds which swell the sails of the vessel," returned the hermit. "Sometimes, it is true, they sink it; but there is no sailing without them. The bile renders us sick and choleric, but it is yet necessary for the support of life: thus everything below is dangerous, yet still everything is necessary."

They then discoursed of pleasures, and the hermit demonstrated that they were the gifts of Heaven. "Man," said he, "can give himself neither sensations nor ideas, he receives them all; his pain and pleasure are therefore derived from the same source as his being."

Zadig was astonished, that a man who had committed such base actions should be able to reason so well. At length, after a conversation as instructive as it was agreeable, their host led the two strangers back to their apartment, blessing Heaven for having sent him two men so wise and so virtuous. He offered them money in so free a manner, that it was impossible they could be displeased. The hermit refused it, and said that he must take his leave, as he intended to set out for Babylon before it was light. Their separation was polite and tender: Zadig, especially, felt himself filled with esteem and affection for a man of so amiable a disposition. When the hermit and he were retired to their apartment, they spent a long time in bestowing praises on their host. At break of day the old hermit awaked his companion: "We must now," said he, "depart for Babylon; but while everybody is yet asleep, I will leave our entertainer a testimony of my esteem and affection." On saying these words he lighted a candle, and immediately set fire to the house. Zadig, in the utmost confusion, shrieked out, and would have prevented his committing so horrid an action; but the old man drew him away by a superior force, and the house was soon in flames. When they had reached a convenient distance, the hermit, with amazing serenity, turned to survey the destructive flames. "Thanks be to God," said he, "the house of my dear host will be totally destroyed! happy, happy man!" Zadig was now tempted, at one and the same instant, to laugh at, to reproach the reverend father, to beat and to leave him; he did not, however, think proper to do either; for, subdued by

the consequence the hermit had assumed, he followed him, in spite of himself, to the place where they were to take their rest. This was a charitable and virtuous widow's, who had a nephew about fourteen years of age; he was a very promising youth, and constituted her chief happiness. She performed, as well as she was able, the honors of her house; and the next day ordered her nephew to accompany the travellers to an adjacent bridge, which being lately broken down, was dangerous to be passed by strangers.

The youth being attentive to wait on them, walked cheerfully forward. When they were on the bridge—"Come," said the hermit, "I must show my gratitude to your aunt." He then took him gently by the hair, and with great calmness plunged him into the river. The youth immediately sunk, but soon appeared again on the surface of the water, and was swallowed up by the torrent. "O monster! O most wicked of men!" cried Zadig. "You have promised to behave with greater patience," said the hermit, interrupting him. "Learn, then, that under the ruins of that house which Providence has consumed by fire, the master has found an immense treasure, which will enable him the better to exert his beneficence, and render his virtues still more conspicuous. Learn, also, that this youth, whose life Providence has taken away by an untimely death, would have slain his aunt within the space of a year, and thee in that of two."—"Who told you so, barbarian?" cried Zadig. "And even though you had read such an event in your detested Book of Fate, are you permitted to drown a youth who never injured you?"

While Zadig thus spoke, he perceived that the old man had no longer a beard, and that his face discovered the soft traces of blooming youth; the hermit's habit disappeared, and four lovely wings covered a majestic form resplendent with light. "O messenger of Heaven! O divine angel!" cried Zadig, falling prostrate on the earth; "you are then descended from the Empyrean, to teach a frail mortal submission to the orders of the Eternal!"—"Man," said the angel Jesrad, "judges of all, without knowing anything. You alone, of all the human race, are the man who best deserved to be enlightened." Zadig begged that he would permit him to speak. "I distrust myself," said he; "but suffer me to entreat you to remove one scruple from my mind. Would it not have been better to have corrected the child, and have rendered him virtuous, than to have drowned him in the river?" Jesrad replied—"If he had been virtuous, and had lived, he would himself have been assassinated, together with the wife he would have married, and the little infant, which in that case was destined to be the pledge of their mutual affection."—"But why," said Zadig, "is it necessary that there should be crimes and misfortunes, and that misfortune should fall on the guiltless?" "The wicked," replied Jesrad, "are always unhappy. Misfortunes serve only as a touchstone, to prove a small number of the just thinly scattered throughout the earth; nor is there any evil from which some good doth not proceed."—"What," said Zadig, "if there was only good, and no evil?" "Then," replied Jesrad, "this earth would be another earth; the chain of events would be another arrangement, conducted by wisdom; but this other arrangement, which would be absolutely perfect, can exist only in the eternal abode of the Supreme being, where no evil is permitted to approach. He has created millions of worlds, among which there are not two that resemble each other. This immense variety proceeds from his omnipotence. There are no two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the infinite fields of light, that perfectly resemble one another; and all that you see on the little atom whereon you are born, must of necessity exist in its own place, and at its appointed time, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends the whole. Mankind imagine that the child who has just perished, is fallen into the water by chance; and that it was also by chance that the house of our generous benefactor was consumed: but there is no such thing as chance or accident; it is all either a trial, a punishment, a reward, or a foresight. Remember the poor fisherman, who thought himself the most unhappy of men, Orosmades sent you to change his destiny. Cease, then, frail mortal, to dispute against what it is your duty to adore."—"But——" said Zadig. As he pronounced the word "but," the angel took his flight towards the tenth heaven. Zadig sunk on his knees and adored the wonders of Providence, with

every mark of the most profound submission: when the angel cried from on high —"Proceed towards Babylon."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Enigmas.

Zadig, like a person deprived of his senses by loud claps of thunder, walked on without knowing whither. He, however, reached Babylon, on the day in which those who had fought at the tournaments were assembled in the vestibule of the palace, to explain the enigmas, and to answer the questions of the grand magi; and all the knights were arrived except him who wore the green armor. As soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people assembled about him; their eyes were not satisfied with seeing him, their lips poured forth blessings upon him, and their hearts wished him the empire. The envious man saw him pass; he frowned, and turned aside. The people, with loud acclamation, attended him even to the palace gate. The queen, who had heard of his arrival, was in the utmost agony between fear and hope. Inquietude took possession of her mind; she could neither comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor how Itobad became possessed of the white armor. A confused murmur run through the whole assembly at the sight of Zadig; they were surprised and charmed at seeing him; but none besides the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the court. Zadig, however, cried out—"I have taken my share in the combats, though another bears my arms; and while I wait till I have the honor to prove my assertion, I demand permission to be admitted, that I may endeavor to explain the enigmas." The magi put Zadig's request to the vote; and his reputation for probity was still so strongly imprinted on their minds, that they unanimously agreed to admit him.

The first question proposed by the grand magi was this—"What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest, and most slow; the most divisible, and the most extended; the least valued, and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours all that is small, and yet gives life and spirit to everything that is great?"

Itobad had the honor to speak first. He replied, that so great a man as he had no knowledge of enigmas; and that it was enough for him to have conquered by his valor and the strength of his arm. Some said, that the meaning of the enigma was *fortune;* others the *earth;* others, the *light:* but Zadig said that it was TIME. "Nothing is longer," added he, "since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is more short, since it is insufficient to complete our projects; nothing is more slow to him who waits, nothing more rapid to him who enjoys; it extends in greatness even to infinitude; it is divisible into infinite smallness; all men neglect it; all lament its loss; nothing can be done without it: it consigns to oblivion what is unworthy of being known by posterity; and it immortalizes great and noble actions." The assembly agreed unanimously that Zadig was in the right.

The next question was—"What is the thing that we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we give to others without knowing where it is to be found, and which we lose without being conscious of its loss?"

Every one gave his own explication; but Zadig alone said that it was LIFE: and he solved all the other enigmas proposed with equal facility. Itobad constantly said that nothing was more plain, and that he could have answered them with the same ease, if he had been inclined to have given himself the trouble. Questions were then proposed respecting justice, the sovereign good, and the art of government. Zadig's answers were still judged to be the most solid. "What a pity it is," said the magi, "that a person of such consummate wisdom should be so bad a knight!"

"Most illustrious lords," cried Zadig, "I have had the honor to be conqueror in the tournament, and it is to me that the white armor belongs. Lord Itobad took possession of it while I slept; judging, perhaps, that it would fit him better than the green. I am, however, ready to encounter before this august assembly, with my gown and sword, the usurper of the white armor, that you may be enabled to judge who it is that has had the honor of conquering the brave Otamus."

Itobad, with the greatest confidence, accepted this challenge. His head being guarded by a helmet, his breast and back by his cuirass, and his arms by his brassarts, he entertained no doubt but that he

should easily obtain the advantage over a champion in a cap and gown. Zadig drew his sabre, and with it saluted the queen, who viewed him with a mixture of joy and fear. Itobad drew his, and, without any salutation, rushed on Zadig like one who had nothing to fear, and was determined to bear down all before him. Zadig, however, knew how to prevent the blow, by opposing the strongest part of his sword to the weakest of his adversary's, by which means Itobad's sword was quickly broken. Zadig then seized him round the body, threw him to the earth, and placing the point of his sword to the opening of his cuirass—"Suffer yourself to be disarmed," said Zadig, "or I will this moment take your life." Itobad, always surprised that any disgrace should happen to a person of his consequence, suffered Zadig to do as he pleased. He therefore very peacefully took away his magnificent helmet, his superb cuirass, his rich brassarts, and his brilliant cuisses; and clothing himself with them, ran in this dress to throw himself at Astarte's feet. Cador easily proved that the white armor belonged to Zadig; and he was thereupon acknowledged King of Babylon by the unanimous consent of the whole assembly; and more particularly with the approbation of Astarte; who, after such a series of misfortunes, had the happiness of seeing her beloved Zadig thought worthy to possess her in the eyes of all the world. Itobad withdrew, and was obliged to content himself with being called plain *lord* in his own house; while Zadig was elected king, and possessed happiness equal to his wishes. He now began to reflect on what the angel Jesrad had said to him; he remembered the story of the grain of sand which became a diamond; and both himself and Astarte admired the wonders of Providence. He permitted Missouf, the capricious beauty, to roam where she pleased; and sent in search of Arbogad, the robber, to whom he gave an honorable post in the army, with a promise of advancing him to the highest dignities, if he behaved like a soldier of honor; but assured him he should be punished without mercy, if he continued to follow the profession of a robber.

Setoc was called from the farthest confines of Arabia, together with the fair Almona, to preside over the commercial affairs of Babylon; and Cador was promoted to one of the highest offices in the State, as the reward of his distinguished services, and was the king's chief favorite: indeed, he was strictly the friend of the king; and Zadig was then the only monarch on earth who had so true a friend. The little mute was not forgotten; and a very genteel house was given to the fisherman, to whom Orcan was condemned to pay a large sum of money, as well as to restore his wife: the fisherman had, however, obtained wisdom; he took only the money.

Zadig did not leave the beautiful Semira disconsolate, who had deserted him when she feared he would be blind of one eye; nor Azora comfortless, who had been willing to cut off his nose; but endeavored to alleviate their sorrows by the most munificent presents. The envious Arimazes, indeed, died with shame and vexation. The empire now enjoyed peace, glory, and all the blessings of plenty. This was the most illustrious age of the earth. Babylon was wholly governed by justice and love. The people blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed Heaven.

BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

[**Sappho.** This immortal poet was born at Mytilene, and flourished about the time of Stesichorus and Alcæus, six centuries before Christ. The best writers of antiquity have been unanimous in their respective suffrages. Socrates, Strabo, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Plutarch, Longinus, etc., have spoken of her wonderful talents, and honored her with the glorious title of the *Tenth Muse*. Some fragments of this writer are happily translated into our language by Mr. Philips.]

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast:
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled:
My feeble pulse forgot to play—
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

From the Greek of SAPPHO,
by AMBROSE PHILIPS.

CATO AND THE ORACLE OF JUPITER AMMON.

[**Marcus Annæus Lucan,** or **Lucanus,** was born in Spain, A. D. 39, and descended from an ancient and illustrious family, and was the nephew of Seneca, the philosopher. While an infant he was brought to Rome, under the auspices of his uncle; and this circumstance is mentioned by Voltaire, to show the futility of those critics who, taking him for a Spaniard, had cavilled at the purity of his language. His preceptors were Palæmon, Virginius, and Cornutus, three masters of the first reputation in the belles-lettres and philosophy. The young Lucan at fourteen distinguished himself for his Greek and Latin declamations, and as his noble relation was the favorite and governor of Nero, Lucan was presented to that Emperor, who raised him, even while a minor, to the dignity of Quæstor, and this step soon paved his way to the college of Augurs. In those happy moments of fortune and reputation he married one of the senator's daughters, a lady who was young, rich, handsome, and accomplished. Our poet did not long retain the good graces of Nero. His firm and unshaken patriotism, his avowed republican principles and love of liberty, soon brought upon him the displeasure of a prince, whom he even rashly contended with, for the prize of poetry, at the public games. This success was the forerunner of his disgrace, for the emperor prohibited him from publishing his verses, or appearing in the assembly where the poets and orators were accustomed to recite their respective compositions. The high-spirited Lucan could not brook this treatment; he entered into a conspiracy, which was discovered, and cost the lives of above 300 of the Roman nobility. Our poet, with them, was also condemned to death, in the 26th year of his age (A. D. 65).]

Labienus persuades Cato to inquire of the Oracle concerning the war at the gates of the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Chance, and the fortune of the way, he said,
Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:
This greatest of the Gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, oh Cato! pious, wise, and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious Gods shall trust;
To thee their fore-determined will shall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert at least thy country's doom.
Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore:
Or else, if laws and right shall be no more?
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wand'ring maze of thought;
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind.

CATO'S REPLY.

Full of the God who dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd: truths which might well
Become ev'n Oracles themselves to tell.

"Where would thy fond, thy vain inquiry go?
What mystic fate, what secret wouldst thou know?
It is a doubt if death should be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than see a tyrant crown'd at Rome?
Or wouldst thou know if what we value here,
Life be a trifle hardly worth our care!
. . . . . .
From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty mind:
And though the priests are mute, and temple still,
God never wants a voice to speak his will.
When first we from the teeming womb were brought,
With in-born precepts then our souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
He gave us all our useful knowledge; *then*
Canst thou believe the vast eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian sands confin'd?

That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd?
Is there a place that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heav'n above,
And virtuous minds the noblest throne for Jove?
Why seek we farther then? Behold around
How all thou seest does with God abound;
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling priests for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain soul from death has freed.
The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall,
And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.
So spoke the hero; and to keep his word,
Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
But left the crowd at freedom to believe,
And take such answers as the priest should give."

LOUISE DE QUEROUALLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is—and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead!
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphant car
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! POPE.

This is a name disgracefully celebrated, but only a small portion of that disgrace can justly rest upon her who bore it. The period of her reign, for so it may be called, is historically infamous, but the least part of that infamy rests upon the woman herself. If we could tear from the chronicles of our country that leaf which bears the name of Louise de Quéroualle, it were well; but since this cannot be, we ought not to close our eyes to its import, for it conveys a deep lesson. It is impossible to study history without admitting that the political influence of women has been great in all ages; it has been modified by the difference of manner and the degree of intelligence,—it has been more or less ostensible, more or less mischievous,—but at all times it has been great, and it increases with the progress of civilization and the diffusion of knowledge. It is not in these days that we are to listen to common-places out of the *Spectator* and the *Ecole des Femmes*. Let it be granted, that "women are formed for private life alone;" but in that privacy, in our nurseries and boudoirs, are inculcated and directed the principles and opinions of those men who are to legislate for the happiness and welfare of nations. This species of indirect influence increases with the spread of civilization and intelligence, it cannot be denied—it cannot be suppressed:—is not the next alternative to render it beneficial to society? If a woman could once be taught to feel, to appreciate the grand stake she has in the political institutions of her country, and to understand the interests of humanity at large, she would no longer mix up with these considerations the petty passions, errors, and prejudices, and personal feelings, which have rendered at all times the political interference and influence of the sex a fertile source of evil, and a never-failing topic of reproach and regret; for evil has been almost constantly the result. The gallantry of men and the vanity of women may here suggest instances of the contrary; but for one Volumnia how many Cleopatras? for one Agnes Sorel how many Pompadours and Portsmouths? One thing, however, is certain, that, thanks to the progressive diffusion of freedom and knowledge, we are not likely to behold again in civilized Europe the common decencies of life braved by the insolent triumph of a "maitresse en titre;" "nor sin in state, majestically drunk," trampling over the destinies of great nations and the interests of millions of men. A Maintenon will never more half depopulate France, nor a Portsmouth bargain with a foreign despot for the sale of English liberty.

Louise Renée de Penencovet de Quéroualle, of a noble but impoverished family in Brittany, was appointed maid of honor to the Duchess of Orleans in the

year 1669; she was not more than nineteen, when by the interest of some relations in power, she was taken from the convent to which the poverty of her house had at first consigned her, apparently for life, and at once introduced to all the pleasures and temptations of a magnificent and dissipated court; her introduction took place at a critical moment, and in deciding her future fate has made her destiny and character matter of history.

The conquest or the ruin of Holland had long been one of the favorite projects of Louis XIV. The Dutch, however, resisted his overgrown power, as their ancestors had formerly defied that of Philip II. of Spain. In order to carry his plans into execution, Louis found it necessary to detach England from the interests of Holland. This was matter of some difficulty, for an alliance with France against Holland was so odious to all parties in England, so contrary to the national prejudices and interests, that, though Louis did not despair of cajoling or bribing Charles into such a treaty, the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in conducting it.

The only person who was at first trusted with this negotiation was Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, the sister of Charles, and sister-in-law of Louis, fatally celebrated in French history as *Madame* d'Angleterre. She was at this time about five-and-twenty, a singular mixture of discretion or rather dissimulation, with rashness and petulance; of exceeding haughtiness, with a winning sweetness of manner and disposition, which gained all hearts. She had inherited some of the noble qualities of her grandfather Henri Quatre, and all the graces and intriguing spirit of her mother Henrietta Maria. Early banished from England by the misfortunes of her family, she regarded the country of her birth with indifference, if not abhorrence. A French woman in education, manners, mind and heart, she was an English woman only in the peculiar style of her beauty, uniting the utmost majesty of form with a profusion of light hair, eyes as blue and bright as those of Pallas, and a complexion "petri de lis et de roses." On her husband, the worthless, stupid, profligate Duke of Orleans, her wit and charms were equally thrown away. Louis was well aware of her unbounded power over the mind of Charles II., whose affection for her was said to exceed that of a brother for a sister; he had never been known to refuse her anything she had asked for herself or others, and Louis trusted that her fascinations would gain from the King of England what reason and principle and patriotism would have denied.

To cover the interview between the brother and sister with some kind of pretext which should give it the appearance of an accidental or friendly meeting, Louis undertook a progress to his new Flemish provinces; and until Catharine of Russia astonished Europe by her pompous triumphal voyage down the Bosphorus, nothing had equalled in lavish and luxurious ostentation this famous journey. An army of thirty thousand men preceded and followed the royal party: in one spacious and superb equipage, all glass and gilding, travelled the king, the queen, Henrietta, and Madame de Montespan; then followed their respective retinues; then the Princesses; the Dauphin and his court, Mademoiselle de Montpensier (la grande Mademoiselle) and her court. This was just before the fatal affair of her marriage with Lauzun, who on this occasion rode at the head of the royal guards. It was a perpetual series of fetes, banquets, and triumphs; the apparent honors were principally for Madame de Montespan; the real object of this splendid journey was known only to Henrietta of Orleans, who enjoyed in secret her own importance, which gave a new zest to the pleasures with which she was surrounded. When arrived at Dunkirk she embarked for England, with a small but chosen retinue, and met her brother at Dover, where this celebrated conference took place. The event showed that Louis had not reckoned too much on her power; she gained from the facile and unprincipled Charles all that she asked; and the shameful treaty which rendered the King of England the pensioned tool of France, was arranged at Dover in the beginning of June, 1670.[1]

Henrietta brought in her train Mademoiselle de Quéroualle, and during her short stay the exceeding beauty and al-

[1] France agreed to give two millions of livres (150,000 *l.*) for the king's conversion to popery, and three millions a year for the Dutch war. Large sums of money were distributed to Buckingham, Arlington, and others.

most childish graces of this young girl, captivated Charles, who was observed to pay her much attention; she, however, returned to Versailles with her royal mistress, and there, within a few days afterwards, witnessed her dreadful death. Voltaire doubts, or affects to doubt, that Henrietta was poisoned, because of the odium which such a suspicion must have thrown on the father of his patron, the Regent-Duke of Orleans; but the recent publication of some private memoirs of that time has cleared up the shocking mystery. The intrigues which led to the murder of this unhappy woman present such a scene of accumulated horrors and iniquity, that for the honor of human nature, one could wish that the curtain had never been raised which hid them from our knowledge.

On the occasion of her death the Duke of Buckingham was sent over to France as envoy extraordinary; he had been the first to observe the impression which Mademoiselle de Quéroualle had made on the King's excitable fancy, and he resolved to turn it to his own advantage. He had quarrelled with the Duchess of Cleveland —had sworn hatred and vengeance against her; and now to raise her up a rival who should be wholly governed by himself, seemed to this Proteus of gallantry and harlequin of politics a very master-stroke of art,—worthy of Machiavel himself. He persuaded Louis seriously, that the only way to bind Charles to the French interest was to give him a French mistress: and he told Charles jestingly, that he ought to take charge of his sister's favorite attendant, if only out of "decent tenderness" for her memory. As to Mademoiselle de Quéroualle, a convent was all she could look to in France, and she was not found impracticable. Matters, in short, were soon arranged; an invitation so decorously worded as to spare the lady's blushes, was sent from the English Court, and she was immediately dispatched to Dieppe with part of the Duke of Buckingham's suite, and his Grace's promise to join her with all convenient speed. But what did that most careless and inconsistent of human beings? His admirable scheme of policy, by which he was to build up his own fortunes and power, and ruin all his enemies, was but "one of the thousand freaks that died in thinking;" he totally forgot both the lady and his promise, and leaving the disconsolate nymph at Dieppe to manage as she could, passed over to England by way of Calais. Montagu, then our ambassador at Paris, hearing of the Duke's egregious blunder, immediately sent over for a yacht, and ordered some of his own people to convey her with all honor to Whitehall, where she was received by Lord Arlington with the utmost respect, and immediately appointed maid of honor to the Queen. "Thus," says Burnet, "the Duke of Buckingham lost all the merit he might have pretended to, and brought over a mistress, whom his own strange conduct threw into the hands of his enemies."

Though the lady carried it at first very demurely, the purpose of her visit was pretty well understood. Dryden, the court-poet of the time, hailed her arrival in some complimentary stanzas, entitled "The Fair Stranger," not worth quoting here; and St. Evremond addressed to her an epistle which, for different reasons, I shall refrain from quoting; it is sufficient that the elegance of the diction was worthy of his pen, the sentiments worthy of his epicurean philosophy, and the morality—worthy of the occasion.

The next we hear of Mademoiselle de Quéroualle is from Evelyn, who notes in his diary that he had seen "that famous beauty, the new French maid of honor," but adds, "in my opinion she is of a childish, simple, and baby face." We may judge from all the pictures of la Quéroualle that, when young, her beauty, though exquisite, must have had the character, or rather the want of character, thus described by Evelyn. Within a year afterwards he met her on a visit at Euston, the seat of Lord Arlington, where she was obviously invited for the gratification of Charles. The French ambassador, Colbert, and a number of ladies of high rank, nobles, and courtiers, were there at the time. Charles came over every other day from Newmarket, and made no secret of his attentions to the young beauty.

In the year 1672 she bore the king a son (who was created in 1675 Duke of Richmond and Earl of March in England, and Duke of Lennox and Earl of Darnley in Scotland). In the following year Mademoiselle de Quéroualle was created by letters patent (August 19, 1673) Baroness Petersfield, Countess of Farncham, and

Duchess of Portsmouth. Yet further to exalt and blazon a shame which sought neither disguise nor concealment, Louis XIV. conferred on her the duchy of Aubigny, in the province of Berri, in France, as a mark of his friendship for his good brother, the King of England, and of his respect for the lady, whose progenitors, as the preamble sets forth, "had always held a considerable rank in Brittany, and had done good service to the throne, etc." Finding that she was likely to prove a staunch supporter of his interests in England, Louis added to the title and dignity of duchess and peeress of France the revenues of the territory of Aubigny, and a considerable pension.

The unbounded power which this woman acquired over the easy disposition of her royal lover was not owing to any superiority of wit or intellect, nor did she attempt to govern him like the Duchess of Cleveland by violence and caprices; though imperious and wilful, she was more artful and flexible; she studied to please and observe the king until she had fixed him, then if he refused or delayed her wishes she had tears and sullens, and fits of sickness at command. Her rapacity and prodigality were quite equal to those of her predecessor. "This day," says Evelyn, "I was casually shown the Duchess of Portsmouth's splendid apartment at Whitehall, luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory of the queen's; such massy pieces of plate, whole tables, stands, etc., of incredible value!" And yet at this time Charles was reduced to the basest expedients for money: shuffling with his ministers, duping his friends, exasperating his people, and absolutely begging like a mendicant of Louis XIV., and using the intercession of the duchess to obtain from him occasional supplies.[1]

The following note in Evelyn, also relating to the extravagance of the Duchess of Portsmouth, is very characteristic: "Following his majesty this morning through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room, within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigality and expensive pleasures, while her majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's wives in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germains, and other palaces of the French king, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life, rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, etc., all of massive silver and out of number; besides, some of his majesty's best paintings. Surfeiting of this, I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's, and went contented home to my poor but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendor of this world purchased with vice and dishonor?"

There was, in truth, but little of contentment within those splendid walls. It may be that there was not much repentance for the sinner, much sense of dishonor, but fears, and jealousies, and perplexities, and heart-aches; disgraceful and malicious intrigues, public and private conspiracies, and all the demons that wait on pride, avarice, perfidy, ambition, haunted the precincts of this temple of luxury; the new peeress, in her gems and ermine, was laughed at by Nell Gwynn, hated by the queen, despised in private, and lampooned in public.—*The Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*

MRS. JAMESON.[1]

[1] The Whig party, at one of their meetings, proposed to impeach some of his mistresses, upon account of the poverty in which their extravagance had involved him. On which old Lord Mordaunt said: "That they ought rather to erect statues to the ladies who made their lover dependent on Parliament for his subsistence."

TO GEERAERT VOSSIUS.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

[**Joost Van Den Vondel.** This poet, one of the most distinguished in Dutch literature, was born at

[2] See Vol. VII., page 18, *Biography of Mrs. Jameson.*

Cologne in 1587. In his childhood his parents removed to Amsterdam He was richly endowed by nature, but his education was defective. When about thirty years old he learned the Latin and French languages, and then read the works of the ancients and of the French. He devoted himself wholly to poetry; his writings include occasional poems, satires, tragedies, and translations from the Psalms of David, from Virgil, and from Ovid. His death took place in 1659.

[1 "Vondel was buried with pomp; a medal was struck in honor of him; and a hundred years afterwards a monument was erected to his memory in one of the churches of Amsterdam, bearing no eulogium but his name. Vondel has had many panegyrists, and some detractors, who, either in good faith, or because they wished to create a sensation, have depreciated his name and fame, and endeavored to destroy this idol of Dutch literature. In spite of the defects which criticism has pointed out in his numerous works, the name of Vondel is still honored in Holland, as that of Shakespeare is in England, and all the efforts of envy and of too severe criticism have served only to augment the brightness of a reputation which counts more than two centuries of glory."]

Why mourn'st thou, Vossius? why has pain
  Its furrows to thy pale brow given?
  Seek not to hold thy son from heaven!
'Tis heaven that draws,—resign him, then.

Yes,—banish every futile tear,
  And offer to its Source above,
  In gratitude and humble love,
The choicest of thy treasures here.

We murmur, if the bark should strand:
  But not, when, richly laden, she
  Comes from the wild and raging sea,
Within a haven safe to land.

We murmur, if the balm be shed;
  Yes,—murmur for the odor's sake:
  But not, whene'er the glass may break,
If that which filled it be not fled.

He strives in vain who seeks to stay
  The bounding waters in their course,
  When hurled from rocks with giant force,
Towards some calm and spacious bay.

Thus turns the earthly globe;—though o'er
  His infant's corse a father mourn,
  Or child bedew its parents' urn,—
Death passes neither house nor door.

Death, nor for gay and blooming youth
  Nor peevish age, his stroke defers;
  He chains the lips of orators,
Nor cares for wisdom, worth, or truth.

Blest is the mind, that, fixed and free,
  To wanton pleasures scorns to yield,
  And wards, as with a pliant shield,
The arrows of adversity.

Translated by BOWRING.

CHORUS.

HEROD'S MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

O Night! far lovelier than the day!
How can Herodes bear the ray,
  Whose consecrated, hallowed glows
Rich splendor o'er this darkness spread?
To reason's call his pride is dead;
  Her voice his heart no longer knows.

By slaughter of the guiltless, he
Would raise up guilt and tyranny.
  He bids a loud lament awake
In Bethlehem and o'er the plain,
And Rachel's spirit rise again
  To haunt the desolate field and brake.

Now wandering east, now wandering west,
For her, lone mother, where is rest,
  Now that her children are no more,—
Now that she sees them blood-stained lie,
Even at their births condemned to die,
  And swords unnumbered red with gore?

She sees the milk, no nurture bringing,
Unto their lifeless, pale lips clinging,
  Torn from their mother's breast but late;
She marks the stagnant tears reclining,
Like dew, upon their cold cheeks shining,—
  Poor victims of a ruthless fate!

The brows, now pallid, dimmed, and fading,
Those closed and joyless eyes are shading,
  Whose rays pure lustre once had given,
Like stars; and with their playful light,
Ere covered with death's cloud of night,
  Transformed the visage to a heaven.

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[1] *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Néerlandaise*, pp. 78–87.

Vain are description's feeble powers
To number all the infant flowers
  Which faded, died, when scarcely born,—
Before their opening leaves could greet
The wooing air with fragrance sweet,
  Or drink the earliest dew of morn!

So falls the corn beneath the sickle;
So shake the leaves, when tempests fickle
  Awake the mountain's voice from thrall.
What can result from blind ambition,
When raging with some dark suspicion?—
  What bard so vile to mourn its fall?

Then, Rachel, haunt not spots once cherished;
Thy children even as martyrs perished:
  Those first-loved fruits that sprang from thee,
From which thy heart was doomed to sever,
In praise of God, shall bloom forever,
  Unhurt, untouched, by tyranny.

VONDEL.—*Translated by* BOWRING.

CHORUS.

FROM PALAMEDES.

The thinly sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendor;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear:
The constellation's[1] charioteer
No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.
O sweetly welcome break of morn!
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily,
Contentedly, unwearily,
Surveys whatever Nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives,
And wanders oft the banks along
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.
  O, more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest, secluded spot,
Remote from crowded cares and fears,
His loved, his cherished dwelling rears!
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard:
When morning dews, which Zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend;
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,
Or bridal robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun or shade.

VONDEL.—*Translated by* BOWRING.

[1] Ursa Major.

THE MUTINY.

[**Walter Besant**, an English novelist and miscellaneous writer, was born at Portsmouth in 1838. Educated at Cambridge, he studied divinity, and became professor in a college at Mauritius. Returning to England, he published *Studies in Early French Poetry* (1868); *The French Humorists* (1873); *The Revolt of Man* (1881); *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (1882); *Life of E. H. Palmer* (1883), and other works. Several of his novels were written by him jointly with the late James Rice, including *Ready-Money Mortimer*, *When the Ship Comes Home* (from which we quote), etc. Mr. Besant is Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund.]

I suppose there was never got together since ships first began to sail the ocean, a crew so utterly blackguard as the crew of the *Lucy Derrick*. As a steerage passenger my place was forward, and I sat all day close to the forecastle, listening perforce to the oaths with which they interlarded their language and the stories they told. Now, as an ex-convict returning from Sydney, there ought to have been nothing in the whole scale of human wickedness unfamiliar to me. Truth to say there was very little. He who has been in a convict ship, and has made the dismal voyage across the ocean with her majesty's felons, has had every opportunity of learning what a hell might be made of this fair earth if men had their own wicked way. Somehow it might have been that my abject misery at the time blinded my eyes and stopped my ears. The voyage, with its sufferings by night, its despair by day, and the horror of my companionship, was all forgotten; so that, as I lay upon the deck, the imprecations and foul language of the crew of the *Lucy Derrick*, as they got together on the forecastle,

awakened me from that stupor of thought into which I was fallen, as some unexpected noise at night falls upon the ears of an uneasy dreamer, and awakens him to reality. No one in the ship said anything to me, or took any notice of me. "It is because I am a convict," I whispered to myself. It was not. It was only because no one took the trouble to ascertain who and what the only steerage passenger was. I took my meals with the second and third mates, and we exchanged little conversation. I suppose they thought I was sulky. Between meals I went on deck, and stayed there, and for want of anything to do looked about me and watched the men.

In a few weeks after leaving land I became aware of several significant things. The first was that the officers never went forward alone, and that they were always armed; then that they were gloomy, and seemed to be watching the men. I noticed, too—being, so to speak, among the sailors—that they whispered together a good deal. Among them was a young fellow of five-and-twenty or so, who seemed the leader in the whisperings. He never passed another sailor without saying something in a low voice; and when he passed me, he had a way, which exasperated me, of grinning and nodding. He was a smooth-faced man, with what seemed at first to be an upward twist of the right lip. This, which was the scar of a knife wound, caught probably in some midnight broil, gave him a sinister appearance. His eyes were close together and bright; his forehead was high, but receding; and he looked, in spite of his sea-going dress, less like a sailor than any man I ever saw afloat.

Yet he was handy aloft or on deck; and I have seen him on a windy day astride on the end of a yard, marline spike in hand, doing his work as fearlessly and as well as the best of them. Whatever the men whispered together, I made up my mind that this fellow was the leader; and I read—out of my convict experience—in his face, that he was as reckless a ruffian as ever shook an unchained leg outside a jail. Other things I noticed. The boatswain, who at first seemed to spend his whole time at the wheel, sometimes gave up his post to the fourth officer, and came forward. Then there were no whisperings; but the men kept aloof from him, all but Boston Tom, which was the name of the smooth-faced villain. Boston Tom always spoke to him, and spoke him fair, addressing him as "Mister Croil." Ben Croil, as I afterward learned to call him, was a man of five-and-fifty or sixty years of age; short of stature, thin and wiry; his hair cropped close, and quite gray; his face covered all over with crows feet; his eyes, which he had a trick of shutting up one after the other while he looked at you, of a curiously pale and delicate blue. As a young man, Ben Croil must have been singularly handsome, as, indeed, he was proud of telling. In his age he had a face which you trusted; and as for his mind—but we shall come to old Ben's inner self presently. For his sake I love and respect the race of boatswains, quartermasters, and non-commissioned officers generally of her majesty's navy, and of all the ships, steamers, and ocean craft afloat. For if Merchant Jack is rude and rough, drunken and disreputable, his immediate superior is, as a rule, steady as a lion, temperate as a Newfoundland dog, and as true as the queen of my heart.

There was a ship's boy on board—there always is. I have heard it stated that the bodies of ships' boys are inhabited by the souls of those who were once cruel ships' captains; other people think that they are possessed by the souls of ships' provisioners, ships' outfitters, pursers, navy agents, and crimps. I do not know which is the true theory. Both sides agree that the lot of all ships' boys is miserable, that none of them ever arrive at years of maturity, and that their sufferings, while in the flesh for the second time, are regulated by the evil they wrought in their former lives. Our boy was a curly-headed youngster of twelve; not a nice boy to look at, because he never washed, and was ignorant of a comb. I soon found out that he not only knew what was going on in the forecastle, but that he went aft and told the boatswain everything he knew; so one day I got that boy alone, while he was coiling some rope, and I said to him: "Dan, tell Mr. Croil that he may depend upon me. I know what you pretend to be so busy at the wheel for; I guess what you tell him; and I have seen you listening among the men. You tell Mr. Croil that he may depend upon me if he wants me." The boy fell to trembling all over, and he looked round carefully to see if any of the men were within

hearing. As there was no one, he told me in a quick, hurried way, that if he was found out he would be murdered; that there was a plot among the men, headed by Boston Tom; and that he told everything—that is, as much as he could learn—to the boatswain. Also that the men knew perfectly well that the captain and the officers were all armed to the teeth; but that they were waiting for an opportunity, and would make or find one before long, for they were all mad to be back at the gold fields.

Now this information, which corroborated my suspicions, served to rouse me altogether from my brooding, and I began to think what a selfish, heartless creature I must be to sit in the corner, and mope over my own misfortunes, when there was this danger hanging over ship and cargo. And being, as one may say, wide awake again, of course I remembered the young lady we had on board; and my heart grew mad to think of her falling into the hands of Boston Tom and his gang of ruffians. So I was glad to think I had sent that message, and resolved to do my own duty. However, there was nothing to do just then but to wait until I should have a message from the boatswain; so I sat in my usual place and waited.

The boy took my message, but no answer came that day at all. In the night a strange thing happened. It was fair-weather sailing, with the trade-wind blowing nearly aft, so that all sails were set, and the ship slipped through the water without so much as rolling. I was sound asleep in my bunk, when I heard voices, as it seemed, in my ear. They were brought to me, I am sure, by a special act of Providence, for I never could understand otherwise how I managed to hear them. First, there fell a faint buzzing on my ear, which I, being drowsy and heavy to sleep, did not much listen to; then I heard words plain, and I listened, the conversation came to me in bits, but I made out enough. It was evident that the crew intended to mutiny—to choose the very next night, as I gathered (but I was wrong), for their purpose, and to carry the ship back to Australia, when they would scuttle her, and land as near the gold-fields as possible. Once there they would separate; and so, every man for himself. And then I heard my own name mentioned, but I could not hear what was to be done with me. After that the voices were silent, and I lay awake thinking what to do next. Now this sort of talk was not likely to make me sleep, therefore I got up, dressed quickly, and was ready, as well as broad awake, when half an hour later, just after one in the morning, I heard steps and a whispering of men outside the door of my cabin, which was unlocked. "I'll do it at once," I heard a voice say, which I thought I knew for that of Boston Tom—"I will do it at once; and if anybody asks after him, say he must have fallen overboard. Where's the spike?" One of the two went away; I heard his bare feet on the boards. I stepped lightly out of the bunk, and put my hand upon my knife—such a knife as diggers and up-country men used to carry—a knife that would do for any purpose; at all events I would sell my life as dearly as I could. The door opened, and I slipped to the side of the cabin, which, as in most old-fashioned sailing-ships, was of a good size, though, of course, not a state cabin. I could feel the breath of the murderer, as he pushed his head in, and called me. It was afterward that I remembered how strange a thing it was that he should know my real name, because I had shipped under another. "You, Warneford," he said, in a hoarse voice, "get up and come on deck. Wake up, do you hear? Come out, forging convict, and see the captain. Sulkin', are you? Then this will wake you up." I heard a blow—two blows—on the pillows of the bunk, and stepping swiftly behind him, I found myself on the forward companion in total darkness. I knew where I was, however, and the way. As quick as thought I ran up the ladder and over the deck, breathing more freely. Here I was safe, because it was not the watch of the men below, and at least there were three hours left for consideration.

There was nothing unusual in my appearance on deck at night. The air was hot and oppressive below; on deck it was cool. I had often stretched myself on such nights on the tarpaulines, and slept as soundly upon them as in my cabin; no one among the conspirators would think it strange to find me thus. Presently I pulled myself together a bit, and made up my mind, things being

as they were, to go straight to the officer of the watch. He was walking up and down, a boatswain's whistle hanging round his neck. When he saw me, he held it in readiness.

"Murder on board, sir," I reported, as calmly as I could.

"Ay, ay," he replied. "Very like; go aft and see the bo's'n."

It was a strange reply, but I understood, later on, that it had been already resolved to accept my services, and to trust me with fire-arms. So when I went aft, the boatswain pulled out a revolver, a knife, and some ammunition, which he had ready for me.

"There!" he said, "do your duty by the ship, young fellow; we shall want you to-morrow night, belike, or maybe sooner. But go below and turn in."

This I would not do. I waited for the officer, and begged him to listen to me again, while I told him my story.

"I take it, sir," said the boatswain, "that they may try it on to-night. It isn't a bad dodge, you see, to get the day altered a bit in case of treachery; and if you'll allow me, sir, I'll tell off the passenger for the young lady."

"Six pistols against twenty-five men," said the officer. "I think we can fight it out without waking the young lady."

But the boatswain urged that he had got everything ready for her; that she would be frightened down below, and might come up on deck in the thick of the fight and get harmed; so that it was finally resolved to awaken her and bring her up on deck.

"Now, mister," said the boatswain to me, "you look like a man who's got his eyes open and his head set on right end up; you listen to me. When the young lady comes on deck I shall put her in this boat." There was a gig hanging to the stern davits; these were turned round in readiness for the boat to be lowered. "If things go wrong, as they will sometimes go wrong in this world's gear, lower away" (he showed me the rope), "and sling yourself in after her; then, if no one else comes, cut her adrift, because we shall be dead. When I whistle, or the chief officer whistles, don't wait, not even for a parting shot, but lower yourself away with her, and take your chance."

The prospect of a fight steadied my nerves, and after a careful examination of the rope, on which all might depend, and looking to my revolver, which was fully loaded and capped, I began to feel excited.

All this took time. The fourth officer was giving orders to the men on watch, which prevented them noticing me talk at the wheel; and it struck six bells, which was three o'clock in the morning, when I saw the young lady, dressed and on the deck.

"What is it?" she asked; "tell me what is wrong, Mr. Croil."

"Be brave, young lady," he said, "nothing is wrong, I hope, but plenty may be. Here's the captain."

I noticed the captain's stern face as he came slowly aft, and I thought that if the attack was made that night, some lives might be sent to a sudden reckoning. He was as steady as a rock.

"Miss Elwood," he said, "we expect a little mutiny, and we are quite ready for it; but we have asked you on deck to keep you as safe as possible. They have got no fire-arms, but we may have an ugly tussle. Let me help you into the boat—so. There are rugs and wraps, and you must make yourself as cozy as possible. To-morrow morning, if we get safely through the night, we will have them in irons; but if they try it on to-night we must fight them."

The young lady obeyed with a shudder, but said no word. Then the captain looked round. The chief officer, with the third officer, was forward; with himself was the second mate, and behind him was the boatswain steering the ship.

"How's her head, bo's'n?"

"Nor'west by west, sir."

"And the trade straight as a line, the ship may navigate herself for half an hour. What's that for'ard?" he asked, pointing.

"Mutineers," said the boatswain quietly.

"Steady, all," said the captain. "You, sir"—he turned to me—"remember your post."

In the dim twilight of the star-lit night—for the moon was down—I saw creeping up the companion for'ard one, two, three, half a dozen black forms. With the others I watched and waited, my pulse beating quicker, but my nerves, I think, steady. Then there was a shout and a rush. We heard the crack, crack of the pistols of the two officers forward, and we

saw them retreating before the twenty desperadoes, who, armed with knives stuck on sticks, marlin-spikes, and hatchets, pressed onward with a roar like so many escaped devils. The boatswain pushed me back as I made a movement with the captain.

"To your place, sir," he said, "and remember the whistle;" but I fired my pistol once, for in the darkness I saw a figure creeping under the shade of the taffrail toward the helm. Perhaps it might be the leader, Boston Tom; but I could not see. I fired, and he dropped. A moment after I heard the whistle of the boatswain. In an instant I let go the rope, and the boat dropped swiftly into the water.

In all my life I shall never forget that scene on the deck which I caught as I sprang over the side and lowered myself, hand over hand, into the boat. The pistol-shots were silent now, and it seemed as if, with a mighty stamping and mad shouting, there were a dozen figures fighting one, while the battle raged over the agonized forms of the dying and the dead. Like a photograph the image was painted on my brain, and has remained there ever since. Sometimes, still, after all these years, I awaken at night to hear the cries and oaths of the sailors, the crack of the captain's pistol, and to reproach myself for not having done more to save the ship. But I did my duty.

The young lady was crouched, trembling, in the stern of the boat. I reassured her with a word—there was no time for more, for almost as soon as I reached the boat another form came hand over hand down the rope, and I sprang up, pistol in hand, to meet him. But it was the boatswain; he had a knife, as he descended, between his teeth, and he held the rope for a moment in his hand. Half a dozen faces appeared in the blackness, peering over the taffrail at him. The night air was heavy with oaths, shrieks, and groans. "Villains, murderers, cut-throats!" he cried, "you shall be hanged, every mother's son. I know your names; I've got your record in my pocket." He severed the rope with a dexterous sweep of his knife; instantly the great ship seemed half a mile ahead of us, as she slipped through the water before the strong trade-wind. The boatswain shook his fist at her, as if the men on board could see and hear.

"There goes the *Lucy Derrick*," he said; "as sweet a clipper as ever sailed the seas, lost through a crew of mutineering, cut-throat villains. They shall hang, every one—that's settled—they shall all hang, if I hunt them round the world."

"Where are the officers?" I asked.

"Brained, all of them—knocked on the head and murdered. There, my pretty—there, don't cry—don't take on. If the captain's gone, he died in defence of his ship—gone to heaven, the captain is, with his three officers. In heaven this minute. They've no call to be ashamed or afraid. Done their duty like men. No call; else what good expecting of a man to do his duty? And as for us, we've got a tight little craft, in the track of the clipper ships, or near it, with a supply of provisions and water, and plenty of room on this broad ocean in case bad weather comes on. Now, mister, what's your name, sir?"

"My name is Warneford."

"Good, sir. You'll allow me to command this craft, if you please, through my being bred to the trade—not a gentleman like you."

"Yes; but perhaps I am not a gentleman," I replied.

"Then you are a brave man!" cried the girl. "I watched you from the boat. I saw you shoot that man creeping along on the deck like a snake. And I owe my life to you and to Mr. Croil. But, oh! it seems a poor and selfish thing to thank God for our lives with all those good men murdered."

"Look!" cried Ben—I shall call him Ben for the future—"they're 'bout ship, the lubbers! Who'll teach them to navigate the vessel? Well, they can't sail over us, that's one comfort."

It was too dark for me to see more than the shape of the ship herself, standing out a black mass, with black masts and black sails, against the sky; but Ben's practised eye discovered that they were endeavoring to alter her course, for some reason of their own.

We were tossing like a cockle-shell on the water, which was smooth, save for a long, deep swell. We were all three very silent; and presently I heard a noise.

"They are cruising in search of us," said Ben; "see, they've reefed all. Well, it is too dark for them to see us before daybreak, and if they cruise about till then—Mr. Warneford, you have your pistol."

There was but one chamber discharged in mine; Ben looked to his own. "We shall be able to speak a boat," he said, after a while, "at far-off quarters or close, and speak her we will to a pretty tune; but on such a night as this they might as well look for King Pharaoh's chariot as for the captain's gig. Heart up, my pretty! We'll stand by you; and in the morning we'll be off on another tack. Heart up!"

Then a curious thing happened—unlucky, as it seemed then. I have learned since—for my dear girl has taught me—to look on it as a special grace of Providence. Suddenly—having been before in a black darkness—we became, as it were, the centre of a great light; all round the boat there burst from the darkened bosom of the water lurid flashes of fire. The short crisp waves, as they rose to a head, broke not in white sea-foam, but in liquid fire; the swell of the ocean was like an upheaval of dull red lava; the sea was crossed and seamed with long lines of fire-like lightning, but that they remained, or seemed to remain, constant. As the boat rocked on the heaving deep, the flames, red and blue, shot from her sides; the skies, which were now overcast, reflected the light; the wind had dropped, and nearer and nearer still we could hear the dropping of the oars from the boat in search of us. It was the phosphorescent light of the Indian Ocean.

"Seems as if the Lord meant to have another life or two out of them murdering mutineers," said Ben. "Kind of beautiful, too, ain't it, miss? Lord, I've seen it off Peru, when there was no pirates and mutineers in chase, as bright as this! That was on board the *Conqueror*, hundred-and-twenty-gun man-of-war; and the chaplain preached next day on the Lord's handiwork. Here they come, Mr. Warneford. Steady, and aim at the bow-oar; I take the stroke; fire when I give the word, and get the sculls ready in case of a miss."

They were about a quarter of a mile astern of us, pulling up hand over hand; because we never attempted—being in such bright light—to escape by rowing.

I sat in the bows, pistol in hand, Ben was in the stern, and the young lady amidships.

They hailed us to stop rowing. We were not pulling at all, so that no answer was necessary.

"A hundred yards, as I judge. Sculls out, and pistol ready to hand, Mr. Warneford. Don't let them run us down. Now give her headway—so. When I say 'Port,' pull with your left as hard as you know, ship the sculls, and let the bow-oar have it. Sit down, my pretty, shut both eyes, and say your prayers for me and Mr. Warneford, 'cos both on us needs them badly this very moment."

"Boat ahoy!" It was the voice of Boston Tom. "You, Warneford! You, George Warneford, convict and forger, 'vast rowing, and give us up the bo's'n and the girl, then you shall go free. If you don't, we will murder you as well as him."

We made no answer.

The boat came near. It was rowed by four oars, and, as I supposed, Boston Tom was in the stern.

"Run them down!" cried one of the crew, with an oath. All the time I was pulling quietly, so as to keep a steady way upon her.

"Port!" said Ben, suddenly.

I obeyed orders, and pulled my left. Instantly the gig swung round, and the heavy ship's boat shot past our stern; and as she passed, Ben's pistol fired once, and a yell of anguish told that the shot had taken effect.

As for myself, I could not recover in time; but one of the four oars was disabled.

"Surrender!" shouted Boston Tom. "Easy, now; pull two; we'll run them down. Surrender, you convict, Warneford! If you won't take those terms, I'll give you better. Come on board with me, and I'll show you who really done it, and put you ashore safe and sound. I'll give you your revenge; I'll establish your innocence; I'll—"

This time, as they were turning, I let fly without orders, aiming at the bow-oar; and I hit him somewhere, because there was another yell.

They were within three oars' length, but lying broadside on.

"Pull back to your ship," said Ben, "pirates and murderers, lest we take more lives! We've shot enough here for all your crew. Leave us, and wait for the time when I hang you all!"

In their haste they had forgotten to bring the officers' pistols with them. Perhaps they could not find the powder and

shot. Anyhow, there was not a sign or sound from the other boat, but the groaning and cries of the wounded men; and, after a pause, we saw the two men who were left row back in silence toward the ship. The fight was over, at any rate. They passed away from the circle of phosphorescent light in which we lay, and so into outer darkness.

Then we were silent for the space of an hour or more. The phosphorescence died away, and the stars came out again. Presently in the east appeared the first faint streak of dawn, and Ben Croil broke the silence:

"What was them words as Boston Tom addressed to you, Mr. Warneford?"

"He called me a convict and a thief; and he said—No!" Here a sudden rush of thought filled my brain as I comprehended, for the first time, all the force of what he did say, and I could speak no more.

"Convict! Thief!" Ben cried. "And you as steady as the best man of us all! Done your duty like a man! Well—after that—theer—"

Miss Elwood raised her head, and looked round in the gray of the dawn, She saw my shameful head buried between my hands. Convict and thief!

I felt the gentle hand in mine as she murmured: "The night is far spent and the day is at hand; let us thank God for our lives, and for His great gifts to man of courage and fidelity. Let us pray to Him never to let us forget this night, to forgive us all our trespasses, and to help us forgive them that trespass against us."

So, in the lone waters of the Southern Indian Ocean, when the sun climbed up the rosy waves, the light fell upon a group of three in a little boat, kneeling together, and glorifying God through the mouth of that innocent girl; and of the three there was one at least whose heart was humbled and softened. "Amen!" cried Ben Croil, clearing his throat. "And now we will look about us."

St. Peter's Island.

We looked about us. The day was upon us, and the sun, just risen, was already hot in our faces. The sea was calm, with a light breeze blowing from the trade quarter. The ship had disappeared.

"No sail in sight, nor any shore," said Ben Croil, looking at a pocket-compass. "Heart up, pretty." That was what he always said. "There's water on board, also provisions, though not what we might wish for the likes of you. I thought it might come to this, and I victualled her. There's land on the weather bow, if the Lord lets us reach it. Land—an island. St. Peter's Island, where we'll be picked up when we get there. Mr. Warneford, sir, let me hoist the sail." We carried a mast and one small sail. Ben managed the ropes, while I steered under his orders. But first we rigged up, by means of the spare oar, some rough kind of covering to protect our passenger; and then we sailed on in silence, wrapped in our thoughts, while the boat danced upon the waves, leaving a little track of white foam behind it. A peaceful, quiet, and happy day. Helen tells me that she was not afraid all that time, nor was I. We were in a little open boat, on the open sea; we were dependent for our safety on the continuance of calm weather; we were dependent for landing anywhere on old Ben's knowledge of the seas and recollection of the chart. He knew the latitude and longitude of the boat, making allowance in dead reckoning for the time when we left the ship, and he knew the latitude and longitude of the nearest land. I drew a rough chart from his information on the back of a letter which Helen had in her pocket. It had two places marked on it—the position of the ship *Lucy Derrick* at noon, September 15, 1851, and the island of St. Peter.

It was a rough-and-ready way of reckoning, but I managed to place the position of the ship as near as possible where we left her, and Ben began to study the chart.

"Now, whether to put her head nor'-west by nor', or give her an extra point in a northerly direction, beats me quite. And there's currents which, in these little fair-weather crafts, we ain't able to guard against, and the wind which beats her on and off like. But St. Peter's lies over there. Heart up, pretty. We'll fetch land to-morrow, with the blessing of our Lord."

It was Ben who served out the rations and the water, of which we had a keg, besides a bottle of rum, and two or three bottles of wine, which had found their way among Ben's stores.

The sun went over our heads, and began

to roll down into the west, but there was no life upon the waters except ourselves; no birds, no great or little fish, nothing to break the solitude. At a little after seven the sun went quite down, and in half an hour we were in darkness. The breeze freshened, but Ben kept up the sail till I told him that I was dropping to sleep from sheer weariness. Then he took in the canvas, and resumed his place in the stern. Like a thoughtless and ungrateful wretch as I was, I threw myself into the bottom of the boat, and should have been to sleep in five minutes, but for our passenger, who called the crew to prayers.

She was our chaplain, as well as our guardian angel, her sweet voice went up to Heaven for us all as she sang the evening hymn. Then came over me—the first time for five years—that old feeling which is always new, that whether I lived or whether I died, all would somehow be well, and with the feeling upon me I laid my tired head upon the boards, and was asleep in a moment.

It was far advanced in the night when I awoke to relieve Ben. He had stripped himself of his coat, and laid it over the shoulders of the sleeping girl, and was sitting in his shirt-sleeves. As I stepped lightly over her form to take the strings from his hand, he whispered me:

"Mate, was that true—them words as Boston Tom spoke in the boat?"

"I have been a convict," I replied.

"How did he know that?"

"I cannot tell you; I wish to Heaven I could."

"What did he mean by saying he would tell you who really done it? Done what?"

"Done the forgery for which I was condemned. I am innocent, Ben Croil. Before God, I am innocent."

He was silent a while.

"I can't see my way plain. One thing's got to be said. We may toss about in these seas till our water's gone; we may get cast away; we may be wrecked. I ain't so old but I can make a fight for life yet, and I ain't so young but what I may look to be called first. You may be innocent of that there forgery, or you may be guilty. No concern of mine. Innocent or guilty don't matter now; and whichever way it were, Mr. Warneford, the guilt of putting another man's name to a bit of paper is like the guilt of a baby crying at the wrong time compared to the guilt of ill-treating the sweet young lady."

"I pray God," I returned, "that He will deal with me in His wrath, if I shall deal with her unworthily—that He will punish me afresh for the deed I never committed, if I prove myself unworthy of this charge."

"That will do," said Ben; "and now we understand each other. I think I'll turn in. Keep her head so. Steady."

I let him sleep till the sun was high. When the first cold breeze of the morning touched our lady's face, she opened her eyes, and presently sat up beside me, and we talked.

That is to say, she talked. She told me about herself, how her mother was dead in England, and her father had taken her out to Australia five or six years ago. He was a barrister by profession, but he had no practice, and a very little money. So he went to Melbourne, bought a little piece of land with a log house on it, and tried to practice there; only no clients came to him, or very few, and it was an uphill battle he had to fight. Then came the gold fever, and, like the rest of the world, he would be off to the diggings to make his fortune, while his child was sent off home out of the way.

All this history took a length of time to tell, and before it was done old Ben woke up with a start. He looked around the sea, as if to make quite sure that we had not gone to the bottom in his sleep, and then nodding cheerfully to his charge and to me, began to scan the horizon to the north and northwest.

"Land!" he cried, pointing to what seemed a little bank of cloud, as big as a man's hand, rising out of the circle of which we were the centre. "Land ahead of us. Land thirty miles off. Heart up, my pretty, and a double ration for breakfast. Now, Mr. Warneford, the breeze is light, but we'll up sail and make what running we can. Maybe by noon we must get the sculls out."

Our captivity in the boat had been too short for us to feel any of the sufferings or disappointed hopes which make the story of a shipwreck so often tragic. We had suffered nothing beyond exposure on a summer sea for four-and-twenty hours. But the certainty of a speedy deliverance paled my cheek, and brought the tears to Miss Elwood's eyes.

"Let us have morning prayers," she said, "and thank God for this deliverance."

Ben Croil nodded. At the same time he cut an inch or so of tobacco for a fresh filling, and winked at me, as much as to say that we were not out of the wood yet.

We were not, indeed.

The land, as we drew nearer, seemed a long and low islet, without any hills, covered with some sort of low-lying vegetation. It was less than thirty miles from us, because while it was seven in the morning when it became visible, by ten we were within a mile, beating about for the best place of landing.

"The Island of St. Peter?" said Miss Elwood. "I never heard of that island; tell me about it, Mr. Croil."

"No one ever heard about it," said Ben, "except them as made the charts, because no one ever goes there. But they pass by, do the ships, and they will pick us up. It may be to-morrow; it may be in a year's time; it may be in ten years' time. The whalers have been known to touch there, so there must be water; and where there's water there's birds; and where there's water there's fish; and so what I say again is, Heart up, my pretty. Luff, Mr. Warneford."

There was a little creek, up which Ben steered the boat; it opened into a round bay or harbor, capable of holding half the ships in the world. On either side was the land, not in cliffs or hills, but in a low table-land. In one place a little cascade, ten or twenty feet high, fell into the blue water, with a rainbow hanging over it, and in another we saw the remains of a rude log-house, built out of boat planks. To this spot we steered, and landed on a point of gray sand, up which we two men pulled the boat high and dry above the tide. There we disembarked our young lady. The first thing to do was to visit the log-house. The door had fallen from its rude hinges, which had been of leather; there had been a rough kind of window-shutter, which now lay on the ground; and the roof, which could never have been weather-tight, was built up with planks, of which half a dozen had been blown off.

We looked inside.

On the floor lay a skeleton. Dressed in rough sailor's clothes, the hands in gloves, the feet in great boots—a skeleton. He lay with his head upon his arm, as if he had given up the ghost painlessly. Besides him were a chair, a rude sort of table, and a bed. Shelves had been rigged up in the walls of the house, and on these stood stores. There were bottles still full of rum, tins of provisions, cases of biscuit, cases of candles—all sorts of things.

We stood looking in horror at this spectacle of death, which greeted us on our landing, as if it were a bad omen.

"Dead," said Ben Croil. "Dead this many a day; and no ships touched here all the time. Well, he's left his house to us, Mr. Warneford: we must bury him somehow."

"And are we to live here—here—in the same house?" cried Helen. "Oh, it will be like living in a charnel-house."

So it would; but what were we to do?

Finally we hit on a compromise. We would take down the frame-work, when we had buried the skeleton, and rebuild the house farther off. We looked in the dead man's pockets—there was not a scrap of paper to identify him by, nor any morsel of writing anywhere, to show who he was and what had been his history.

Ben Croil took the boots, the overcoat, and the gloves, as well as a watch, and a purse containing some English money. Then we dug, with the aid of a two-inch board, a grave in the sand, and laid the poor bones to rest until the last day. When we came back from our dreary job we found that Miss Elwood had been weeping, at least the tears stood in her eyes; but she brushed them away and made herself helpful, running backward and forward to the boat and bringing up everything that she could carry.

Our house was not finished for several days: but we made a tent for her, and slept in front of it ourselves, so that no harm might come to her except over our own bodies. In the daytime we were busy building. We found a bag of tools, part of the bequest of our poor Robinson Crusoe, which came in handy, as you may believe; and on the fourth day we had as neat a house, twelve feet high, and in the inside fifteen by ten, as you could expect to find. There was but one room; but we made two at night, by a curtain made out of the boat's sail. And when the house was finished, we sat down and asked ourselves, What next?

Miss Elwood, while we were building, explored the whole island. There was not much to explore. It was, as near as we could make out, a mile long by half a mile broad. There were two springs in it, one of which formed the little stream which poured its water into the bay where we landed. There were multitudes of sea-birds running and flying about the place, whose eggs we took for our food. There was a sort of wood in one place, the trees of which were so blown down and beaten about by the wind that none of them were more than ten feet high, while the branches were interlaced and mingled together in inextricable confusion. The middle part of the islet was, in fact, lower than the edges, and covered with grass: and at the western point there stood, all by itself, a rock about forty or fifty feet high, round which hovered and flew perpetually myriads of birds.

I found a way to the top of this rock, and planted there our signal of distress—a long white streamer flying from the mast of the boat, which we managed to stick pretty firmly into a cleft of the rock.

This rigged up we settled down to our new life.

The manner of it was as follows:

We began with the morning prayers, said by our chaplain. Then breakfast. Then, in fine weather, Ben and I went fishing in the bay—not far from land you may be sure, because Helen begged us, with tears in her eyes, not to risk being carried out to sea, and leaving her alone upon the island. When we had luck we would bring home enough fish for dinner and breakfast, too. On such days we were sparing with our stores. Then for dinner, besides the fish, we had sea-bird's eggs, strong in taste, but not unwholesome, boiled or fried; and sometimes, to vary the diet, we knocked down the birds themselves and roasted them. For firewood we had our little coppice to cut, and hack at. Our supper was the same as our dinner; and as the evenings soon grew cold and chilly, we used after supper to sit all three together round the fire of logs, and talk till Ben gave the word to turn in. Then prayers, and sleep till dawn.

Sitting before the fire in these long evenings of winter, when we did not care to waste our little stock of candles, it was natural that we should get to know each other, and it stood to reason that I should be asked to tell my story over and over again. At first I could see that old Ben distrusted me. A convict, he thought, must needs be a thief. Else how should he be a convict? He trusted me, however, with the young lady, he could depend upon me for my share of duty. But that story of innocence was, for a long time, too much for him; and it was a joyful moment for me when, one evening, Ben held out his hand to me.

"Theer," he said, "I can't help it; I've tried hard to help it, but I can't. My lad, you are as innocent as I am. You could not steal if you were to try. Show me the man as says you could!"

I went through it all from the beginning, picking up a thread here and a forgotten detail there. Miss Elwood, listening, was putting it together, until she knew as much as I knew myself.

Ben Croil taking small interest in the details, contented himself with the main facts. It was enough for him that a great crime had been committed, and the wrong-doer never punished. While we talked in those long winter evenings he sat silent in his own corner with his head against the wall, until the time arrived when he could smoke the one half-pipe which he allowed himself for a daily ration.

And the story came to this. I tell it here because it was told so often during our stay on the island.

On Friday morning, August 18, 1846, I went as usual to the office in Lower Thames Street, being then a clerk in the firm of Batterick & Baldwin, of five years standing, getting on for one-and-twenty years of age, in the receipt of a salary, handsome for my age and standing, of a hundred and twenty pounds a year. I lived just south of the Borough, between the church and Kennington Common, having my little sister Ruth with me in lodgings. Ruth was at school all day, but had tea ready for me when I reached home, which happened, unless a press of work kept me longer, not later than six. After tea I went through her lessons with the child, and at nine o'clock she went to bed. In those days it was reckoned a bad sign for a young city man to be out late at night, or to smoke, or to frequent taverns; and there were no music-halls or such places. Day after day that was my simple life. A week's holiday in the

autumn gave me a run with Ruth to Herne Bay or Gravesend, just to smell the sea. There were a few old friends of my father's whom we visited at regular intervals. I knew nothing of the dissipations and vices of the great city, and was as unsuspicious of them as if they did not exist. That was my life. The life of a hard-working city clerk, hoping by long years of patient work to rise to the higher levels of good salary and complete confidence. As I have said above, I had already risen above the heads of some, my seniors in point of age.

Friday morning, August 18, 1846, I was at the office door when the city clocks began striking nine. I was at my desk before the last stroke of the last clock had ceased. At ten I was sent for; Mr. Baldwin, the chief partner, wanted me. He was busy when I went in, and hardly looked up. He had a message of some importance to give me, which it would have taken time to write. He explained the circumstances at full length, and instructed me as to the form in which I was to set them forth. He was a precise gentleman, and liked to have things put in language as definite as possible. When I quite understood what I was to say, and how I was to say it, I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him. He looked round, and taking an envelope which lay at his elbow, half opened it and handed it to me.

"You may cash that little check for me, Warneford, if you will be so kind," he said, "I will take it in gold."

I took the envelope, without looking at the contents, and went away.

After executing my first commission, and receiving a satisfactory answer, I returned to the office, and my foot was on the threshold when I suddenly remembered the check. It was lucky, I thought, because Mr. Baldwin was in the clerk's office, and with him a gentleman, who, I remembered afterwards, was one of the firm of Sylvester, Caley & Co., our bankers. I ran to the bank as fast as I could, threw the envelope across the counter, and said "Gold, please," as I pulled out my handkerchief, and wiped my forehead, for the day was hot.

The clerk opened the check, looked at me with surprise for a moment, and then left the counter, while he went first to the door, and said something to the porter, and then walked into the inner room. He came back to me, after two or three minutes, and said: "You must go inside, please; go quietly. It's all up at last."

Now I declare that I knew no more what he meant than a child, but I supposed there was some message for Mr. Baldwin, and I went into the inner room, filled with clerks, where the real business of the bank was transacted. Everybody looked at me oddly, as I walked to the end at which the partners and managers were to be found. One of them seemed to be waiting for me; he pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," he said, "and wait."

The tone of his voice was not encouraging, but I obeyed and waited. Not a single thought crossed my brain that there was or could be anything wrong.

In ten minutes or so a policeman appeared and I understood I was to go with him.

I thought it must be as a witness, and it was not till I was at the Mansion House that I knew I was arrested on a charge of forgery.

I laughed; it was so absurd, that I laughed.

"Send for Mr. Baldwin," I said.

They put me in the dock for the preliminary examination. Mr. Baldwin gave evidence. He was shaken and agitated; he would not look me in the face. He broke down once or twice with emotion, but his evidence was clear. It had been discovered a day or two before that a system of embezzlement, by way of forgery, had been in practice for some months. The signature of the firm had been forged by some one who knew how to imitate the handwriting of Mr. Baldwin. A sum—in all amounting to upward of nine hundred pounds—had been thus fraudulently obtained. To stop the forger, Mr. Baldwin had been asked by the bank to add a private mark to his name. On this morning he had placed in my hands, he said, an envelope containing a check for twelve pounds, with his signature having the private mark, and he had asked me to cash that check at the bank. He swore positively that he had drawn that check, and no other, the day before—the counter-foil proved that—yet the check I presented was for eighty pounds, and it had not the private mark.

Observe now, how the evidence grew

more and more circumstantial. I had one check given me; I presented another. Doubtless I must have torn up the first on the way. Then an important circumstance. I came back from executing my commission, but did not cash the check. I got as far as the door of the office; I was seen to look in and retreat hurriedly. Mr. Baldwin was in the clerks' room, with one of the partners of the bank. I walked fast, or rather ran, to the bank. I presented the check for eighty pounds in a quick, anxious way, and I asked for the whole amount in gold. Naturally, it was assumed that I was going to abscond with the proceeds of my last forgery. In fact, no question at all was raised as to my guilt; that was concluded from the very beginning. The Lord Mayor refused bail, and I was sent at once to the prison, which I only left in order to be tried and convicted.

That was the story. I told it again and again, while the wood fire crackled on the hearth. Miss Elwood asked me for every detail; she talked the matter over and looked at it in all its lights, but she always came back to one point.

"Mr. Baldwin gave you a check which he had drawn the day before. How could he swear that the envelope had not been changed by some one else?"

And there was another point. It was assumed, though the charge was not pressed, that I had been the forger in the preceding frauds. Now, no clerk could swear that I had presented any other of the forged checks. Also, it was proved in the defence that my life was quite quiet, innocent, and simple. Every hour of my day was laid open for the jury. No motive was discovered for the circumstance, no secret source of extravagance was ascertained; and it was found that the frauds had been committed by means of a check-book—got Heaven knows where—not that in the possession of Mr. Baldwin. No attempt was made to find out how I could have obtained another check-book.

But these were trifles as light as air in comparison with the weight of the circumstances against me.

Always Miss Elwood came back to the same point.

"Who could have changed the envelope with Mr. Baldwin's check?"

I do not say that the discussion of my story occupied the whole of our time on the island of St. Peter. We had work to do all day, and were often glad to turn in soon after dark. In the summer we walked and talked outside, and we were always looking for the ship that was to give us our release.

At first we looked with certainty. Every morning I climbed up the rock, and looked round on the broad bosom of the sea. Every morning I made the same gesture of disappointment. In a few months we got to look on deliverance as a thing possible, indeed, but far off. After two years we no longer dared to hope. In the third year we sometimes looked at one another with eyes which said, what the tongue dared not utter, "We are prisoners here for life."

Our stores by this time had well-nigh vanished, save for a few bottles of wine kept for medicine, the only medicine we had. Old Ben was fain to smoke a tobacco compounded of herbs which he gathered and dried. We had learned by this time the resources of our island, and knew exactly what variety it afforded, and what was best for us to eat. There was plenty, such as it was. The birds did not desert us, nor the fish; there were eggs, there was a kind of wild lettuce, there was abundance of fresh water, and there was still a tin of biscuits for Miss Elwood in case she might take a dislike, as happened once, to the simple food of our island life. We fell into the way, by degrees, of arranging our days as if there was never to be any change. For myself, I almost think now that, but for one thing, I did not want any so far as I was concerned. The one thing was that I had come to an understanding with Miss Elwood. It grew up by degrees. It was long before I ventured to tell her what I felt. The words were forced from me one night when, old Ben being asleep on his stool with his head against the fire, my sweet mistress more than usually kind—if it were possible for her to be kinder at one time than at another—and I was more than usually forgetful of my condition. I remember—as if I should ever forget that moment!—that I took her hand as it lay on her lap, and held it in mine while I looked in her face, and in her soft sweet hazel eyes. I saw by the look in those eyes that she knew what I was burning to say, and I waited for the least token, any hint, that I was not to say it. It was a night

in our winter, the English July; outside the hut the wind whistled and the rain fell.

I told her in three words what I had to say, and I was silent again. She said nothing, and I kissed her hand.

"Speak to me, darling, speak!" I whispered; "if it is only to forbid me ever again to tell you what I feel."

"George," she replied, bending low toward me, so that I felt her sweet breath, and caught the glow of the fire upon her cheek, "we have been together more than two years; we have learned to read each other's soul. My beloved, if you have learned to love me, who am I that I should not learn to love you in return? Tell me what is right to do. No; not now—not to-night; think it over, and tell me to-morrow."

I passed that night in sleepless thought. Had I done wrong in speaking my mind? And yet if we were to spend our lives in this forlorn and castaway condition! Could Helen marry me if we were back in Melbourne or in London? With what face could I ask it; how go to her father; how dare even to lift my eyes toward her? But here it was different; and in the morning I came to some sort of conclusion. I told her what I thought was right for us both to do. I would not accept the great sacrifice of an engagement from her. I had been wrong, perhaps, in telling her my love, but it was too late to retract that. If relief came to us speedily, she should be free; if none came within a year, we would marry on the island; but should we before that time be taken from the place, we would only marry should it please God to make my innocence plain before all the world.

She accepted my conditions. She said that she would marry me when and where I pleased, but for the sake of her father. If we got safe to England my character should be cleared, if that might be, for my own sake. She knew me, she said, and that was enough.

We were happier, I think, after that. I began almost to hope even that no ship might come before the end of the year; but one day—it wanted but a month of the time—I saw, with a heart full of conflicting emotions, a whaler steering straight for our island. Ben Croil rushed up to the signal rock, and began waving his streamers with frantic shouts.

Helen and I looked at each other, and the tears came into my eyes.

"Helen," I said, "I am going back again to the world as a returned convict. I have lost you forever."

"No, no!" she cried, throwing herself into my arms. "Never, George. We will work together to solve this mystery; and if it is never solved, my love and my husband, the Lord will find out a way. Only wait and trust; and if the worst comes to the worst—if we are never to marry—we shall be brother and sister always. But in all this wide world do not forget that there is only one man whom I can ever love."

And here I lay down the pen and leave another to tell the story of how the sword of honor was restored to me.

—From *When the Ship Comes Home.*

END OF VOLUME NINE.